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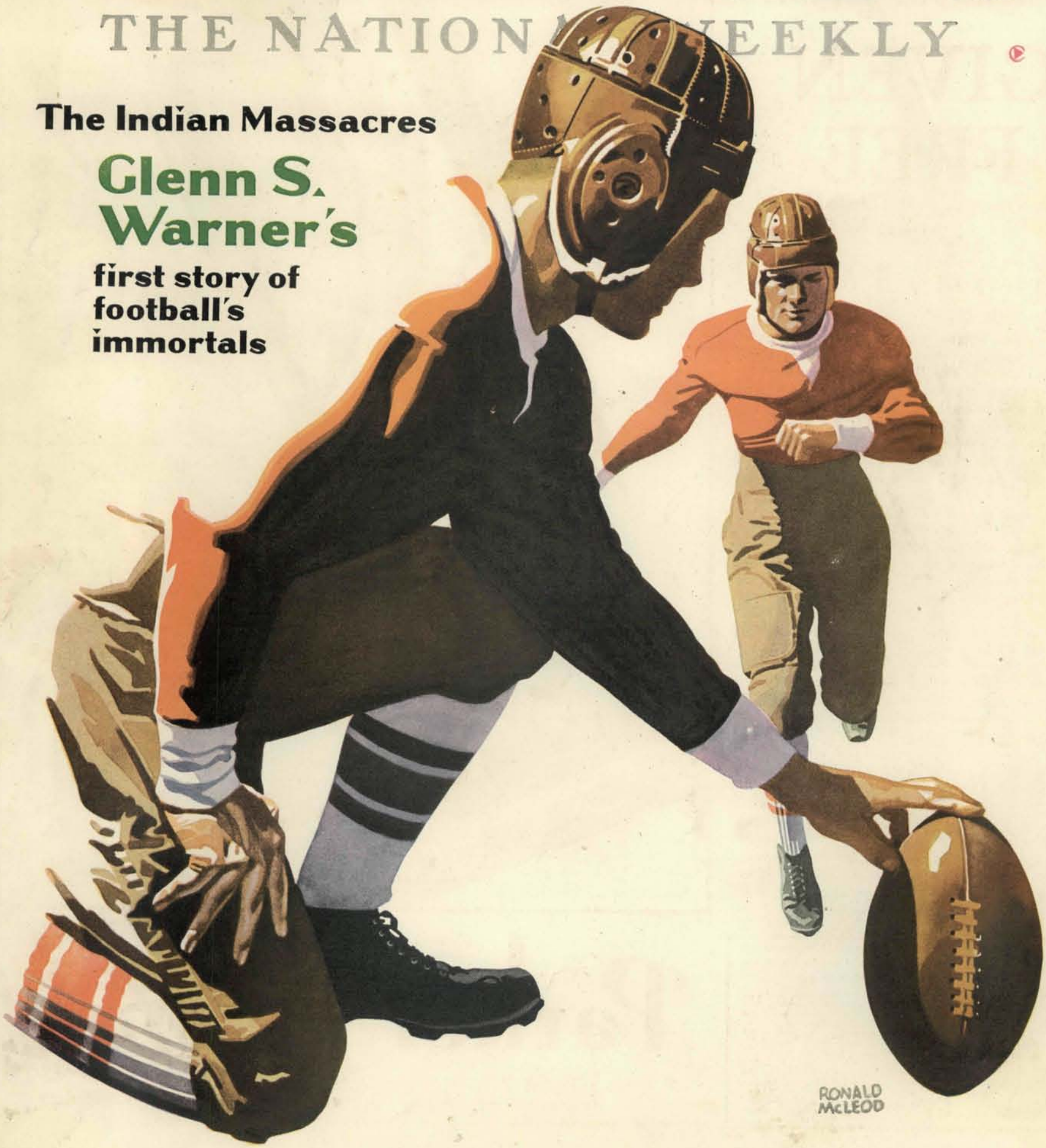
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Indian Massacres

Glenn S. Warner's

first story of football's immortals



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Presto, Change !

and this Pocket Pen becomes a Tapered Desk Pen

all you need is this attachable taper

GIVEN FREE

with every Parker Duofold Pen Purchased before Nov. 16th

Saves you $5 to $10

Many people do not know that the Parker Duofold is like two pens for the price of one. Attaching a tapered pen-end converts this Pocket Pen into a Desk Set Pen—removing the taper restores it to a Pocket Pen. Five seconds makes the change.

Thus if you get a Parker Pocket Pen, you become owner of half a modern Desk Set, too. All you need to complete it is a Parker ball-and-socket Desk Base to hold the Pen, at $2.50 and upward. You need not buy a special desk pen. Thus Parker Duofold's double-duty feature saves you $5 to $10.

Twenty-five thousand Parker dealers throughout the United States are now demonstrating this, and giving away a half million pen tapers, so that Parker Pen Buyers can have two pens in one. This gift offer ends Nov. 15—sooner if all free tapers are gone.

But until that time, every purchaser of a Parker Duofold Pen will receive a pen taper free, ***whether he buys a Desk Base or not!***

Remember that whenever you want a handsome desk set—now or later—having this Parker pen taper will save your buying a special desk pen costing $5 to $10. By insisting on a Parker Duofold instead of accepting some other fountain pen, you will gain 5 other important advantages—see list at the right. You will also become possessor of a pen with the miracle Duofold point which writes as easily as you breathe—with Pressureless Touch. Also this balanced, streamlined style—America's shapeliest—trim and non-bulging in pocket or handbag.

There is a Parker dealer in your neighborhood. Stop in and see demonstration before offer expires.

SPECIAL TO PARKER PEN OWNERS: Dealers will also give you the Taper FREE, so you can convert the pen you have, if you get a Parker Desk Base. 36

See how handsome are these new Parker Desk Sets in Carrara and other marbles, in Green or White Onyx, in flashing black Glass or dainty Enamels ornamented in Gold. Some mounted with bronze statuettes or clocks and other Desk Accessories—all with the Parker ball and socket receptacle that holds the Pen or Pencil at hand's reach but out of harm's way. Bases without Pens, $2.50 to $230.

1. Your Parker is both a Pocket Pen and a Desk Pen. Parker's removable taper makes the change in 5 seconds.
2. Saves buying a special desk pen costing $5 to $10—more than enough to get a Desk Base.
3. You can always write with your pet pen—on the go, it's in your pocket; at your desk, it's in its handsome pen stand.
4. Your desk pen won't be taken by someone else, because you can pocket it when you leave.
5. Gives every Parker owner not only a Pocket Pen but also half a Desk Set.

To Protect Parker Pens from Inks that Clog and Gum We Created QUINK, the quick-drying ink
—contains a solvent that keeps any pen clean

Three years ago we discovered that 69% of the service required by fountain pens was due to inks that clog the feed, gum the point, and rot the ink sac.

For our own protection, in guaranteeing Parker Duofold Pens for life, we decided to create a miracle ink. We made up 1022 formulas before succeeding. The first bottle of Quink cost us $68,000. You can now buy one like it for 15c—Permanent, all colors or Washable Blue. Not a trace of sediment in a barrelful. Ask any dealer, or write for 30,000-word bottle, free.

Parker Duofold

PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE $5 $7 $10

Other Parker Pens, $2.75 and $3.50; Pencils to match them all, $2.00 to $5.00

The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis., Offices and Subsidiaries: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Buffalo, Dallas, San Francisco; Toronto, Can.; London, Eng.; Berlin, Germany

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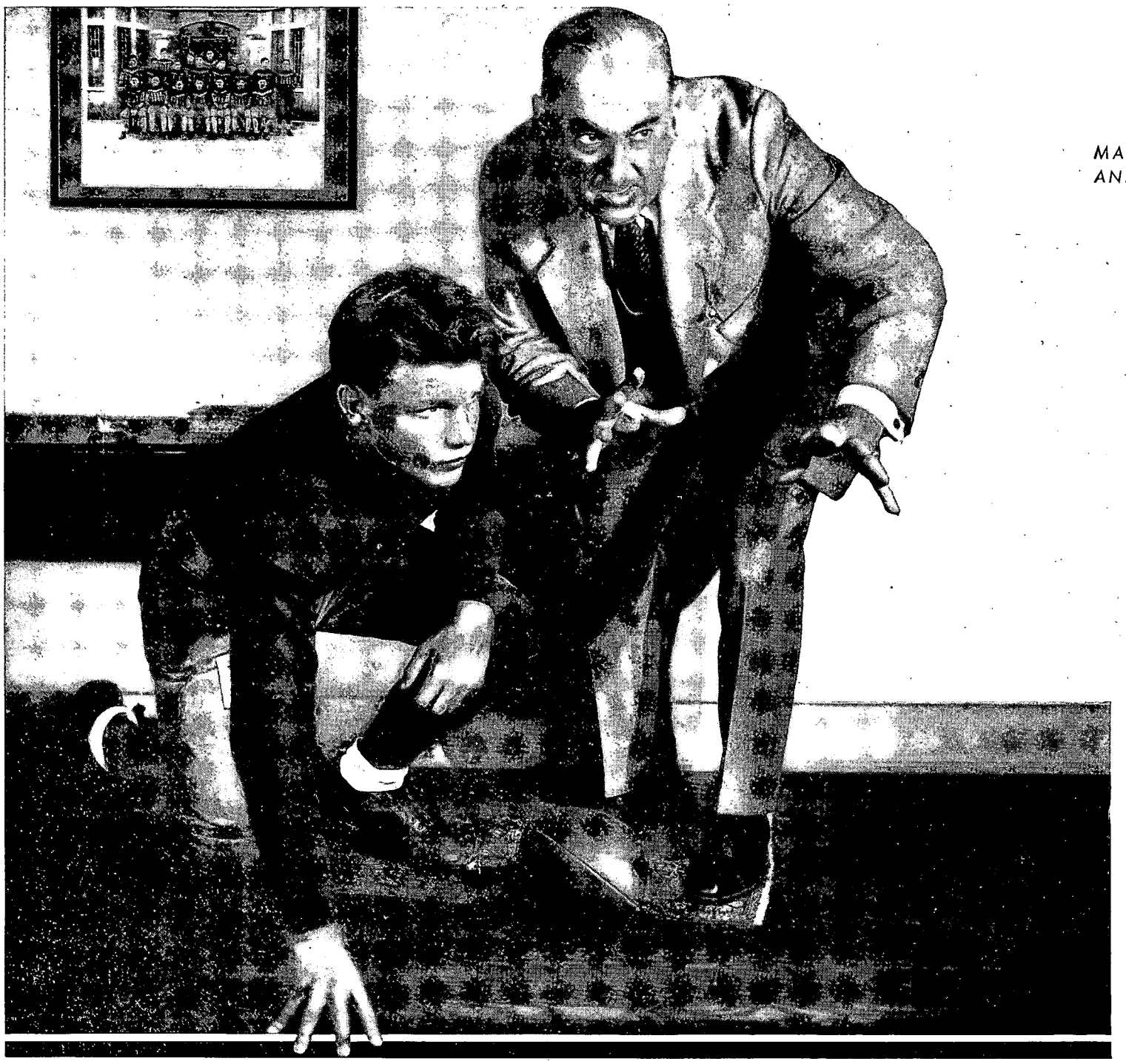


MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD

An enlarged reproduction of this photograph, suitable for framing, will be mailed upon request—Oakland Motor Car Company, 202 Oakland Ave., Pontiac, Michigan.

THERE'S NO EFFORT TOO GREAT . . .

It's natural that the father whose name has echoed on hard-fought gridirons should foresee in his son a star far greater than ever he was. And as he patiently strives to guide the youthful skill and power to ways of achievement, you may be sure he will find no effort too great.

It's true in all endeavor that only patient effort wins success. We know it's true at Oakland. Take the Oakland Eight motor for instance. You'll find it has surprising power—simply because we worked three solid years to get the one design we believed to be right.

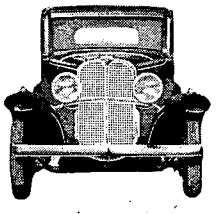
We built 71 different motors—and ran them a million miles. We tried about everything that had ever been tried, and some things that hadn't. Many basic improvements resulted . . . cylinders and crankcase cast as one . . . leaf spring mountings . . . dual type carburetor.

And our men build as carefully as they design. Oakland has no 'balancer', for each engine is carefully balanced in production. Connecting rods and pistons are selected, measured, matched and balanced with a variation of less than the weight of a sheet of writing paper.

Pontiac, too, has benefited from long research and careful manufacturing methods. Pontiac's motor has gained stamina through the use of aluminum expansion cores to hold the piston pins more snugly . . . through special cylinder heads cast in short, rigid sections. Pontiac's chassis, and Oakland's also, is rubber-cushioned by a method which has taken us five years to develop.

The things which Oakland and Pontiac do, and the ease with which they do them, all reflect the spirit of achievement in workmen who find no effort too great.

OAKLAND 8 — PRODUCTS OF — Bodies by Fisher



PONTIAC 6 — GENERAL MOTORS

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

October 17, 1931

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Page 9—J. P. McEvoy
ARE YOU LISTENING? Part I: A romance of the radio business.

Page 11—Elizabeth England
CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY: Any country, for that matter; it's a love story.

Page 13—Henry F. Pringle
DESERT UTOPIA: Uncle Sam decrees a moral city.

Page 14—H. L. Davis
WILD HORSE SIDING: What's hard luck to a man and woman with grit?

Page 16—John Russell
WHEN EAST GOES WEST: The twain meet, of course, and sparks fly.

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IRISH EYES, Conclusion: Frank pays a call.

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THE MAN FROM SING SING, Part VIII: At large and enraged.

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BACKSTAGE WITH THE MODE: Collier's Style Observer tells the inside story.

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PIGSKIN PREVIEW: Mr. Rice reads the stars.

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THE INVENTIONS OF PROF. LUCIFER G. BUTTS, A. K.

Page 32—Freling Foster
KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD: Plain and fancy facts.

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HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 68—The Gentleman at the Keyhole
LOSING WHERE IT HURTS: Rebellious Republicans.

Page 70—Editorial
THE OLD GHOST WALKS.

Next Week

WITH the football madness upon the country once more we ignore our own rules and include this heady subject twice. The first is a short story by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan called "Beyond the Goal Line" and, while there is enough action in it to satisfy the most ardent fan, its theme is metaphysical. Skipper Mallory, beloved coach, has been killed in an automobile accident and his boys face their hardest test without a leader. The story concerns itself with the departed coach's influence and as his teachings break down pettiness and jealousy and mold the team into a good machine you will think of another great team and another great coach dead now these seven months.

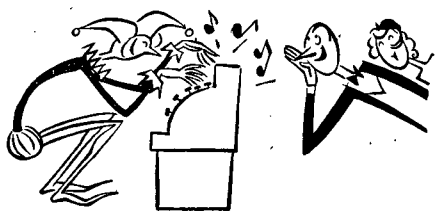
—

THE second football morsel is another article in which Glenn S. Warner recalls from his rich past more stories of the days when he coached the Indian boys at Carlisle.

His charges were boys removed but a few years from tepees and blankets. They gave their friendship slowly, but once given they were affectionate and completely loyal. And they were real sportsmen who played football entirely for pleasure and not in the "die for dear old Rutgers" tradition. One of them could ask after being kneed in a game with a great university, "Who's the savage now?" No wonder Pop Warner recalls his thirteen years at Carlisle with a warmth of feeling you will detect at once in his stories.

—

WE DROP the athletic world to look at the state of business in John T. Flynn's "Business is What You Make It." Among his discoveries while visiting the country's retailers is the extent to which showmanship is producing business. Music, comedians, soft lights, bizarre architecture are attracting the coy customer. Business is putting on costume and make-up and doing very well with it.



LUCIAN CARY, who has revealed in fiction that he knows the inner secrets of the prize fighter's art, now writes a story packed with the science of guns, bullets and marksmanship. Fundamentally, it is a love story. Elsie Fuller returns from a shopping trip to find that her fiancé has been arrested and charged with shooting a neighbor. Elsie finds an old gunsmith who helps her solve the mystery and while reading a very satisfactory love story we learned a great many things about guns which may be useful some day, heaven forbid.

—

SAMUEL MERWIN'S story of a young man beating a big town, "Strong Enough;" Frank Condon's story of prewar gayety, "Send-Off;" a Western Short Short Story by Alan LeMay; an article about business women by Margaret Norris; the serials by E. Phillips Oppenheim and J. P. McEvoy; Grantland Rice's article, Professor Work's bridge, our Gentleman at the Keyhole and other sparkling items make us wish for rubber pages.

Any Week

WE WEREN'T going to mention the name of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in connection with this coalition government in England but, then, we didn't expect our readers to get so excited about him. For example, here's Mrs. Anna H. Burnemann of Des Moines who insists that we demand of our own politicians that they observe a gentleman who put his country's welfare above his party's and even above his own political fortunes. We haven't the space to mention all the others here but Mr. Dan J. Keily of Boston wants to know whether the United States could hire Mr. MacDonald for four years.

—

SUCH questions leave us as stumped as Mr. H. L. Howell's. From El Paso he writes that "it is rumored around that this country is ruled by the Money Powers.

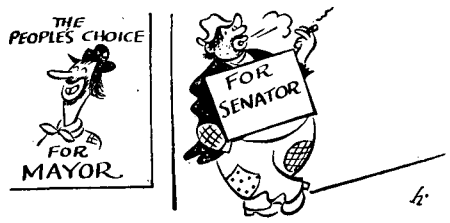
"Could you," asks he, "let me have their address?"

—

BUT Mr. Carlton L. Diers of Dayton, Ohio, suggests a revival of the old-fashioned torchlight political processions. It would, he reminds us, revive the manufacture of torches, putting many men to work thereby, wear out enough shoes to kindle the hearts of the manufacturers thereof, to say nothing of the fireworks industry and, better than all, revive in this nation the spirit of romance.

—

A NATURAL delicacy of feeling forbids our using the names but here's one about a ward of a New England community who for years was supported by his neighbors because neither physically nor mentally was he capable of self-maintenance. But this year he became quite a financial burden; so his patrons got together and elected him to the state legislature.



THERE are several things we don't do well. One of them is finding wives and husbands for correspondents. Even if we were good at it, we wouldn't attempt it. There was a time when we wouldn't have hesitated. But we've grown older and thus advise several readers who want us to help them find a partner.

—

"IT GOT so hot down here this summer," says Mr. Eugene Torpey of Little Rock, Arkansas, "that the pavements melted and pulled the heels off the shoes of ladies walking through our shopping district. One cop picked up two hundred and thirteen high heels between June first and September first. He saves them because they make very good stove and furnace fuel."

—

"IF THERE is a tie in Congress," Mr. William Charles Chabot of New Orleans advises us, "and the Republicans can't blame the treasury deficit on the Democrats nor the Democrats lay it to the Republicans, we too will have a coalition. They'll get together and blame it on Russia."

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A FRANK STATEMENT ABOUT YOUR JOB

and your chances of holding it

A LOT OF EXECUTIVES are patting themselves on the back these days because they have managed to hold on to their jobs during the business depression.

This is a dangerous attitude.

Corporate Management has had its eyes opened during the last two years. Scores of men have been let go. Thousands of dollars in salaries have been saved. Yet the necessary work got done just the same because the men who were left worked harder.

This discovery by Management is going to have far-reaching effects in the next few years. Expressed in a few words, here is the situation:

1. Corporations will have to strain every nerve to show a net profit.
2. To show a net profit, overhead must be kept down.
3. Overhead can be kept down by paying nobody $5,000, let us say, when a $3,000 man could do the work.

The bubble has burst. The men with nothing but high-sounding titles, good salaries, and years of service to their credit are out of luck.

A WARNING TO MEN *who want to be independent five years from today.*

From now on it won't be enough to be merely a useful cog. Too many useful cogs are going from office to office offering their services at half price.

Today a man must be more than useful. He must be indispensable. He must be so important and so vital that the business would be handicapped without him.

For the last twenty years the Alexander Hamilton Institute has had marked success in making men indispensable. Here are a few samples, selected from hundreds, showing how Institute men automatically step up to the more important positions and salaries:

Case 1. Works Engineer, salary $6,000; now Vice President and General Manager, salary $18,000.

Case 2. Local Manager at $5,200; now Regional Manager, salary $15,000.

Case 3. Production Manager, salary $6,000; now President, salary $21,600.

Recently the Institute announced a new Course and Service expressly designed to meet these new conditions. This Course is new from start to finish, so new that the latter part is barely off the press. Today's foremost leaders have contributed to it. Among them are:

FREDERICK W. PICKARD, *Vice President*, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc.; THOMAS J. WATSON, *President*, International Business Machines Corporation; M. H. AYLESWORTH, *President*, National Broadcasting Company; COLBY M. CHESTER, JR., *President*, General Foods Corporation; and JOSEPH H. APPEL, *Executive Head*, John Wanamaker, New York.

The facts are contained in a booklet entitled, "What an Executive Should Know."

This booklet is well worth half an hour of your time.

Many men have said that in thirty minutes it gave them a clearer picture of their business future than they ever had before.

If you want to know how you can make your job secure, send for it.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
532 Astor Place, New York City

Send me "WHAT AN EXECUTIVE SHOULD KNOW," which I may keep without charge.

Signature.....

Business Address.....

Business Position.....

In Canada, Address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto

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FREE TO HOME OWNERS

HELPFUL BOOK

gives complete home check-up, including dozens of money-saving shortcuts on fall remodeling. Written by Lucy D. Taylor, Author "Your Home Beautiful," Lecturer on Home Planning, New York School of Interior Decoration.

CAN *this* BE *Wallboard?*

Amazing new wallboard discovery . . . big fireproof panels, finished in natural wood graining . . . looks like expensive wood . . . costs little more than wallboard . . . mail coupon for full details

YOU'VE never seen wallboard like this! It looks like *wood!* Comes in big *fireproof* panels . . . finished in richly grained mahogany, distinctive gumwood, dainty whitewood.

Any handy carpenter can put it up right over your present walls . . . or over studs and joists in new construction . . . all in a few hours. And for almost as few dollars.

Look at the room shown here. Remember, this Gold Bond Grain Board comes already finished. Wax, shellac, or lacquer if you wish, or leave in the natural soft graining of gumwood, whitewood, or mahogany. Think what walls like this would mean in your office, your store, your restaurant, your home. All with very little trouble. And all without taxing your pocketbook.

Get details of this amazing new wallboard discovery now. Mail the coupon above—today.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

GOLD BOND Grain Board is only one of several important Gold Bond inventions. Five years ago, Gold Bond patented a new process which makes all Gold Bond Wallboards 25% to 100% stronger than old-fashioned plaster wallboards, an important item in reducing breakage costs. The same process makes all Gold Bond Wallboards lighter, easier to handle and to nail, again reducing labor expense.

Gold Bond Grain Board is built right on the tough, fireproof gypsum core that makes all Gold Bond Wallboards stronger, lighter, and tougher.

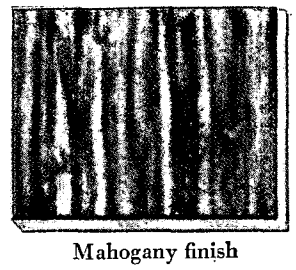
That is why Gold Bond Grain Board is so easy to handle—and *fireproof*, with all the natural insulating qualities of pure gypsum rock.

These patented advantages explain why more than 300,000 Gold Bond installations have been built in five years; why 3,800 of the country's leading lumber dealers (700 since January 1) stock and recommend Gold Bond Wallboards; why 38,000 carpenters endorse them.

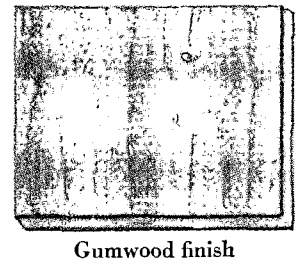
There's a Gold Bond Wallboard to meet every requirement. Gold Bond Mineral Wallboard, fireproof, with a smooth, flat surface that you paint, paper, texture, or panel. Gold Bond Grain Board—with natural wood finishes at wallboard prices.

Ask your lumber dealer or builder about these better building products. Right now, while labor is plentiful, is bargain time for remodeling. Mail the coupon above to find how little it costs.

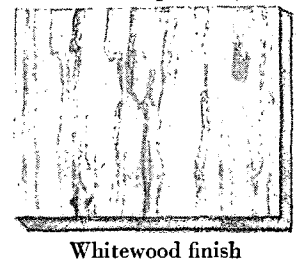
Gold Bond Grain Board is wallboard finished in natural wood graining. Comes in big, non-warping fireproof panels. A carpenter applies it quickly . . . and inexpensively



Mahogany finish



Gumwood finish



Whitewood finish

Gold Bond *Grain Board*

Made by the makers of famous Gold Bond Wallboard, Plasters, Lime, Gypsum Lath, Maftex Insulation Board, and Texture Finishes

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Glenn S. "Pop" Warner in Indian regalia

The Indian Massacres

Thirty-two years ago, Pop Warner, now head coach at Stanford University, went to Carlisle, Pa., to teach the Indians football. Here is the first of a series of his reminiscences. How would you like to have seen Thorpe, Guyon, Mount Pleasant and Pete Hauser line up against those Four Horsemen? And who wouldn't?

By Glenn S. Warner

AFTER thirty-six years of coaching at such widely separated and differing schools as Iowa State, Cornell, University of Georgia, Carlisle, University of Pittsburgh and Stanford, the experiences that stand out most vividly in my memory are those connected with the Indian lads.

Not only were my associations closer, for Carlisle was a small, compact, self-contained school, more like a home than an institution, but the young redskins gave to every one of their football games all the color, dash and drama of a frontier conflict.

They tell a story about the great Doctor Harper's first sight of Chicago University back in 1892. He waded through a swamp, walked a wobbly plank to the one and only building, still unfinished, climbed over piles of dirt and brick, and after the tour of inspection had come to an end, turned briskly and said:

"What this institution needs now is traditions."

Like Chicago, Carlisle had no traditions, but what the Indians did have was a very real race pride and a fierce determination to show the palefaces what they could do when the odds were even. It was not that they felt any definite bitterness against the conquering white, or against the government for years of unfair treatment, but rather that they believed the armed contests between red men and white had never been waged on equal terms.

"You outnumbered us, and you also had the press agents," a young Sioux once said to me. "When the white man won it was always a battle. When *we* won it was a massacre."

Settling Some Old Accounts

On the athletic field, where the struggle was man to man, they felt that the Indian had his first even break, and the record proves that they took full advantage of it. For fifteen years little Carlisle took the measure of almost every big university, with student bodies of four and five thousand to draw from; and to this day Jim Thorpe, Bemus Pierce, Frank Hudson, Jimmie Johnson, Mount Pleasant, Exendine, Lone Star and Pete Hauser still rank among the all-time stars of football.

What added to the glory of the record was that Carlisle had only about two hundred and fifty youngsters of football age, and season after season saw us going out to give battle with not more than two or three substitutes. As a consequence, almost every boy could play several positions, and thought nothing of being switched around. Lubo was equally good at guard or tackle; Little Boy, a center, could play any line position; Calac went from tackle to fullback; Exendine, a great end, was also a great tackle, and when Jim Thorpe left school Joe Guyon, a tackle, took his place at halfback.

As for kickers, every man knew what to do with his toe. Nowadays a team is lucky if there's one good leg in the lot, but it was nothing for Carlisle to have a half dozen. There was a season, for instance, when we had Mount Pleasant and Balenti at quarter, Thorpe at half and Pete Hauser at full, every man a deadly kicker from any distance, and just to guard against emergencies, Exendine, Gardner and Wauseka could also boot the ball if anything happened to the others.

Redskin Wiles

Not only did Carlisle lack reserve material, but the Indians were invariably outweighed, for I never had a team that averaged over 170 pounds. At that, the fury of their attack tore heavier lines to pieces, and their tackling had the force of a catapult. Trick plays, however, were what the redskins loved best. Nothing delighted them more than to outsmart the palefaces. There was never a time when they wouldn't rather have won by an eyelash with some wily stratagem than by a large score with straight football.

I don't think any one thing ever gave them greater joy than when we worked the "hidden ball" or "hunchback" play on Harvard in 1903. Carlisle's speed scored five points almost at the outset, and it was up to the Crimson to kick off. The ball sailed far and high down the center of the field, and was caught on the five-yard line by Jimmie Johnson, our little quarterback who was an All-American that year.

The Indians gathered at once in what now would be called a huddle, but facing outward, and Johnson quickly slipped the ball under the back of Charlie Dillon's jersey. Charlie was picked as the "hunchback" because he stood six feet and could do a hundred yards in ten seconds. Besides, being a guard, he was less likely to be suspected of carrying the ball.

"Go!" yelled Johnson. And the Carlisle players scattered and fanned out toward the side lines, each back hugging his helmet to his breast, while Dillon charged straight down the center of the field. Talk about excitement and uproar! The Indian backs were chased and slammed, but when the

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tacklers saw that it was only headgear they were cuddling, not the ball, they began to leap here and there, yelping like hounds off the scent. Nobody paid any attention to Dillon, for he was running with both arms free, and when he came to Carl Marshall, safety man, the Harvard captain actually sidestepped what he thought was an attempt to block and dashed up the field to join the rest of his team in a frantic search for the ball.

The stands were in an uproar, for everybody had seen the big lump on Dillon's back, but the Harvard players were still scurrying wildly around when Charlie crossed the goal line. One of his mates jerked out the ball and laid it on the turf and, as I had warned the referee that the play might be attempted, he was watching carefully and ruled that the touchdown had been made within the rules.

The trick got columns in the press, being hailed as brand-new. As a matter of fact, it was five years old. While coaching at Cornell in 1898, I had the scrubs work it successfully, and later in the season pulled it off on Penn State. The game was not important, however, so it was not until the Harvard game that it won prominence. I also used the trick at Carlisle to add interest to scrimmage practice, but we never considered it a strictly legitimate play and only employed it against Harvard as a good joke on the haughty Crimson players.

Unhappily, the "hunchback" availed us nothing, for we were beaten 12 to 11. It was not only that the Carlisle boys looked like children against the Harvard giants. That day we went into the game with only two reserves instead of our usual three, while Haughton could pour in a flood of fresh men against the battered Indians. Late in the last half, when every Carlisle player was out on his feet, the Crimson put over two touchdowns. For once, however, there was no mourning over a defeat. Even Nikifer Shouchuk, a sad-faced Eskimo from the Arctic Circle, joined the rest of the team in laughter as the "hunchback" play was gone over again and again.

Carlisle's lack of substitutes was always a handicap, but it never prevented the Indians from taking on all comers, regardless of size. Grantland Rice, in a comparison of early-day football with the modern, recently commented that "the old-timers" had only two or three games a season that called for any worry. Most of the others were "setups." Maybe so, but it was the ordinary thing for Carlisle to play hard games on six and eight successive Saturdays, and wind up the season by traveling across the continent to do battle with some California team. I might also mention that when the Indians lost more than one game they felt like painting their faces black and throwing ashes over their heads.

New to the Game

What made the Carlisle showing so amazing was that the little school never saw football until 1894, and did not go in for it seriously until 1896. Vance McCormick, a former Yale captain and quarterback living at Harrisburg, eighteen miles away, gave the Indians their first coaching as an act of friendly interest, and the boys took to the game so quickly that Hickok, another great Yale player, was regularly engaged as coach. He was followed in 1898 by Hall, also of Yale, and the next year saw my employment.

My first view of Carlisle's football material was anything but favorable, for the boys who reported for practice were listless and scrawny, many looking as if they had been drawn through a knothole.

My heart went down into my shoes, for I was getting $1,200 a year and felt that only an ever-victorious team could possibly justify such an enormous salary. I took my troubles to Major Pratt, the superintendent, but he just smiled when I protested that the squad ought to be trying for beds in a hospital rather than places on the football team.

Frank Mount Pleasant, Carlisle's outstanding quarterback with the Indians' 1907 team. Left, Guyon, brilliant halfback of Carlisle's earlier football days

International News

"They have been on farms all summer," he explained, "and these Pennsylvania farmers insist on getting their money's worth. The youngsters will soon begin to pick up weight, so don't worry."

A very remarkable man, this Major Pratt. An officer in the Civil War, he had also seen hard service during the Indian uprisings out West, and was in charge of various tribes that the government rounded up and sent to St. Augustine, Florida. In 1878, when the Indians were permitted to go back to their homes, Major Pratt conceived the idea of a school in the East for their growing boys and girls, convinced that it would prove more of a "civilizer" than the reservation affairs.

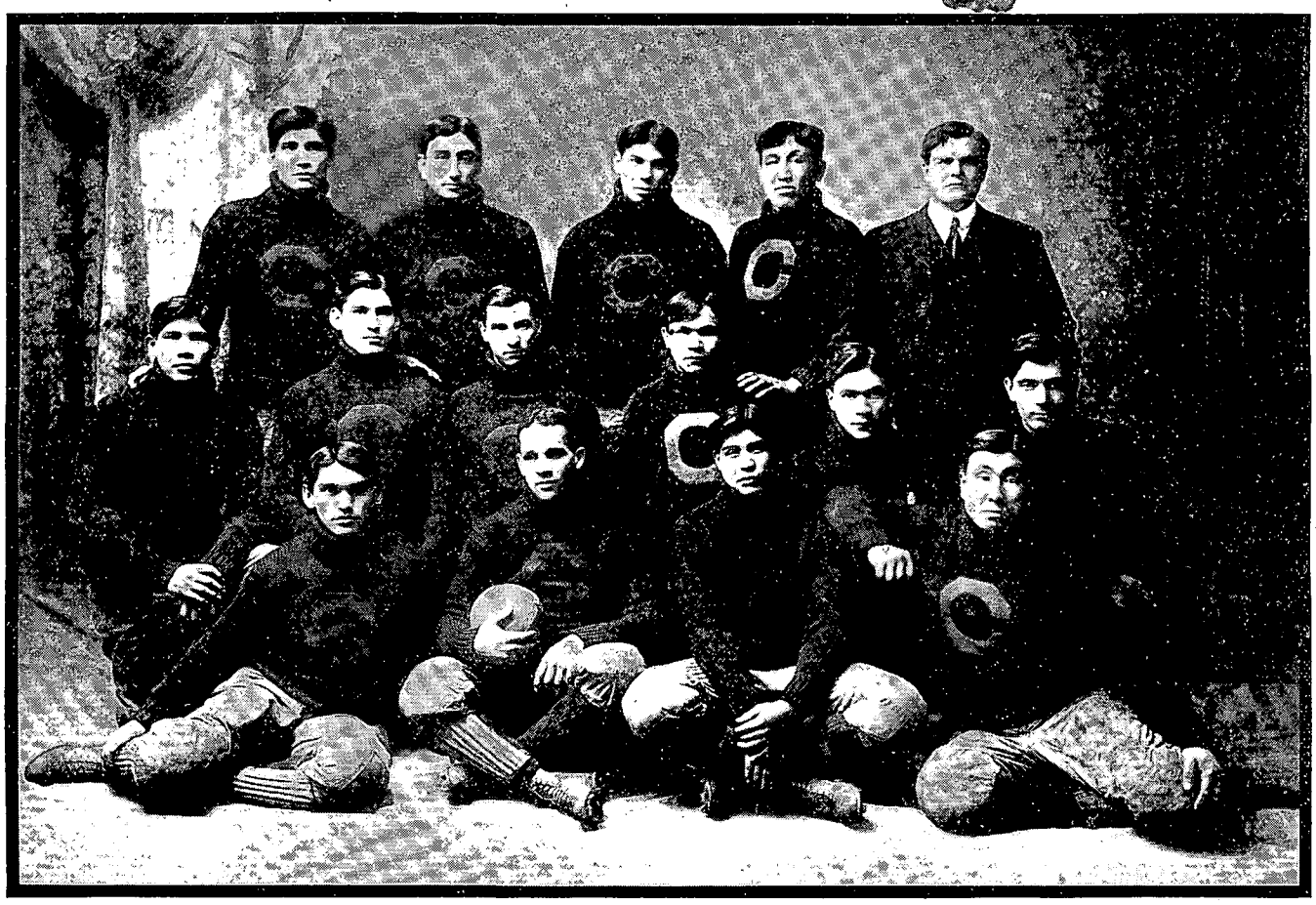
Natural Sportsmen

Powerfully aided by Carl Schurz, then Secretary of the Interior, he induced the Washington authorities to grant him the use of Carlisle Barracks in Pennsylvania, an old frontier post established for the protection of early settlers against Indian attacks, and used during the Revolutionary War as a prison for captured Hessians. In the fall of 1899, the time of my arrival, there was an enrollment of about a thousand students from seventy different tribes, the ages running from twelve to twenty.

Major Pratt proved a good prophet, for the boys put on flesh quickly, and as practice developed I found that the Indians were not only born lovers of sport but that football came to them almost naturally. In addition to speed and skill in the use of feet and hands, they also had highly developed powers of observation handed down to them through many generations. At the start of every season, boys came out who had never played or even seen a game, but after a week or so of keen-eyed watching, with every movement noted and observed, these beginners would turn in and do the thing as though they had been trained to it all their lives.

One year we played Annapolis and as Jim Thorpe, who did our kicking, had a bad foot I called on a youngster named Mike Balenti. Mike had never tried for a goal from the field in a game, but four times that day he sent the ball sailing

(Continued on page 61)



Warner's great Carlisle Indian team of 1903. Back row, left to right, Lubo, Dillon, Bowen, Williams, Warner; second row, Flores, Sheldon, Matthews, Charles, Exendine, White; bottom row, Jude, Johnson, Hendricks and Shouchuk

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Are You Listening?

A novel with not a line of description. The story gets under way at once—dramatic, powerful and as up-to-the-minute as next Sunday's Collier's Radio Hour

By J. P. McEvoy

1. In-a-dor Apartment: Laura and Sally O'Neal. The voice of the radio next door comes through the open window.

8 A. M. *Mor-i-son Watch Time.*

Cheerio, everybody; cheerio.
Ha! Ha! Ha!
Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday.
Ha! Ha! Ha!
Weren't you silly? Aren't you sorry? Look at the sun.
Ha! Ha! Ha!
Hear them birds.
Tweet! Tweet! Tweet!
We have a lot of birds in the studio this morning.
Early birds. Hello, boys!
Hello, Uncle Charlie!
How about a little song this morning, boys? A little song to greet this new day which will be bright and sunny, with happiness for everyone. Which reminds me of a little story. Would you like to hear a little story this morning, everybody? There were two Scotchmen—or was it two Irishmen? Well, maybe it was two traveling salesmen.
Ha! Ha! Ha!
No, it was one Scotchman and one little boy. It was the Scotchman's little boy and the Scotchman shot him because he started on an all-day sucker after lunch. After lunch—do you get it?
Ha! Ha! Ha!

Shut that window, will you, Laura?

Come on, Sally, pick it up. Do you know what time it is?

And speaking of Scotchmen reminds me that the first number our early birds will play for you this morning could very well be the Scotch National Anthem—Give Me Something to Remember You By.
Ha! Ha! Ha!

It comes right through the wall. Oooh, how I feel!

How you look.

Well, you don't look so hot yourself, baby.

You should talk with those flats under your eyes. When you're thirty, you'll look fifty.

How do you think *you* look at thirty?

Who's thirty?

Save that stuff for Bill. Don't try to tell *me* how old you are.

Or try to tell you anything.

Oh, you try all right. You've been trying since I was a baby.

And a lot of good it's done.

Do we have to hear that radio across the court so early every morning? Don't we get enough of it all day on the job?

Sally, you'd better pick up that body and dunk it in the tub. How long do you think they're going to stand for you coming in all hours over at the station? If you weren't my sister, you'd have been canned long ago.

Cheers!

A dizzy receptionist doesn't require so much brains she can't be replaced very easy.

It takes a lot of brains to be a radio soprano, doesn't it?

At least you have to have a voice.

That will be news to your great unseen audience.

Say, are you going to get up and help straighten this apartment before we go to work?

You mean this one-room, in-a-dor dump with a beautiful view of the court?

If you don't like this dump, go find a better one—and pay your share of it for a change.

I pay my share.

The heck you do.

Aw, come on, Laura be a good egg and bring me a glass of orange juice, will you?

Get up and get it yourself. Why should I wait on you? Why don't you try getting a night's sleep for a change?

Say, you stayed out plenty when Bill would take you. Now he comes here and parks every night.

What's that to you?

What's it to me? Where am I supposed to hide while you're entertaining him? In the kitchenette? And then you have the nerve to nag me about me going out nights.

You'd go out anyway—and with anything that would buy you a drink.

"Oh, he'll get killed. Listen to that avalanche. Why, the whole mountain is falling down on him"

2. Station WBLA: Continuity Department: Bill Grimes.

9 A. M. *Mor-i-son Watch Time.*

You are listening to the regular Monday morning broadcast by the ROSENHEIMER RASPBERRY JUICE BOYS. Raspberry IS SPELLED R-A-S-P-B-E-R-R-Y! And what a drink it is, fresh from the Rosenheimer Extra Large Bottle, filled with the zest of liquid sunshine and chock-full of those health giving vitamins A, B, C, D, E, F and G. The Rosenheimer Raspberry Juice Boys now introduce those two love birds, Vitamin and Calorie.
Good morning, Cal.
Good morning, Vita.
What shall we do this morning, Cal?
Let's sing a little song for the folks this morning.
How about I've Got Five Dollars?

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Then you can lend me a dollar, Vita. Ha! Ha! Ha! You do think of the funniest things, Cal.

You have an audition at ten o'clock, Mr. Grimes.

I know it. We pipe Mr. and Mrs. Squabbles to Chicago. Bum sketch!

And the New Art Plumbing Fixtures conference at eleven.

Yeah.

And Mr. Carson wants to talk to you about the Rosenheimer Raspberries.

Oh, he does!

He says the clients are kicking. Want something more inspirational in the morning.

So do I.

I think it's pretty good, Mr. Grimes, don't you?

Misplaced loyalty. It stinks. I'll prove it to you. Tune it in—it's on now.

The Rosenheimer Raspberry Juice Boys have just presented another view of the great emotion, You Gotta Know How to Love. . . .

Do you know how to love, Vita?

I'll say I do, Cal.

Would you teach me sometime, Vita?

You'll have to matriculate in the regular way, Cal.

Oh, I'd love that, but what would Mother say?

Mothers say that Rosenheimer Raspberry Juice makes easier the problem of what to give the children in the afternoon when they come home from school, because Vitamins A, B, C, D, E, F and G are . .

Kill it! Lord, to think I sit here and write that kind of hog-wash all day!

Why, Mr. Grimes, you know perfectly well you're the best continuity writer this station has. Why, Mr. Carson couldn't get along without you.

Well, I wish I could get along without Mr. Carson, and this station too. What's the New Art Plumbing conference about?

They want to go on the air two or three times a week, and Mr. Carson wanted you to sit in and give them some ideas.

I could think of a good one right now, but they wouldn't use it. More's the pity. Hello, Laura, come on in. You're just in time to see the big brain at work.

Can't stay but a minute, Bill. I've got to stand by to plug the air over in B at ten.

Ten? What's ten?

Remote pick-up from Washington. Opening Prosperity Conference at White House.

What a beating the American public takes.

You oughta know, big boy. Your sketches have them pretty groggy to start with.

Gee, my head aches!

Mr. Carson wants to see you, Mr. Grimes.

Another idea conference. Come on, Laura, walk down the hall with me.

I'm sorry about your head, Bill. I sent you home early enough last night, didn't I?

Oh, it was after I got home. Another battle. If we could only do something, Laura.

Bill, we've got to do something. I'm going crazy. Isn't there any way out at all?

I don't know. I don't know, Laura. I'll see you tonight and we'll talk about it.

We've been talking about it for years, Bill. This goes on and on. . . .

Yes, Mr. Carson, with you right away.

3. Station WBLA: Reception Room: Sally O'Neal.

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

"Here, boy, show this ukulele to Studio A"

In just a few moments you will hear President Hoover speaking from the White House. Meanwhile we will be entertained from the studio by Miss Laura O'Neal, soprano, who will sing Victor Herbert's immortal Sweet Mystery of Life. . . .

Ah! Sweet mystery of life, at last I've found thee,

Ah! I know at last the secret of it all;

All the longing, seeking, striving, waiting, yearning—

The burning hopes, the joy, and idle tears that fall!

For 'tis love, and love alone, the world is seeking;

And 'tis love, and love alone, that can repay! . . .

. . . while the engineering factor of the economic situation, showing various peaks and depressions, marks a curve which undoubtedly proves that various peaks and depressions are the result of forces which exist in the body politic and economic and which are not subject to the manipulations of any political party when, as, and if in power. (Applause. Cheers.) Furthermore . . .

Yes, handsome, rehearsal in A. Must I lead you by the hand? Here, boy, show this ukulele to Studio A. . . . Well, if it isn't Aunty Fatima and her Crooners! They're calling for you in D. You follow Hoover. Yeah, that's him now. All about prosperity. . . . There isn't enough racket in this reception-room, we have to listen to a loud speaker too. . . . Hello. . . . Sally O'Neal speaking. Who? . . . I'll ask. . . . Boy, is there anybody here from the New Art Plumbing? . . . Oh, are you? Have you an appointment? . . . Just a moment. . . . Mr. Hutzpah, president of New Art Plumbing Fixtures to see Mr. Carson by appointment. . . . O. K. . . . Boy, show Mr. Hutzpah to Mr. Carson's office. . . .

4. Station WBLA: Promotion Department: Larry Barnes.

11 A. M. *Mor-i-son Watch Time.*

Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart,

And when you wake, you'll be gay.

Anti-Fat will make you oh, so happy,

Taking those pounds a-way.

Soon your hips will be so slim and slender,

One chin you'll have—not two—

Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart,

My love will watch o'er you! . . .

Once more Aunty Fatima and her Crooners come to you heralding another merry hour of melody and mirth. . . .

Shut that off, will you, Miss Byrd?

The boss asked particularly that you listen to this program and give him any suggestions you might have.

What's the use of my giving suggestions? Nobody pays any attention to them. It's getting to be a big joke. The trouble around here is that they try to appeal to millions of people without knowing the first thing about what appeals to millions of people.

Yes, Mr. Barnes.

You'd think all that people were interested in was family troubles, murder dramas and jazz.

Yes, I know, Mr. Barnes, but . . .

And what are people interested in more than anything else? Love. What are you interested in? Your job? No. Love. Somebody you're in love with or hope to be. Oh, to hell with it. What's the use! I've got to get this survey finished. What time are the brass hats getting together for that plumbing conference?

Eleven o'clock, Mr. Barnes. It must be that now. You know Aunty Fatima goes on at eleven.

Carson and Grimes will crack jokes for a while. That gives me a little more time. Now where did I leave off?

You were doing a breakdown chart showing the number of bathtubs per family in the metropolitan listening-in area as compared to cars, pianos and washing machines.

That's right. Now, let me see. May-be a series of pie charts would be better. Red slices for cars, blue for pianos, green for washing machines, yellow for bathtubs. No, we better save the red for bathtubs. That shows up better.

Looks swell, Mr. Barnes.

Does look good. You can't deny that. Looks impressive. Almost believe it myself. You know it's marvelous what you can do with figures. Trained seals aren't in it.

I don't see how you get so much fun out of figures. I can't add up the bills from the delicatessen.

I love figures. Always did. Figures and graphs and charts. I can prove anything with a chart. Now, take radio. How the devil does anybody really know how many people listen in on a program? How can they find out? And yet I can prove conclusively to old man Hutzpah how many will listen in and just where they are and how old they are and whether they've had a bath or not. To prove my point I may have to lay the Empire State Building and old man Hutzpah end to end. And why not?

5. Speakeasy: Sally and Buddy Law.

12:30 P. M. *Mor-i-son Watch Time.*

Owoooh. . . . Owoooh. . . . Owoooh.

What makes your teeth so white, Grandma?

The better to eat you, my dear. . . .

Once more the familiar voices of little Red Riding-hood and her Wolf come to you with the message that you too can have beautiful white teeth. All you need to do is to send in a dozen empty tubes of . . .

C'mon, Sally. Let's go to lunch. I've gotta be back at one-thirty.

Okay, Buddy. Boy, I could eat a horse.

Where are we going?

Let's wait until we get out on the street and then argue about it where we can block traffic.

(Continued on page 30)

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Custom of the Country

Oliver was quite convinced that he wasn't impulsive. But look what twenty-four hours in America did for him

By Elizabeth England

"You need to be waked up, Beano," she insisted. "You're getting musty"

WHAT you need," said Sybil Delafield, "is a nice trip to America."

"Now, don't be silly," Oliver replied sharply.

His sister was sitting on the arm of his chair, twisting his blond, essentially British hair into curls across his forehead.

"But you do, Beano," she insisted. "You need to be waked up. You're getting musty."

"Perhaps," he said with a bitter dignity, "since your marriage to an American, the English are beginning to seem a bit slow, but let me assure you—"

"I wonder how you'd like Henry's sister, Toni?" Sybil had gone to the mirror, and was standing there tucking in a loose curl in a dreamy sort of way.

Oliver smiled grimly. Henry, Sybil's husband, was an extraordinarily decent chap, but Oliver could guess what Toni would be. He knew all about America and American girls. He had read about them, seen plays about them; even, on one or two fairly desperate occasions, had sat through cinemas about them.

"I shouldn't like her," he said firmly. "She'd paint her mouth."

"And I suppose English girls never use cosmetics?"

"Cecily Wintringham," said Oliver, stiffly, "is nineteen years old and she hasn't powdered her nose yet."

"Exactly," agreed Sybil, "and she's beyond any question the dullest girl in all of Merrie England."

Toni was a little island in a sea of black shoulders

"Cecily will be a very fine woman," said Oliver with finality.

"Darling!" Sybil fell upon him. "You've got to come to New York! Please! Just for a couple of weeks, for your holidays. Please, Beano!"

"No," said Oliver, firmly, "absolutely not!"

After she had gone, he sat, his long legs stretched out before him, and looked around the comfortable sitting-room of his perfect flat. He picked up a copy of Punch, still smiling, and as he did so, his eyes caught a word on the cover; he had seen it so often he had forgotten it. . . . "Punch, or the London Charivari."

That was it, exactly! America—charivari. The whole nation expressed in one word. A noisy hubbub; too many lights, too much traffic, too high buildings. America was a charivari. He would stay at home.

THREE months later, Oliver Tenant sat in a charming library in a house in Connecticut and watched his brother-in-law solemnly measure out Bacardi and lime juice into a very tall cocktail shaker.

"This'll make you gambol like a lamb," said Henry, measuring.

"Quite," said Oliver.

"Here you are!" said Henry. "Hands across the sea!"

"Righto!" Oliver agreed. He wondered dimly where the women of the house were. He had not forgotten Henry's mother. Mrs. Delafield, looking enough like a handsome Englishwoman to warm Oliver's heart, had come out to meet him on his arrival.

"Sybil's brother!" she had said in her lovely low voice—and then she had heartily kissed him! To rush out onto one's own driveway with no matter what dignity and to kiss a strange young man. . . . It was kindness, no doubt, nothing more, but, dear Heaven, how American!

"How is it?" Henry asked. "Let me fill it up. . . ."

"Mother!" Sybil's voice was in the doorway. "The pigs! They've started!"

Mrs. Delafield swept into the room, her beautiful bare arm outstretched. Her white hair was exquisite; her gown, Oliver admitted to himself, was perfect.

"Henry," she said, "give your old mother a bit of rum!"

Oliver felt as though he had received a blow on the back of the head. If this was the mother, what would the daughter be like? He had a fleeting, inward vision of long legs, tall heels, a glittering frock.

Oliver mopped the palms of his hands with his handkerchief.

"Where's Toni?" asked Henry. "I suppose the poor kid's laying one dozen of those high-priced brown eggs, what with rage and so forth."

"Don't be vulgar, Henry," said Mrs. Delafield, "and don't be heartless. Girls," she said, turning to Oliver, "are awfully nice, but they improve with age. The nicest girls are women—they have a vintage. Don't you think so? Now, English girls," she said, looking at Sybil, "are different, I think. I believe they must be born with a vintage."

Sybil smiled at her. She was sitting in a big chair, dark against her green frock. There was some straightness of figure, some restraint of gesture in Sybil that, to Oliver, was reassuringly, unmistakably British.

"English people are different," said Henry. "Not only the women. They have less room than we have, so they have to be less exuberant. It's like sleeping two in a bed. You have to be careful not to kick."

"We do whoop around, don't we?" Mrs. Delafield said thoughtfully. "Oh, Toni—"

Oliver turned quickly. It seemed, for the fraction of a second, as though he had heard the voice before, had lived this moment exactly as he was living it now, as though he knew just what would happen next. And then, in the next instant, he knew that he had never seen this girl before in his life, and had no idea what would happen next. She came in, walked across the room, took a cigarette. . . .

"Have a cocktail, Toni?" Henry invited. She shook her head.

"Make you gambol like a lamb," Henry coaxed.

"TONI, this is my Nordic brother, Oliver," Sybil was saying.

Oliver met her eyes as she looked up from the flame of her match. For a long second his eyes seemed caught, unable to come away. Then she flicked out the match, drew on the cigarette and turned away.

"How do you do?" she said. She might have snapped her fingers under his nose.

"How do you do?" Oliver replied quietly.

No one spoke.

As they went in to dinner, he looked at the girl's back. His mind was a whirl of absurd, disconnected thoughts. America had certainly upset him—but she had such straight shoulders and round arms. The slenderness of her waist made Oliver feel a little giddy—or was it the cocktail? She sat on the opposite side of the table, and he realized, with a conviction which for some reason made his knees and throat feel

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Oliver put his arm around her, a little awkwardly

peculiar, that she was not only the rudest but the prettiest girl he had ever seen in his life. Her eyes were bluer than other eyes, her hair was softer and curlier. . . . Oliver scalded his tongue with the soup. . . .

"We haven't told you, Beano," said Sybil, "that you and Toni and Henry and I are going to a party this evening."

Oliver was filled with alarm. The sea had scarcely stopped rolling under his feet, these people's faces and voices were still strange to him, and now—a party.

"Splendid," he said.

"Of course you know," Toni remarked suddenly with a cool distinctness, "that I'm no asset. I've been jilted."

THERE was an instant's silence at the table, filled to the brim with sudden, unspoken words.

"Toni," said Mrs. Delafield calmly, "you're being exceptionally ill-bred."

Toni blushed but she looked straight at Oliver. "I'm surprised they didn't warn you," she said, her voice brittle and her eyes glistening. "Why, I was only jilted yesterday. It's still very fresh news. I was jilted by the handsomest man—"

"Toni!" Mrs. Delafield's voice was low but it stopped that high rush of words. "That's enough. If you intend to go this evening, you'd better go up and dress. I'll have your dinner sent up to you."

Toni pushed back her hair.

"Oh, I have to go!" she said. "Must show I don't care! Thanks for the dinner, Mum." She left the room.

"Toni's a little off her feed—" Henry began.

"She's taking it so hard—" said Sybil simultaneously.

"Toni has been inexcusable, Oliver," said Mrs. Delafield. "Please forgive her, will you, and forget the whole incident?"

"Quite. Naturally." Oliver forced himself to speak. Pretty she most certainly was, but after all, one had one's standards. He kept his eyes away from Sybil's but he couldn't help his thoughts.

They went back into the library. Oliver drank his coffee; he heard himself taking part in the conversation quite sensibly. But his heart was a lump in his chest. Inexplicably, the lamplight reminded him of his own lamps, and the memory of his quiet rooms in St. James' Street tortured him with homesickness. . . . But keeping oneself to oneself, as it were, a certain sense of privacy and dignity—surely these were more important things, more lasting things than a charm of face and figure which shook one with delight?

He wanted to be back in England—the more so because, such a little while ago, he had thought that . . . perhaps . . . it was going to be all right. He had been, for an instant, sure that now he was going to like this country.

"Cheer up, darling!" Sybil murmured. She was standing beside him, her back to the room. "She only wanted to show you that she was above all men and didn't need you for consolation. You can't catch Toni on the rebound!"

"I don't want to catch her at all," said Oliver in a forcible undertone.

Mrs. Delafield came up to them.

"Are you sure Oliver isn't too tired to go tonight?" she asked. "I think we really ought to let him off."

Sybil looked at him doubtfully, opened her mouth to speak. And suddenly Oliver found that he did not at all want to be let off. He wanted to teach this girl a lesson, a good sound lesson; he wanted to take her out onto the club porch, and show her how absolutely negligible her presence was to him by sitting on a sofa or a hammock or one of those things and doing absolutely nothing. He might even blow a little cigarette smoke carelessly into her eyes. She could be rude to him and make a scene, could she? . . .

"I'd like to go, Mrs. Delafield," he said, and found himself unexpectedly exhilarated.

When Henry drove the roadster round to the front steps, Sybil said quickly, "Ride in the rumble with me, Beano, will you?"

"RIGHT," said Oliver, cheerfully. And as the car gathered speed on the road and the noise of the motor and the rush of wind muffled her voice, Sybil leaned over to him and began to talk hastily.

"This man who jilted Toni—Norman Griggs his name is—is a prune, Beano—a complete grapefruit. He's too ghastly, but he's been hanging round Toni for months, telephoning her every hour on the hour practically and discouraging everybody else. Toni always had a million beaux but they dropped off after Norman Griggs really got into his stride. And finally he persuaded Toni that she was madly in love with him. I'm sure she knew she wasn't; but then this Mrs. Whitson came—"

"What Mrs. Whitson?" interrupted Oliver, dazed.

"Helen Whitson. She's filthy with alimony," Sybil explained, "and Norman and she are having a hot and heavy affair. She simply appropriated him. But yesterday Norman phoned and told Toni he was sorry, he couldn't take her to the dance tonight and when she asked him why not, he told her—over the phone—that he was afraid they'd made a mistake and he was through! Imagine it, Beano! Of course, if things had just gone on, Toni would have waked up to that herself, but to be told like that—the night before a dance. And everyone knows of course—"

"Do her good," muttered Oliver.

Sybil stole a glance at him. "Oh, don't be horrid, Beano. It wasn't her fault about this evening. She was all strung up."

Oliver patted her shoulder. "All right, all right," he said. "Do they cut in in that filthy way at this place, Sybil? I meant to ask you—"

"Of course," Sybil told him. "You won't mind it after you've gotten started."

The car swept into a graveled driveway and up before a lighted house, long and low, with many other cars parked before it. When Henry turned off the engine, Oliver could hear music and he realized, even from where he stood on the gravel, that this was better than anything he had ever heard on any ship or in any London cabaret. This was good American jazz, and it gave him a queer, unaccustomed thrill which seemed to begin at his feet.

Toni got out of the car without a glance toward him and walked ahead into the house. The others followed; but Oliver's jaw was set. A good lesson. That's what she was going to get.

Henry stood beside him in the big door of the ballroom, when they had left their coats and were waiting for Sybil and Toni.

"Listen, Oliver," he said, "if she acts up, just tell her where to get off. She thinks she's suffering from a busted temperament or something. Don't take any of it."

"RIGHT," said Oliver, grimly, his eyes on the dancers. There was something about this music and the genuine gayety of the young people who were dancing that he liked in spite of himself. Nevertheless he kept his face immobile, a little remote, faintly contemptuous. He knew none of these people, and one was generally safer looking bored, but his heart beat faster, and his feet tried to keep time to the music.

An extremely well-dressed woman in clinging black stopped beside them. Her scent was rather heavy, but not in bad taste, and her hair was slick and black. Oliver thought at once of the word "allure," and was about to glance at Henry in corroboration when Sybil and Toni came up to them. The woman in black turned at their voices, and Oliver was in time to see Toni's face before the woman spoke. He was amazed. It was radiant, prettier than he had imagined even she could be. . . .

"Why, hello, Helen Whitson!" Toni cried gayly. "How nice to see you!"

"Toni, dear!" Mrs. Whitson replied. She stretched out a bracelet-loaded arm. "I wondered whether you were coming."

"Coming! Heavens, I never miss a good party at the club," Toni laughed.

(Continued on page 51)

"What—" said Norman, and Oliver's fist caught him in the mouth

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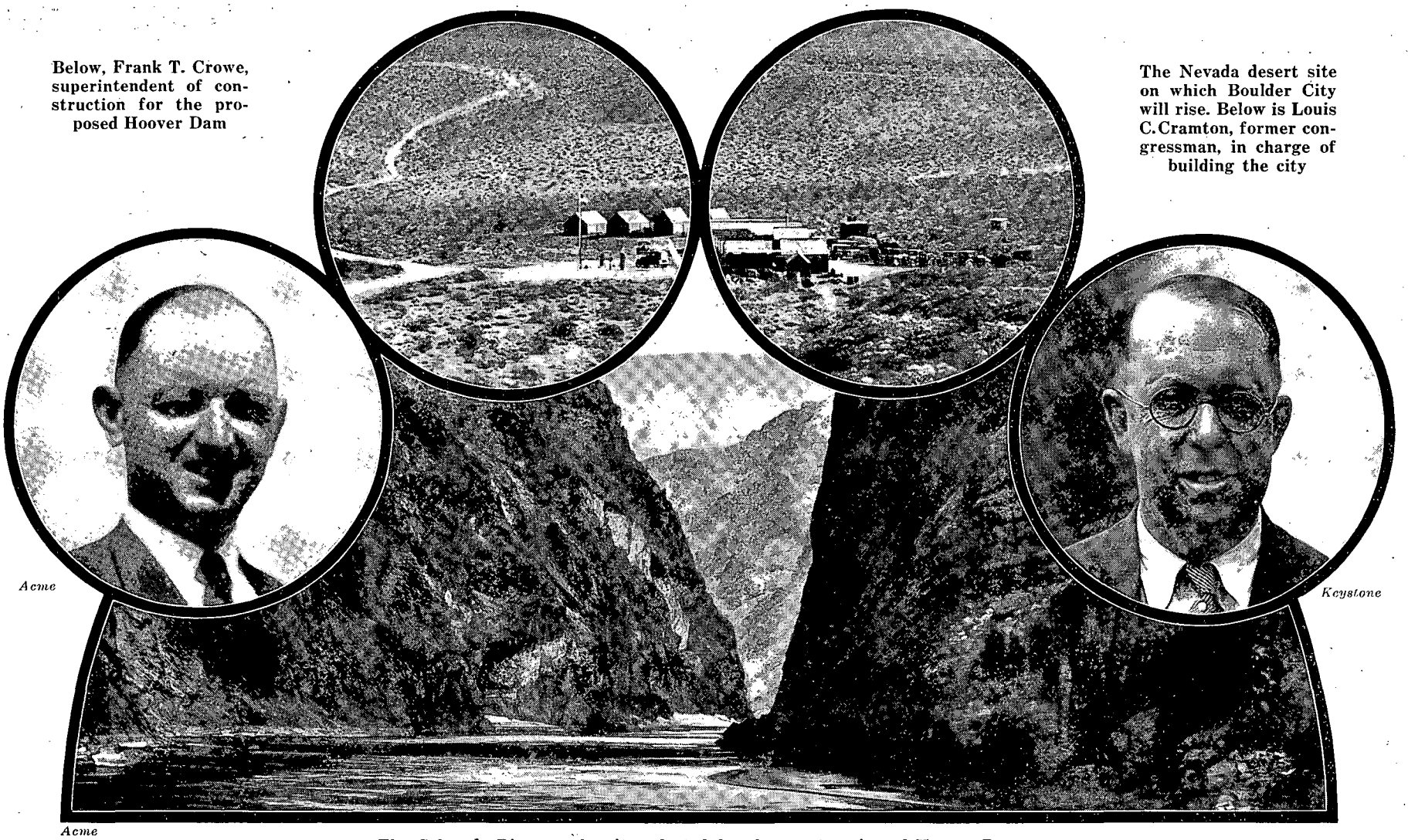
Below, Frank T. Crowe, superintendent of construction for the proposed Hoover Dam

The Nevada desert site on which Boulder City will rise. Below is Louis C. Cramton, former congressman, in charge of building the city



Acme

Keystone

Acme

The Colorado River at the site selected for the construction of Hoover Dam

Desert Utopia

The Federal government has legislated a city into existence and is now waiting for it to fulfill the high hopes justified by its unique origin. Boulder City is the name of this hothouse experiment. Created by law, it has been made pure in advance by law. It is now ready to blossom, a stainless flower which will remain uncontaminated by its sinful neighbors

By Henry F. Pringle

"IT WILL not," protested Louis C. Cramton, the former congressman, now in charge of building Boulder City, "be a strait-laced community. We shall provide every legitimate amusement. There will be pool and billiard halls and at least one good movie theater. Maybe there will be a swimming pool and perhaps we shall stage boxing matches—well-regulated, of course."

Mr. Cramton, who was the Representative at Washington from the Seventh Michigan District until the Democratic swing last November and who is still an ardent prohibitionist, seemed to be faintly worried over rumors that Boulder City would suffer from a puritanical administration. As the official directly in charge of the model city which Uncle Sam is creating on the Nevada desert to accommodate the three or four thousand workers who are building Hoover Dam, ex-Congressman Cramton feels that certain aspects of the sagebrush Utopia have been misunderstood.

He is an amiable, middle-aged gentleman; a little inclined to stoutness, with brown-black hair that is growing thin, with the politician's willingness to talk. He said, in effect, that Boulder City would be pure but not puritanical. Booze and gambling are forbidden, but there will be plenty of good clean fun; if fun is possible where the thermometer achieves 120 degrees in the shade.

The Reclamation Bureau of the Department of the Interior is located in an old-fashioned three-story building on the main street of Las Vegas, Nevada, the nearest city to the desert area where the model town will be built. Mr. Cramton, whose title is Special Attorney to Secretary of the Interior Wilbur, has an office on the second floor. From his window he can look out into the glare of the street, a glare so bright that smoked glasses constitute the first purchase of every visitor to Las Vegas. He can see men in their shirt sleeves on the way to the Boulder Club or to any one of a half-dozen other gambling halls which run full blast twenty-four hours a day.

He can, perhaps, catch a glimpse of a street-walker who has defied the law which decrees segregation to the authorized Block 16, not far from the heart of the business section. This law seems to be about as effective as the prohibition law in Las Vegas. The girls stop to chat with the motorists parked at the curb, with wandering gamblers, with the hundreds of men who have swarmed into town in hope of a job on the dam.

A Study in Contrasts

"Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" one of the girls asked a chauffeur in one of the cars. "Didn't I see you at Catalina Island?"

Not long afterwards, I saw the owner of the car protesting vigorously to the clerk in the lobby of the Nevada Hotel. He said that his chauffeur had been given a summons for making a wrong turn where there was no sign or stop-light to indicate that it was forbidden. He wanted to know whether this was a hospitable way to treat a visitor. Couldn't something be done? The clerk reached for the telephone.

"We've got a new police chief," he explained. "He's kind of strict."

Such are the contrasts of Las Vegas. Let us return, however, to Mr. Cramton, whose task it will be to build a city which may be larger than any other in the state, with the exception of Reno. That is, its population, including wives and children of the dam workers, may reach six thousand. Naturally, he is aware of conditions in Las Vegas, although he inclines to the belief that the accounts of wine, women and roulette are exaggerated. All this, he thinks, will have little to do with Boulder City itself. The State of Nevada may risk damnation by legalizing gambling, by declining to aid in the enforcement of the Volstead Act and by permitting her cities to establish, if they choose, areas for prostitution. Boulder City, although surrounded by sin, will itself be moral.

After all, as Cramton pointed out, "You wouldn't expect the government to let the law be violated under its own jurisdiction. Besides, liquor and the dangerous work of blasting the foundations and then building a huge dam don't go well together." He quoted from the leases which those who rent commercial property in Boulder City will be required to sign:

"... if any premises ... shall be used for the purpose of manufacturing, selling, or otherwise disposing of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, or narcotics or habit-forming drugs, or for gambling, prostitution or any other unlawful purpose ... or if loose or immoral characters shall be harbored or sheltered thereon ... all rights ... shall terminate. ..."

A State Within a State

Curiously enough, the endeavors to establish a moral Utopia on the desert may be successful. Congress has already designated an area twelve miles square as the Boulder Canyon Project Federal Reservation. Nevada has consented to relinquish her claims of sovereignty within this section and Federal law will be supreme. Even now, as work on Hoover Dam is just getting under way and Boulder City exists only on paper, a United States marshal has pitched his tent and proclaims the new jurisdiction. When the population of Boulder City justifies it, which will be within six or eight months at the latest, a Federal police force similar to the Immigration Patrol will be established.

"I can get plenty of good men from the civil service lists," Cramton explained. "They will be familiar with liquor-running methods. There will be

(*Continued on page 54*)

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Wild Horse Siding

Here's a story that will make your troubles bright. It's about a couple who really had something to worry about!

By H. L. Davis

FROM the day the Simnasho & Southern Railroad pulled the switch that let the first train onto its hundred and eighty miles of line into the Eastern Oregon sagebrush, young Fosnot, the division engineer, had trouble keeping a section boss at Mile Post 83. None of the sections on the line was exactly teeming with life and incident, but Mile Post 83 was such a superbly dreary and God-forsaken hole that not even a section boss could stand it more than a couple of months without turning queer or taking to drink.

There was something about the layout that got a man, it seemed. Some claimed it was the psychic influence of the old buck-Indian who had farmed it before the railroad company bought it in to get rid of him. It lay at the bottom of a thousand-foot box-canyon, with a river just far enough from the section house to be useless without being far enough away to permit a man to get his rest nights. There was heat in summer, mud in spring and fall, zero weather and drifting blizzards in winter, and silence all the time except when the trains churned past. Even that didn't happen with dependable regularity. The construction of the Simnasho Branch was so light and hurried that it seemed almost a challenge to trouble. It was all flimsy seventy-five-pound steel, six ties to a rail, one spike on each side, tieplates only at the joints, the whole thing laid without ballast of any kind except plenty of good old dirt.

To keep a track like that fit to hold up a train took men. Mile Post 83 not only used them up too fast to get any work out of them, but went through intermittent spells of doing without any men at all. Then young Fosnot would pray for decent weather, order an adjoining foreman to lend out a man to walk track, and start trying to entice some new virtuoso of the spike-maul to tackle a stretch of living with only the little rock-chipmunks and his thoughts.

ALSO, as required by the Maintenance of Way Agreement, he would send out announcements that the position of foreman on the section at Mile Post 83 was now open to bids from properly qualified company employees, who, knowing the layout, never paid the slightest attention to such stuff. Fosnot pushed the pile of dodgers at his stenographer, and sighed as she bore them out.

"There they go again," he told the fat roadmaster, who had dropped in because he couldn't stay in his own office without being pestered with bad news from the line. "Now, if you can suggest the name of some clean-cut young man who'd like to throw his fortunes in with us empire builders, unbosom and make me happy. If you can't, get to hell out of here so I can get some work done."

The roadmaster put his foot on the window sill. "Mile Post 83, huh?" he inquired. "You ought to have somebody in place of that trackwalker, all right. I caught him out in the brush asleep the other day, and a slide on the cut that wasn't even flagged. . . . I don't know who you could git, though. There ain't any of these trackmen you could give it to."

"They wouldn't stay there if I did," said Fosnot despondently. A March rain flooded on the windows. The untended section was probably flopping up and down in the mud like an old gate. "Damn it, there ought to be somebody in this country bad enough off to need a job! Why can't I find him?"

He found him. The door edged open and let in a tall, leathery-faced man, wet to the hide, shuffling his feet in a pair of home-mended boots with old spur marks on the heel counters. Across the back of his hand was the white scar of an old rope-burn. Horse-handling had done that. But this man's job wasn't horse-handling any longer. He fingered a gray memorandum book and turned its damp pages gloomily while they watched him. A mournful-countenanced cuss. Still, why shouldn't he feel mournful, a man past forty working as a railroad call boy?

"I don't reckon either of you gentlemen would be Engineer Potter?" he surmised heavily. "But they told me downstairs—"

FOSNOT had an inspiration. Rather, he had half of one. "You've worked out in the sagebrush, haven't you?" he said. "Suppose you quit this call boy's job and come to work for me? Outdoor work, a hundred and twenty a month, house free, quiet surroundings—"

The man didn't leap with eager enthusiasm. Instead, he fingered his call book and looked pained. "I don't need no job like that, I guess," he said shortly, and turned to the door.

Fosnot called him back. The trouble, his inspiration told him, was that he had made the job sound too good. This man wanted bad news. All right, by gad, he could have lots of it. "Look here, I'm offering you a job," Fosnot told him. "It pays pick-and-shovel wages, you get to live in a two-by-four shack that's probably too dirty for a

In the daytime the horses merely stood looking over at the green rows that she weeded and hoed

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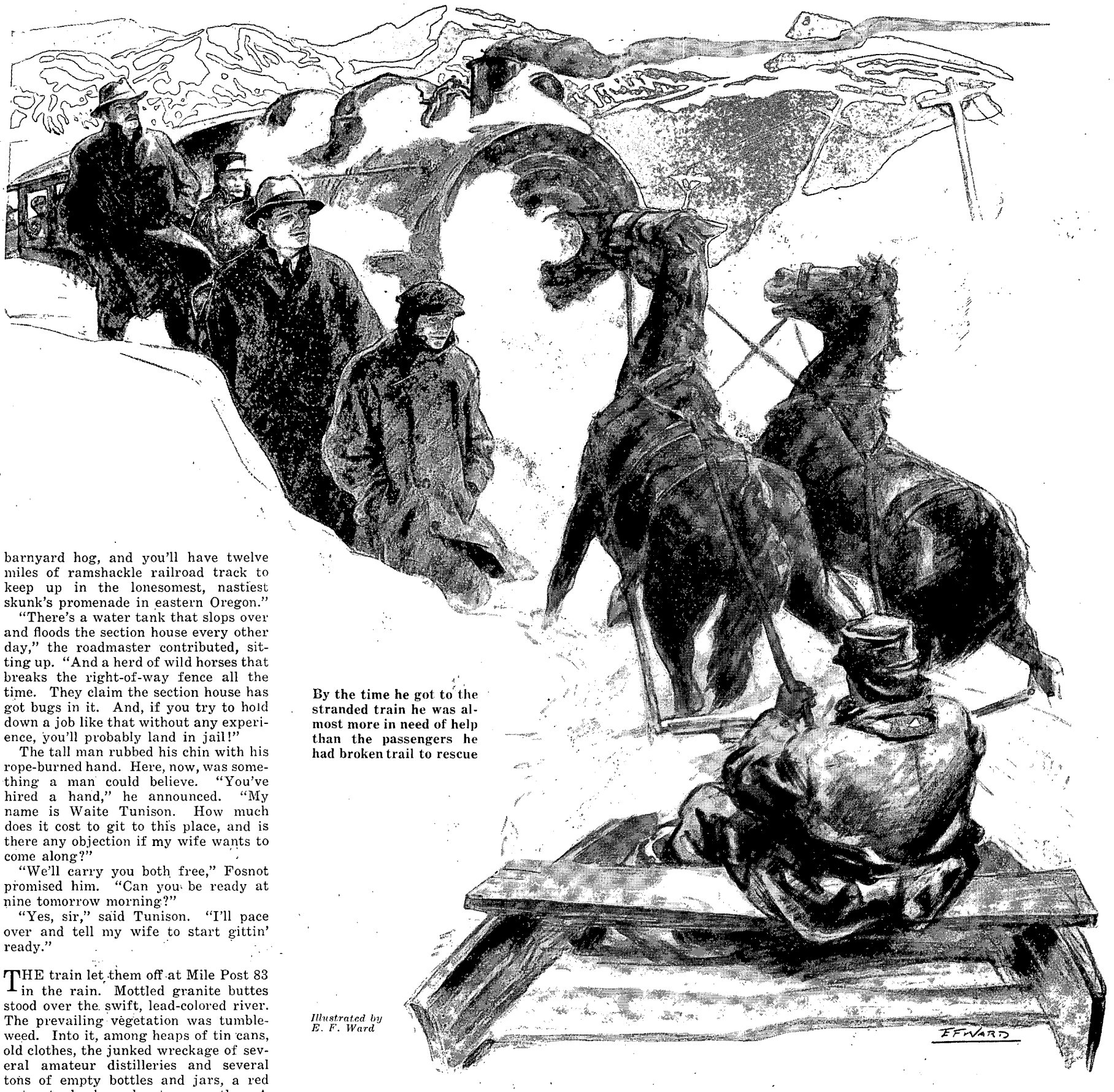

By the time he got to the stranded train he was almost more in need of help than the passengers he had broken trail to rescue

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

barnyard hog, and you'll have twelve miles of ramshackle railroad track to keep up in the lonesomest, nastiest skunk's promenade in eastern Oregon."

"There's a water tank that slops over and floods the section house every other day," the roadmaster contributed, sitting up. "And a herd of wild horses that breaks the right-of-way fence all the time. They claim the section house has got bugs in it. And, if you try to hold down a job like that without any experience, you'll probably land in jail!"

The tall man rubbed his chin with his rope-burned hand. Here, now, was something a man could believe. "You've hired a hand," he announced. "My name is Waite Tunison. How much does it cost to git to this place, and is there any objection if my wife wants to come along?"

"We'll carry you both free," Fosnot promised him. "Can you be ready at nine tomorrow morning?"

"Yes, sir," said Tunison. "I'll pace over and tell my wife to start gittin' ready."

THE train let them off at Mile Post 83 in the rain. Mottled granite buttes stood over the swift, lead-colored river. The prevailing vegetation was tumbleweed. Into it, among heaps of tin cans, old clothes, the junked wreckage of several amateur distilleries and several tons of empty bottles and jars, a red water tank slopped extravagantly. A troop of wild horses, plump and skittish, stampeded at the unfamiliar sight of humanity. The Tunisons didn't go inside the section house, on account of the roadmaster's warning about bugs. Instead, they set fumigation candles, shut the door tight to keep the fumes in, and took shelter from the rain under a pole-and-horse-blanket structure which held straw and a rain-stiffened old set of buckboard harness.

Tunison looked at his wife gloomily. He had warned her, and yet he couldn't help feeling responsible and sorry. No woman belonged in such a layout, let alone a pretty woman, which his wife, in spite of all their hardships, still was.

"I told you what kind of a deal this would be," he said. "If this place had been fit for people to live in, they wouldn't have give it to me. They told me that, and you can see they didn't tell no lie about it."

His wife refused to be scared. "All we need," she said, "is a garden. I'm going to find a shovel and start one now. I think I'll buy a cow, too, when we get money ahead. Did you notice how fat those horses looked?"

"When we git money enough to buy a cow, we'll use it to git out of here," said Waite. "Well, the quicker you start, the quicker you'll learn sense. Go ahead. But you're wasting your time on a garden."

INSTEAD of a shovel, she found a track fork. It turned the moist ground easily, and, with rain smacking down on her, she dug and thought. Once, Waite would have seen a good side to this place, as she did, or as she tried to. He hadn't developed the habit of looking at the dark side of things in the days when he made his living horse-breaking on the Malheur county range. That came with misfortune. A crazy horse rolled and crippled him so that he had to quit his job. He tried freighting and failed at it because of railroad competition; and a draying business in town also failed during a hard winter, leaving him sick, broke and in debt for horse feed at forty-five dollars a ton. Horses were the only trade he knew. Horses had broken him, starved him, driven him out to make a living calling train crews, kept him from ever having anything of his own. Until now, of course. Digging in the weed-grown field gave her a feeling of proprietorship. She worked without noticing what was going on about her. When she looked up, the herd of plump scrub-horses had made a circle around her, and closed in cautiously, a step at a time, trying to puzzle out what she was up to.

"Get out!" she ordered them, waving her track fork. The leader snorted. He was a tall, big-footed dun, with a huge brand all the way along his left side like a billboard—J-Spear-E. If he left, the others would follow him. She raised the track fork and walked toward him threateningly. To her horror he stood his ground, baring his teeth as he whirled to kick, back humped, ears pinned back wickedly.

TAKEN between anger and fright, she threw the fork like a javelin, as hard as she could peg. Point on, it hit him squarely in the flank and bounced off with a ringing sound. It fixed him, anyway. He ran and, to make it complete, the other horses snorted and charged through the weeds after him. Half-weak from the strain, she saw Waite trudging gloomily across the field, heading so that the whole bunch would run right over him.

"Waite!" she screamed. "Look out! Run!"

He heard her, but he didn't run. Instead, he stooped, gathered tin cans

(*Continued on page 64*)

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When East Goes West

A drama of the Orient—full of surprises for the white-skinned hero, the brown-skinned villain—and the fortunate reader

By John Russell

THIS happened at Colombo, a tropic seaport of the island of Ceylon, which is supposed to lie somewhere on the far threshold of the Orient—but which appears actually to lie not so far away after all.

Thousands of globe-trotters know Buxton, the genial chief purser of S. S. Ariel, of the Prospero Navigation Co. And thousands have heard him discuss the East—which held no mysteries for him.

He used to be so very eloquent about the "quaint brown brother;" about the "white man's burden;" about East and West and how they "never shall meet"—except, as he seemed to imply, under the immediate supervision and approval of Mr. Buxton himself.

A great talker, Buxton. The time to hear him was during his hour of relaxation after dinner, when the Ariel swung at anchor off the quay and mostly everybody had gone ashore to the rumbling, wide-twinkling town. Then he would roll up on deck for a smoke and a chat with the inevitable invalid left lonely on board. That was the time to hear him at his best. . . .

"Sorry to hear it, sir—very sorry indeed—and if there's anything we can do to make you comfortable. No? . . . Well, sir, if you only could make the effort for a bit of sight-seeing hereabouts you reely would enjoy it. Being so you'll prob'ly never see it again," he would run on, cheerfully, "you reely ought. The old Eastern ruins, sir, and the temples and the bazaars, all very fine indeed. And the natives. Ah, sir—you reely should see the natives in a port like this. Very quaint—very simple. Just like they've been for centuries!"

Here he would chuckle expansively over his pipe, and if the melancholy victim made no audible complaint he would even afflict him further.

"YES, sir, it's curious. As I always say, the West is the West and the East is the East. It's a saying of mine," he would modestly declare, "how diff'rent they're bound to be. How diff'rent it's bound they *should* be, sir! . . . Look how we come to these places, with all our big inventions—with our cinemas and our wireless, and our big ships and engines and quick-firin' guns and such. Here we come to these here brown brothers of ours—call 'em so—and what do they know about it all? Why, nothing. Abso-bloomin'-lutely: nothing! They're so childlike, you see. They're so quaint and simple in their ancient ways—how *should* they know? But they're reely worth a looking-over, if you could make the effort. You couldn't? . . . Well, sir, I'll have to be saying good night, myself. Sorry. And I only hope you may get another chance, sir!"

With which hearty encouragement he would roll away to his own affairs somewhere below decks.

And make no mistake about Buxton's competence in those affairs. Not without reason had he gained his fame as the best purser in the fleet. A sagacious fellow, Buxton—and an indefatigable worker.

On this particular evening in Colombo—which is, as aforesaid, a far tropical seaport—when he was finally able to lay aside his starchy white jacket, he heaved a sigh of relief. It had been a hard day; it was a hot night; and his private office was only a stuffy kind of cubbyhole off the main companionway—no more than a wicket window with a desk and space enough for a swivel chair in front of the ship's safe. Still, here was the one retreat where he could work in shirt sleeves if he liked. And he sighed again as he stooped to open the safe and to drag out his cash box.

Quite a heavy box this trip. Collections had been good. There might be something like three thousand pounds in actual gold and notes in his total receipts—not to mention the extra valuables and the sealed envelopes left in charge. Goodness only knew what *they* might contain: millions, maybe! . . . Buxton experienced the conscious thrill of integrity and responsibility as he slammed the box on his desk, unlocked his top drawer and settled down for his regular nightly check-over.

"THANK you, Purser—!"

He looked up into the round, glimmering eye of a .45 automatic pistol held directly through the wicket window at him about fourteen inches from his nose.

"That will be all," continued the crisp voice which had interrupted him. "Just pass it over. The cash box, of course. . . . *Quick*, please!"

There are certain tones of human speech that impel a reflex action as surely as the sting of a bee. Anybody would have obeyed that command: Buxton did. With his left hand he instinctively shoved forward the cash box on the desk. At the same time, and just as instinctively, his right hand dropped to the open drawer beside him.

"*Wup!*" stabbed the voice. "It's no go, Purser. . . . Hold them high—both hands!"

Anybody would have complied: Buxton did. At the same time he stared beyond the glimmering pistol and became aware of the presence behind it. And then he stared some more. For what he saw—what Mr. Buxton saw . . .

Well, what he saw was the late invalid he had just left lonely on the upper deck. The first-class passenger—no mistaking him. The same passenger on whom he had just lavished such treasures of sympathy and of information. The same, but how different. Now divested of his shawl coverings; now quite lacking any sign of fever or of melancholy. Now standing forth revealed as a slim, muscular, brown-skinned native! . . . Not only a native, but a comic-opera native, if you please. Not only a native but dressed as any native of the local port would naturally dress—with his back hair done up into a bun and a shiny tortoise-shell comb on top of that and the sketchy rag of a swaddling clout about his middle!

To say that Buxton was amazed or astonished would be the merest coquetry of language. He was simply incredulous. It was the measure of his incredulity that he reacted in one explosive roar while he started to surge from his chair.

"*Wup!* That's no good either, Purser. I have you covered—couldn't very well miss you, old chap!"

It was also the measure of Mr. Buxton's judgment that he swiftly sank back into his chair again.

"Thanks!" observed the native, laconically. In his free grip he drew the cash box through the wicket window. "Of course you know there's nothing you can do about it."

Mr. Buxton did know. Up forward somewhere the Chink watch might be watching—asleep on the hatch. Top side in his comfortable cabin the Third Officer, left in nominal command, might and very likely would be just about dozing over his third gin-and-water. Otherwise the Ariel could be accounted empty.

Buxton could see all these things, or foresee them, together with the ironic end of his career here and now, whether he resisted or not—alive or dead, whatever happened to him—the jest of Fate sprung upon him by such an agency!

. . . . And yet, and finally, it was the measure of the man's racial courage, racial conviction, racial consistency—whichever you like—that he spoke straight past the level pistol.

"You—?" he exclaimed. "Why—*you* ain't no native. . . . Take off y'r make-up!"

The other paused immobile.

"What's that?" he snapped.

"I say you ain't no native at all," declared Buxton. "You're only made up! You're only a ruddy renegade!"

The brown fist flinched before him, finger on trigger. The lips of that dark and darkly-handsome apparition writhed into a snarl.

Upon Colombo Harbor—splitting its murmurous tropic calm—burst a staccato rattle of shots

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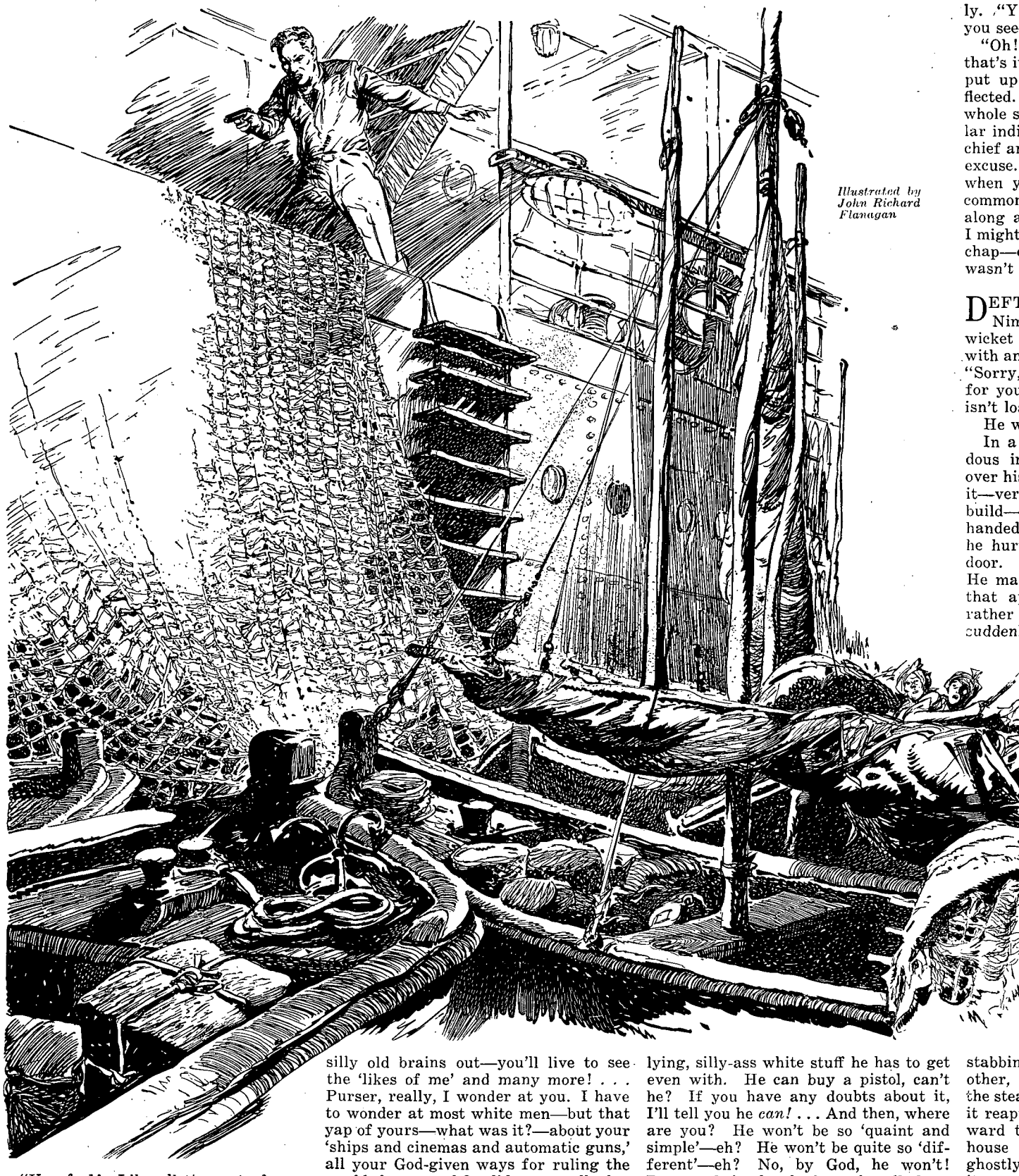

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

"You fool! Like all the rest of your kind. You never dreamed a native—a mere despised native—could try a game like this. . . . Eh?"

"No."

"Could hold you up and make a joke of your high mightiness—eh?"

"No!"

"That never occurred to you?"

"It ain't occurred to me yet!" If Buxton died for it, here and now, at least by so much he was mitigating the deep damnation of his taking-off. If he didn't, at least by so much he was making time. "If you're a native," he added, "all I c'n say is, I never seen the likes of you before!"

CALL it instinct, call it just dumb luck; but thereby he struck at the very essence of all crime and all criminals, under any color or any clime whatsoever: sheerest vanity. It worked. It served to keep the other amused and irritated in about equal degree. It continued to make time. . . .

"No?" inquired the native, with the teeth showing on his lip. "No? Well, you will. Unless I have to blow your silly old brains out—you'll live to see the 'likes of me' and many more! . . . Purser, really, I wonder at you. I have to wonder at most white men—but that yap of yours—what was it?—about your 'ships and cinemas and automatic guns,' all your God-given ways for ruling the world forever, eh?—did you really believe *that?* Man! Did you never think how easy those things are to learn?"

Buxton said nothing.

"I'll instruct you," continued the native, with the air of clipped, ironic condescension. "I'll tell you something. I feel I rather owe it to you—you're so very stupid! Something to remember me by. . . . Listen. You see me as I am? Well, I went to your schools. I went to a school, my friend, where you could not even set foot—without your cap in your hand! Also, I went to your war. Yes, dammit, I did—as a gold-spangled officer of native troops. More than that, I won a medal: a fighting medal, which perhaps the white gentleman would not have wished me to win—but I did that, too! . . . And what did you win, Mister?"

Buxton said nothing.

"Listen, fathead: The poorest coolie on your docks—he can go to your cinemas, can't he? He knows all your secrets—which are no secrets—for robbery, and violence, and murder. He reads in his own press—you teach him, don't you?—all about the rotten, lying, silly-ass white stuff he has to get even with. He can buy a pistol, can't he? If you have any doubts about it, I'll tell you he *can!* . . . And then, where are you? He won't be so 'quaint and simple'—eh? He won't be quite so 'different'—eh? No, by God, he won't! Because he's ahead of you by all those centuries, Mister. He has the cunning and the cleverness to trick you and fool you and beat you. Just as I've tricked and fooled and beaten you—eh, what?"

HE HAD talked himself to an utter passion at last. Angry and alight with triumph, he gloated over his victim. As perhaps he had good reason to do. For there was visible sweat on the brow of Mr. Buxton—the sweat of obvious agonies. . . . Yet he still lacked something, it appeared; some final signal of surrender. "You'll admit that yourself, fathead?" he demanded. "Before I go, you'll admit I beat you fair!"

Buxton sat slumped, the image of utter defeat; though when he gave answer he strove to keep the same stolid front. "Why, no," he said, with an effort. "No. I wouldn't call it fair."

"What do you mean—not fair?" rapped the native.

"Because you pulled a gun on me."

"Well, what of that? You had a gun yourself. You've got a gun right there in your right-hand drawer!"

"Yes," agreed Buxton, sadly, doggedly. "Yes— 's true I got a gun. . . . But you see—it ain't loaded!"

"Oh!" exclaimed the native. "Oh—that's it, is it? That's why you couldn't put up any better fight, eh?" He reflected. His eyes were sparkling: the whole sinister personality of this singular individual seemed to flash with mischief and sardonic humor. "That's your excuse. *That's* going to be your alibi when you have to confess how a low, common brown-skinned Singhalee came along and robbed you! . . . Of course, I might have known," he nodded. "Poor chap—oh, poor, *poor* chap! Your gun wasn't loaded."

DEFTLY he picked up the cash box. Nimbly, he shifted around from the wicket ledge—then peered back again with an elfish, provocative, parting grin. "Sorry, Mister Purser. I'm awf'ly sorry for you, really. . . . But you see—mine isn't loaded either!"

He was gone. . . .

In a single leap, in a single tremendous impulsion, Mr. Buxton came up over his desk. He made a clear vault of it—very creditable for a man of his build—with no leverage but a single-handed dive into the open drawer while he hurtled on. Out through the office door. Out through the companionway. He made the sort of miraculous speed that appertains to a rather fat and rather soggy football when a cosmic boot suddenly sends it sailing. He bounced as he went, actually. He was still bouncing as he issued on the narrow lower deck. . . . Upon Colombo Harbor—splitting its murmurous tropic calm—burst a savage staccato rattle of shots echoing and reëchoing back and forth.

Alongside the Ariel at her anchorage lay a huddle of small craft—empty coal hulks, cargo barges, the clumsy little dinghies of the ferryman-wallahs: an inky tangle of shapes and moorings. From one point to another shoreward—like a spider on its web—went darting, climbing, dodging, a lithe, dark figure. Now it swam or scrambled, or ran along a rope. Now it paused and turned to spit back little stabbing jets of flame which answered other, equally swift ejaculations from the steamer's deck. Now it was lost, now it reappeared again, always making toward the breakwater and the custom-house dock. There, presently, in the ghostly glow of the lights—there finally it surged up on the stringpiece; and there, safe with its burden, it drew itself to full height for one grandiose, gleeful, mocking gesture. . . .

Steadying himself, Buxton threw down on his last chance, and fired. The figure on the wharf stood still—and crumpled, with the cash box clattering from its shattered grip. It lay for a moment, then went creeping painfully away into the shadows while startled police whistles and the cries of wakened watchmen began to spring up belatedly all about the port.

Meanwhile Mr. Chief Purser Buxton still leaned against the wall of the deck-house. In one hand he held his automatic—now quite empty. With the other he first fingered a series of such holes and dents as are made on steel plating by .45-caliber steel-jacketed bullets. Some of them were just below his ear.

Mr. Buxton wiped his brow. "That blasted rascal!" observed Mr. Buxton—an exclamation at once of profound amazement and profound relief. "He was lyin'! . . . He was only lyin', after all!"

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Irish Eyes

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

SHEILA CARSCADDEN meets Peter McCann on a summer night at a beach resort. A romance sprouts. Later, the two are swept into the current of an extraordinary flood of circumstance; they become involved, as innocent bystanders, in the schemes of a criminal gang, are kidnapped and imprisoned overnight in a lonely farmhouse, and return to New York the next day to find themselves compromised. Peter's wealthy family are not too proud to concede that their son must do the honorable thing. Sheila's family are not too humble to be proud. The marriage is arranged and taken for granted. Newspapers feature the romance of the obscure Irish girl and the son of a prominent jurist.

But Sheila will have none of it. In the test of hardship and danger Peter has proved himself less man than boy. Sheila rejects him. The McCanns and the Carscaddens are aghast. They call her willful, shameless. She leaves her home, disappears.

Peter McCann's elder brother, Frank, secretly assumes responsibility for Sheila's welfare. He institutes a search, finds her working, miserable and lonely, as a waitress in a hotel at Atlantic City. He persuades her to return to New York. They start by airplane. The ship crashes, Frank is injured, and once more the newspapers feature Sheila.

Again Sheila is heaped with reproach. But her misery now is intensified. She discovers that she loves Frank McCann. And he is pledged to Bernadette Kennedy.

On a day in spring, Sheila goes to Frank. He is alone in the McCann mansion. She has no object but to see him, to talk with him, a last time. Frank suggests that she still loves Peter. She astonishes him with a denial. They talk of his engagement to Bernadette, a tepid affair of five years' standing. Sheila's comments open Frank's eyes to the difference between love and friendship. His interest in Sheila is quickened to something more than warm affection. Their exchange of confidences is interrupted by the arrival of Peter McCann.

Conclusion

"THEY'VE found the farmhouse!" Sheila exclaimed. "Oh, Peter!"

"'Member you drew a plan of the rooms for the police? Well, listen, they want to see you again, and check up on that plan, and they found your purse, and everything! Listen, Frank, two school teachers or artists or something from Boston have that place, and they went up there for school vacation, see?—and they found signs of bootleggers—and everything—"

"Who said so?" Frank interrupted, almost as much excited as his brother.

"The police. This country cop came all the way down to identify the purse. They telephoned here, a couple of hours ago; you were asleep, and everyone else was out, and I beat it right over to see him. Well, there was your blue purse all right, with Gert's initials and our address on it, Sheila."

"And they found the place wrecked?"

"They say the fellows must have stopped using it right after they took us up there."

"This is interesting!" Frank said.

"Frank, they'd like to ask Sheila some questions. Could she and I go over there now?"

"Hang it," Frank said, "you ought to have someone, Pop or me, with you!"

"We don't need anyone!"

"How much—" There was rising excitement in Frank's voice. "How much'd I have to walk, Pete, if I went with you?"

"Oh, Frank, you oughtn't!" Sheila protested.

"Shucks, it can't hurt me!"

"You wouldn't have to walk a step, Frank. We can get a taxi, right here."

"I'd like to go. I'd know what they were after."

"It wouldn't hurt you a bit."

"I don't believe it would," Frank said slowly.

"Aw, come on, Frank! Come on. All they want is to ask Sheila a few questions."

"It wouldn't take us fifteen minutes—" the invalid mused, tempted.

"You were out yesterday," Peter urged. "You managed that all right."

"I KNOW. What harm can it do?" Frank exclaimed, throwing hesitation to the winds. "Get me my coat, Pete."

He hobbled to the head of the stairs, managed them easily; Sheila fearfully fluttering ahead, with his stick and his hat, and Peter accompanying him anxiously and warningly. They reached the lower hall, moved slowly but steadily to the front door.

"I'm all right. I feel fine!" Frank said.

The taxi was waiting; they could see it as they reached the top of the brownstone steps. Sheila took the stick again; Peter again caught a firm hold of his brother's arm.

They had gained the sidewalk when a limousine drew up ahead of the taxi, and three women and a stout, gray-headed man got out. The man was Judge Paul McCann; one of the ladies was his wife.

The other two were Gertrude Keane and Bernadette Kennedy.

Peter, Frank and Sheila stood rooted to the pavement, the recent arrivals stood stricken, too, gazing at them, at the taxi, back at them again.

"Well, you have *both* the boys now, haven't you?" Bernadette Kennedy finally said sweetly.

"I NEVER told you and Angela exactly what happened, Ma," Sheila said.

She had washed her bright coppery hair, and as it tumbled in rings and fishtails on her neck, the spring sunshine struck dazzling lights from it. A towel was spread across her shoulders, and belted trimly about the curves of her young body was an old blue cotton kimono.

The three women of the Carscadden family were in the sunroom of their new home. It was the corner house of a commonplace block of two-story, two-flat buildings that stretched in every direction across the gently rolling levels of what had recently been a dump for the greatest of all the cities. On top of the dump real-estate developments had been started; every corner bore signs advertising the merits of this "five-room home" or that. The downstairs apartments were all alike; all had five rooms, one bath, and this delightful feature of a sun-porch; a square, bare, unimaginative twelve by seven feet of space at the front, glassed in from the street.

The streets were paved, but still showed patches of wet cement and protecting board-work here and there. There were handsome lamp-posts at the corners, but the globes had all been smashed. The names of the thoroughfares were posted: Trafalgar Way, Versailles Avenue, Rhododendron Court. There were a great many empty new stores with whitewash still smeared on their new, unwashed window-glass, and elms of the thickness of a child's finger were planted at regular intervals along the curbs.

Passengers for Oyster Bay or Southampton might have passed through this district with a shudder. It was all rawness, ugliness, cheapness; the barren, ashy earth cut into great gashes for sewers and pole holes; the cheap buildings of yellow brick, pink brick, stucco, exposed mercilessly to the light, without a protecting tree or the shadow of a hill, without gardens or the mellowness of lawns and stone fences to soften their nakedness.

Blocks of it, miles of it, and the Carscaddens' particular corner only one of a thousand corners. But to them it was no less than heaven.

ANGELA had exhausted every exclamation in her vocabulary long before their poor boxes and odds and ends of furniture had been moved in, and had finally dropped, exhausted herself, on the old lounge. Sheila, the newly sobered, thoughtful Sheila, who had somehow developed from the giddy red-headed girl of Marks and Manheim's office, had exulted in an only slightly quieter way. Joe had worn a perpetual smile of complete satisfaction in these days, for he and his Cecilia were presently to take one of the four-room upper apartments, at the center of the row, and already their dining-room set, and the splendors of their ice-box and their gas stove, for which both prospective husband and wife were paying on the installment plan, eclipsed anything that either the Moores or the Carscaddens had ever

Peter, Frank and Sheila stood rooted to the pavement. "Well, you have

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Illustrated by Carl Mueller

both the boys now, haven't you?" Bernadette Kennedy finally said sweetly

known. And Joe had acquired a muddy old open car for forty-six dollars, and what Joe hadn't done to that car!

"It seems too much," Angela had said fearfully. But Joe, much bolder, had looked up at the spring sky, had looked about him at the myriad homes that were ramifying in all directions about them, and had said confidently, "Listen, half the people in America are prospering. Why shouldn't we?"

As for their mother, she had been in a state of dignified outrage since Sheila's latest escapade, and had been reluctant to express enthusiasm about anything. But it was noted that her first act in the new home had been to gather her children about her: Sheila, Angela, Joe, Cecilia, Marg'ret and Marg'ret's Lew, Neely and his Lizzie, and, kneeling down, solemnly to recite some litanies that were to bring blessings upon the God-given increase, and solemnly to assure the listening saints that rather than have one mortal sin committed beneath this new roof, she would resign the new domain gladly and gratefully, and go back to the poverty and obscurity of the old days again.

And this ceremony had told her children more than any words of hers might have done, exactly what significance the adventure had for Ma.

To the girls it had been a time of pure delight. It was spring, and a part of the general felicity was contributed by the grass that was bursting out fresh and green upon the corner lots and under the raw big billboards, clouds fleeced across soft blue skies, and the scent of earth and flowers.

SUNSHINE—actual sunshine pouring into their rooms. Ma cooking in a sunny kitchen, stepping out to a back stoop, stepping in again in the most natural way in the world, and even beginning to murmur about getting a little "hen or two" that would "maybe lay an egg or so for thim some day." Sunshine in the bedroom that was "our room" to Angela and Sheila—a phrase they could not often enough repeat. And sunshine above all in the sun-parlor itself, where they meant eventually to have a hammock.

"Angela, moonlight nights, and a hammock out here, and everyone walking by!"

"Oh, don't! It's too much."

"Bibberly's had green glass lemonade pitchers and six glasses for eighty-nine cents; I wonder if they've any left?"

"Oh, don't, Sheila!"

They had their first sketchy meals in the shallow "breakfast niche" that with the parlor, kitchen, and two bedrooms, made up the count of five. Joe slept on the porch, and Ma, for the first time since those dim days before her marriage when she had "worked for Mrs. Murray," as an untrained girl just over from County Clare, had a room to herself.

And Sheila had gotten a job—not much of a job, to be sure, nor was she to be needed until May first. But it was near; it was in the department store over under the elevated road, five blocks away, and she could walk to and fro, so that the fifteen a week was almost pure gain. Sheila was to sit near the main entrance in a sort of little pulpit, and tell arriving customers where everything in the store was to be found. A small, heavy brass triangle would stand near her hand, and printed on it would be "Miss Carscadden has been chosen because of her exceptional courtesy and efficiency. It will give her real pleasure to help you."

"The place is full of that sort of bunk, but who cares? I don't care what they think about me," Sheila had said, indulgently, upon reporting this fact. "I'm reformed, anyway," she had added. "I'm all for citizenship and helpful house spirit—I'm going in for character building, clean finger nails, and a low, rich voice.

"THE pip-squeak who hires and fires," Sheila had further volunteered, on the particular Saturday morning when she had washed her hair, "asked me what my real reason for coming into Bibberly's was, and if I had any secret ambition. I told him that all my life long I had been studying department stores, comparing them with one another, and analyzing them, and that Bibberly's had appealed to me as being the most interesting, in its house system and store spirit, that I had ever seen. I said that I thought, great as the store is, that it has a still greater future, and that I wanted to be a part of it!"

Angela, half-convinced by Sheila's serious manner, regarded her sister in surprise at this revelation, but Mrs. Carscadden was not deceived.

"You never hear'rd of the place befoor you walked in there an' ast thim for a job!"

"He knew that," Sheila conceded. "He just wanted to know if I'd play the game his way, that was all."

"I hope you told him that the fire-engine tur'rns out ivery time ye have a bright idea!" the mother said.

"Ma—" Sheila had pleaded, and it was then that she had added, while she spread and tossed her blazing hair, "I never told you and Angela what really happened, Ma."

"An' God preserve me that you iver wud!" her mother said simply. "There's niver a breath of blame cud be said against ye, but we'll all be up in the Death Row itself if iver ye get another chance to do good to somebody, or get yourself out of somethin'!"

"You wrong me," Sheila said, manicuring a pretty fingernail with her scissors, and holding up her hand to study it in the light.

"I didn't wrong ye enough wit' a slipper over me knee, whin I had a chanst!" her mother responded. "An' it'll be held agin me on the Day of Judgment!"

"Ma, if they're hard on you, I'll stand up for you!" Sheila assured her warmly. Her mother, from above the cold joint of lamb she was expertly cutting up for a stew, eyed her suspiciously.

"You'll stand up for me *whin?*"

"On the Day of Judgment, dear!"

"I'll judgment you!" was the outraged matron's only reply.

"Now, on Palm Sunday afternoon," Sheila continued pleasantly, "what harm did it do me to drive to a police station with Peter and Judge McCann, make a short statement, and have Judge McCann give me a dollar for my taxi home? I stayed in the taxi," Sheila added, in reminiscent tones, "until it said thirty cents, then I gave him a ten-cent tip, jumped into the subway, and made fifty-five cents on the judge!"

"IT MAKES me nervous to have ye talk about thim McCanns, Sheila. I'd niver know what minute ye'd be in throuble again," her mother said.

"Peter and Gertrude Keane are getting married next fall, Ma; that's all the trouble amounted to *there*."

"Yes, an' what about the other poor feller?"

"You mean Frank?" Sheila asked dreamily. The name sounded like music on her lips. "I don't know—" she admitted slowly.

"Whin did ye see him?" the mother demanded suspiciously.

"Mother, I give you my word I haven't seen him since that Palm Sunday—nearly three weeks ago."

(*Continued on page 57*)

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The Man from Sing Sing

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Story Thus Far:

MORAN CHAMBERS, betrayed by Reuben Argels, one of his partners, is sent to Sing Sing. Argels goes to London, becomes a gambling financier; likewise Andrew Pulwitter, his other partner (now his bitter enemy), *and* Moran Chambers, who makes his escape from prison, leaving behind a well-paid double.

Argels, brilliant, ruthless, makes millions—becomes the talk of London. Pulwitter and Chambers watch him, plot to ruin him. . . . He is in love with a beautiful motion-picture actress, Ambouyna Kotinzi. The girl adores Chambers, loathes Argels. Knowing he has certain documents which would establish Chambers' innocence, she calls on him, tries to inveigle him into giving her the papers. She leaves—with nothing. . . . Argels has (or thinks he has) a spy in Pulwitter's office: Violet Withers, Pulwitter's secretary. She tells him what stocks her employer is playing. Respecting Pulwitter's judgment, he acts on the tips—plunges madly. . . . And all the time Violet Withers is acting on orders from Pulwitter and Chambers—giving him false information!

He has walked into that trap. He walks into others. But only the conspirators know the truth: that, regarded by London as a great financier, Reuben Argels is on the verge of ruin. . . . He dines with Violet Withers. Pulwitter sees them together, is extremely angry (apparently), discharges the girl. . . . How little does Argels dream, as he leaves the restaurant, what that scene means to—Reuben Argels!

VIII

FATE, you see," Argels observed, as he threw his hat onto the opposite seat in the limousine.

"Well, it was you who would take the risk," she rejoined. "I tried to avoid it."

"Who on earth would have expected to meet Andrew Pulwitter at Ciro's?" he demanded.

"That's just the catch about those places," she pointed out. "There's a grillroom downstairs where half the cinema people in London go, and there's a balcony upstairs where anyone can dine without having changed."

"Well, the mischief's done, and it's a good thing," Argels declared. "You can do me no more good at Pulwitter's. This last list you brought me—well, I think I shall have a plunge—but as to real information, Andrew's day is coming to an end, and as to flotations, I don't think anyone who has a chance at the City Trust would go to him. I shall expect you at ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

"Do you mean really that I am to come to Gresham Street?" she asked.

"Of course," he insisted. "That was always understood. I'll give you twenty pounds a week—ten pounds from the office, and ten pounds from me. You'll do your work and go straight home afterward, so far as I am concerned. At the present moment it's a secretary I'm engaging."

She laughed softly.

"What a peevish person you are!" she complained.

"I'm ill," he muttered. "I'm going to get someone to look after me. I may marry. I may do any damn' thing."

He suddenly pulled the check string and spoke down the tube.

"Draw up to the side of the road and wait," he ordered.

"What do you want to do that for?" she asked.

"Don't jeer at me," he begged. "You see what a poor creature I am. I feel that when I get home there'll be another cable for me. I daren't open it; I daren't sleep with it in the flat. Come with me and see if it's there. I swear I won't touch you. You can come away the moment you like."

She looked at him appraisingly.

"I think the first thing I shall do tomorrow morning," she decided, "is to take you to a nerve specialist. Yes, I'll come on that understanding."

THEY drove to Berkeley Mansions. "You needn't wait," Argels told the chauffeur. "I'll call you later to take the young lady home."

They passed into the luxurious hall, and up in a softly running elevator to the third floor. There were thick carpets everywhere, and dimly burning lights down the corridor. Argels fitted the key into the door of his flat, opened it, ushered his companion in, and closed it behind them.

"Excuse me while I turn on the lights," he begged, touching the switch. "What the devil—!"

There were no lights.

"What on earth's happened?" Argels cried out. "Where the devil is my servant? Henry!"

He pressed a bell. Nothing happened. Then a single light—the beam of a flashlight—shone out from the other end of the room, and a stern voice addressed them:

"Don't move—either of you. Stay there, right where you are!"

The flashlight shone dimly upon the metal of the extended revolver.

"Who are you, and what are you doing in my rooms?" Argels gasped.

"Burglars," the voice snapped. "Stay just as you are, or you'll get into trouble."

Another dark form, with a lantern, came through the open door which led to the library.

"Here they are," the man with the flashlight pointed out. "Tie them up. Gag them and lock them in. Shoot either of them if they make a sound."

"What about the girl?" the second man asked.

"Don't hurt her if you can help it. It's like Argels to drag a girl into a thing like this. Do you hear me, Reuben Argels?"

Reuben Argels was past hearing any sounds or even feeling the cords which were being twined about his wrists. He had crumpled up, unconscious, upon the floor.

ARGELS recovered consciousness to find himself in a hideous and unbelievable world. His legs were still partially tied up, but his arms were free, his gag had been removed, his collar and necktie had been thrown onto the floor. The window before which he lay was wide open, letting in a spatter of gray misty rain; and brandy had been spilt down his shirt front in the evident attempt to revive him. A few yards away, her limbs, as far as he could see, free, Violet lay curled up on the sofa, apparently fast asleep. She rose at the sound of his movements and sat up on the couch. For a moment her own expression was blank. Then she remembered.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed. "We've been here all night!"

Argels struggled to rise and found it still impossible.

"Have they gone?" he moaned.

"I should think so," she answered. "It's quite light. Have you no servants?"

"Two men," he replied. "They must be somewhere about."

She rose to her feet, shook herself for a moment and, pouring out some soda water from a siphon on the sideboard, dabbed it over her face and hands. Then she examined the switch and bells, all of which had

"I was cremated," he answered gayly. "Just think what that means. There is no trace of me left. I don't exist"

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been put completely out of action. The door on the right, leading into the library and the dining-room beyond, was still locked. The door behind, leading into the service part of the flat, was also immovable. Notwithstanding the one opened window, there was still a sickly smell of chloroform.

"Nicely boxed up, aren't we?" she remarked. "Wait a moment."

SHE moved to the half-opened window and managed to raise it a few more inches. Below her, across the street, was a mackintosh-caped policeman. At her third summons he looked up.

"We've been burgled," she called out. "Mr. Argels' flat. The servants have disappeared. Third floor. Come up at once."

The policeman crossed the road at the double. Soon there were sounds of commotion below, the rattle of the elevator, eager voices, the jangling of keys. At last the door was thrown open. The policeman, minus his mackintosh, an obvious commissionaire, aroused from his slumbers, in gray flannel shirt and pajama trousers, and two other men employees of the place were grouped outside.

"What's up here?" the policeman demanded.

The girl pointed downward toward where Argels, almost unconscious again, was plucking feebly at his bonds.

"Cut those things off him," she directed.

They obeyed, and helped him to a chair. He sat there, groaning, but absolutely incapable of speech. Violet, calm and composed, took command of the situation.

"WHAT has happened is this," she explained. "I dined with Mr. Argels there, to whom this flat belongs, at Ciro's. We came on here afterward. I am just engaged as his secretary, and he wanted me to read some cables. He let himself into this room with his own key, and when he tried to turn on the light he found the switch cut and the bells all out of order. A man came through the door from the dining-room with a revolver and an electric torch; another followed him immediately afterward. They gagged and tied us up, and put something over my mouth which sent me to sleep. I woke, and heard four o'clock strike. Mr. Argels was groaning, and I managed to crawl over to him. I was just able to take the gag out of his mouth, remove his collar and tie, loosen the rope, and I felt faint again, just as I was opening the window."

"Where are Mr. Argels' servants?" the police constable asked.

"How should I know?" she rejoined. "I have never been here before. Why don't you search the place quickly? The burglars are not likely to have spent their time in this lounge."

There were more footsteps outside, and the sergeant of police arrived. Violet's story was repeated. Keys were produced from somewhere. The doors were thrown open. The two menservants were found, heavily doped, in the servants' quarters and were aroused with difficulty. The dining-room was comparatively untouched. In the library the great safe was open, and papers were strewn all over the floor.

"It's a burglary all right," the sergeant remarked, somewhat needlessly. "A slap-up job, too. I wonder what Mr. Argels kept in that safe. Do you know where Mr. Argels' business offices are?"

"Yes, I know that," Violet replied. "I was starting as his secretary this morning." She gave the number in Gresham Street.

The sergeant scribbled upon a card, and gave it to the constable.

"GET someone down there at once, and tell him to bring back his confidential clerk, or partner if he has one. Send him up here. Call at the Yard on the way and ask Mr. Levine from the fingerprint department to come round here immediately. Telephone from somewhere to the exchange and report the cutting of the line."

The constable disappeared on his errand. The butler and valet had little of importance to disclose: The front doorbell had rung about ten o'clock. Three young men in evening clothes were standing in the corridor. One of them asked for Mr. Argels. The butler turned to speak to the valet, and that was the last thing either of them remembered. Where the men had come from, no one knew. No one knew anything.

Argels, leaning on Violet's arm, stumbled into the room. On his hands and knees, he groped amidst the disorder on the floor. He even crawled into the safe itself, and dragged out one of the steel drawers. He stared into its well of emptiness fixedly and there were signs of returning strength in the passion with which he flung it to the floor. . . .

The butler arrived with hot tea and coffee, which he placed in the dining-room. They made their way there, the sergeant temporarily locking up the rooms. Argels seemed to have recovered from the effects of the chloroform, but there was a terribly drawn look about his face. He held Violet by the arm.

"DON'T leave me just yet," he begged.

"I won't," she promised, "but I must go and get some clothes."

"Not yet."

The sergeant set down his teacup.

"Do you feel well enough to tell me, Mr. Argels—roughly, of course—what were the contents of the safe? For instance, had you documents of value there, bonds, or a large sum of money?"

"I had documents of great value," Argels groaned. "They are gone."

"Deeds or bonds, were they?" the sergeant suggested.

Argels shook his head.

"They were letters and an agreement referring to a private matter."

"You don't find any money missing, then?"

"I haven't looked. I keep very little there."

"No bonds or shares?"

"There may have been a few. It is the agreement and the letters which are of value."

The sergeant was disappointed. As a sensational burglary, the thing was petering out. A myrmidon from Scotland Yard, accompanied by a fingerprint expert, arrived and the two retired to confer and examine the premises. Argels plucked at Violet's arm.

"Have you opened the cable yet?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"I haven't looked for it."

"It's here. Richards told me so. It's on the table by the side of my easy-chair in the lounge. I'll show you."

(Continued on page 42)

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

"Where are Mr. Argels' servants?" the police constable asked

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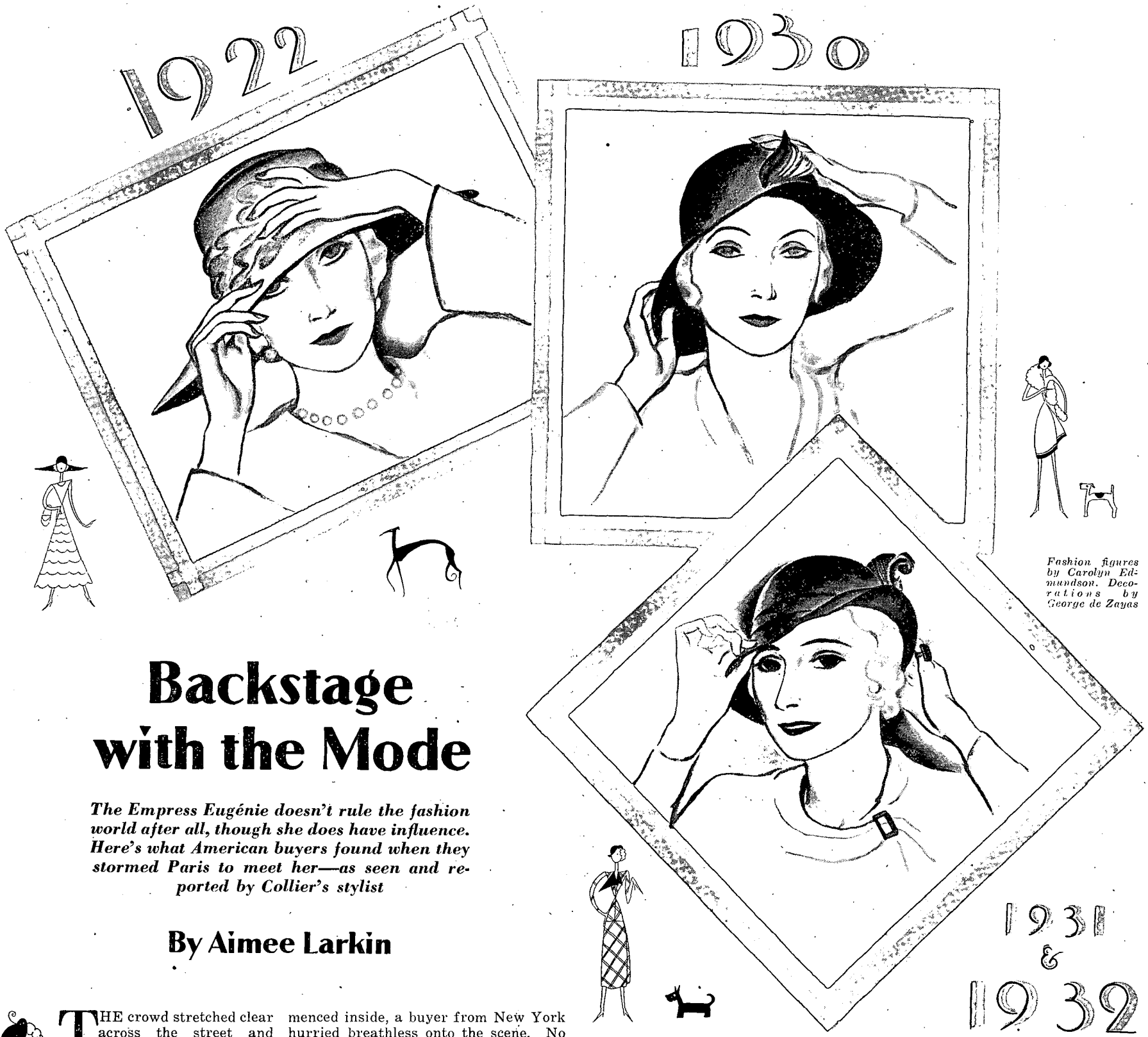

Fashion figures by Carolyn Edmundson. Decorations by George de Zayas

Backstage with the Mode

The Empress Eugénie doesn't rule the fashion world after all, though she does have influence. Here's what American buyers found when they stormed Paris to meet her—as seen and reported by Collier's stylist

By Aimee Larkin

THE crowd stretched clear across the street and down the block. The faces were tense, desperate. Gendarmes stood helpless. A hydra-headed monster was storming one of those discreet gray stone houses that had witnessed the French Revolution and gave every evidence of undergoing another.

A slim brunette with eyes set in fanatical determination attempted to rush the stairs three times, only to be washed back to the foot by sheer pressure of numbers. Finally a broad-shouldered man shoved his way through to her.

"'Atta boy, Miss Boston," he yelled; "we'll do it yet!"

Making a battering ram of himself, he carried her through the mob, hoisted her bodily over the heads of the human wall at the top and flung her into the house. His hat was on one eye. She looked like the victim of an explosion. But they had arrived.

No, they weren't Bolsheviks. They were American buyers attending one of the Paris openings. They had tickets of admission, in common with the rest of the crowd. They hadn't come to loot but to spend—millions.

A little later, after the crowd had thinned out and proceedings had commenced inside, a buyer from New York hurried breathless onto the scene. No admittance. In vain she explained, showed her card, waved it, fanned the guard with it. Nothing happened.

Finally she lowered her voice to a tragic whisper and hissed: "Listen, you! There are three members of my organization inside who can't spend a cent till I say so. Do I get in?"

She got in.

The small houses hold their openings during the first week of a hectic fortnight—one, two, three of them in a day. Then drama gathers speed, and the big houses show collections some of which press the four-hundred-model mark. This year the tension was infinitely higher than usual, owing to something that happened in America, not in France.

As usual, every store had ordered advance fall clothes from the American manufacturers' collections before their buyers left for Paris. Nothing radical was expected to occur at the openings, nothing that would upset the astute prognostications of the New York fashion-weather prophets.

Suddenly, at the beginning of the first week, frantic cablegrams began to hit the Seine like hailstones. Some of the lady Babsons in the American fashion world had issued storm-warnings to their clients—lay off American merchandise, cancel reorders. Paris was about to pull a fast one.

The stores were wild. It must be the Empress Eugénie influence, already felt in hats.

But the upset in the stores was mild compared to what struck the manufacturers. They took a flying leap onto the first boat to see this Franco-American atrocity at first hand.

All Quiet on the Fashion Front

And what happened? The small houses held their openings. Nothing upsetting. But that didn't settle the question. Wait till the big boys and girls thundered up the slope.

They thundered. Ten per cent of the total, reckoned Paris-wise, was simply too chic for words. But nobody pulled the promised fast one—positively nobody.

The assembled multitudes breathed a sigh of thankfulness. Their stocks were safe. Paris was friendly, and New York a good place to hit by the next boat.

And now, ladies and gentlemen of the ensemble, what do we get out of all this sound and fury? What will the women wear this year, and the men pay for?

We'll begin at the top, where the Empress Eugénie is more or less in the saddle. The hats show her influence, but she couldn't have worn exact copies; they're much too much of the moment. The exaggerated versions of the style are not going to be taken up by smart people. Long ostrich plumes that tickle the ears and the fancy are merely a way of saying that their wearer doesn't know where to say when. Ostrich there is, in small, clipped, uncurled quantities, and there are flat quills, grosgrain ribbon in pert little bows and saucy little ends, even birds on hats, reduced to microscopic size. But nothing that shrieks picturesqueness.

Taking it by and large, you'll get the feel of the difference between this year's millinery mode and the two preceding eras if you'll look at our illustrations showing three ladies putting on three hats. For ten years previous to 1929, the movement was firmly down—both

(Continued on page 60)

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Don't *guess* what's in the candy you eat!

We want you to *know* the marvelous ingredients of Mars Confections

HONEY ALMOND, the newest Mars Confection, is already very popular. It has a center of beaten egg whites, sugar and syrup, flavored with finest quality, pure, strained honey, and chock full of fresh, crisp, whole almonds. The average bar actually contains *twelve* of these wonderful, big almonds. It is thickly coated with the finest *real vanilla* chocolate.

SNICKERS has a center that starts with beaten egg whites, sugar, syrup and malted milk, as is the case with Milky Way; but it is deliciously flavored by the addition of fresh, sweet peanut butter. In Snickers' caramel layer are freshly roasted, selected, whole nuts that add greatly to its wonderful taste. Its thick coating is of finest genuine milk chocolate.

NEW VANILLA MILKY WAY also has a center of highly beaten egg whites, sugar, syrup and malted milk; but instead of cocoa, it has the delicious flavor of genuine vanilla. It too has the soft, creamy caramel layer . . . you'll say it's the most delicious, flavory caramel you've ever tasted. Its extremely thick coating is of finest *real vanilla* chocolate.

CHOCOLATE MILKY WAY has a center of highly beaten, fresh egg whites, sugar and syrup, thickened to just the right consistency with malted milk and breakfast cocoa. Then a layer of soft, creamy caramel, which is nearly 1/3 real cows' cream. The thick coating is of finest, smooth milk chocolate. The great milk content makes it ideal for children.

AFTER reading above what Mars Confections are made of, you'll understand how completely they are *set apart* from ordinary candies. And remember, there's nothing "synthetic" or artificial in those ingredients; every one is absolutely *genuine,* and the very finest of its kind that can be obtained, regardless of cost. When you can buy such candy as this and get 2½ ounces or over for 5c, there certainly is no reason for buying ordinary candy. Insist upon these *super* bars . . . each with the star and the words "A Mars Confection" on its wrapper.

MARS CONFECTIONS HAVE THAT TASTE THRILL ONLY QUALITY CAN GIVE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons—Columbia Broadcasting System—every night except Sunday

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

worth cheering about

OF COURSE Camels are blended from the choicest tobaccos—fine Turkish and mild Domestic leaves. Of course these fine tobaccos are made dust-free by a special vacuum-cleaning process. But the big news is, Camels are fine cigarettes *kept* fine — the Humidor Pack seals in *all* the natural factory-freshness and aroma—seals it so tightly that wet weather cannot make Camels damp, nor drought weather make them dry. That's why millions of folks everywhere are switching to Camels, and finding their cool, fresh, throat-friendly mildness a joy well worth cheering about!

CAMELS

***Mild*.. NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE**

©1931, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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"What did your mother claim that I owed her?" Peter Gentle demanded. "She named no sum," said Miss Cake

Illustrated by Herbert Roese

Miss Cake

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Zona Gale

SUNLIGHT burned on the vestibule floor, where Miss May Cake waited for an answer to her ring. The door was heavily and impressively carved, and when it swung open she dropped her eyes even as they lifted.

"Is Mr. Gentle here?" she asked, low.

The man bowed and stepped back. Miss Cake entered the obscurity of the hall. Serene in his skill at classifying human beings as those who were to wait in the hall and those who were to wait in the library, the man let Miss Cake wait in the hall.

"Your card," he suggested.

"Please tell him Miss Cake," she just audibly said.

"Miss Cake," the man repeated, with enormous distinctness.

She sat waiting in the silence—a silence as sharp and challenging as that which abruptly falls after shrill sound. Not the tick of a clock. Not a distant voice. No noise from the street. Silence, in which Miss Cake sat impaled.

Even the man's steps made no sound as he returned.

"Mr. Gentle says he doesn't know you."

The impact of this announcement was not visible upon her. Her eyes did not leave the man's boots.

"Tell him Agnes Bullen's daughter, please," she said.

The man hesitated, vanished, returned.

"This way," he uttered, like an order.

PETER GENTLE'S study was cut off from the rest of the house as by a sea or a century. The study was sunny, papered in blue scattered with silver stars, and furnished in cleverly related planes. May Cake stood on the black carpet.

"Sit down," Peter Gentle said. "What can I do for you?"

She stared at him as he sat at one corner of his desk. His face, serious, pear-shaped, plain, looked incapable of laughter, of compassion, of any folly.

"My mother, Agnes Bullen, died last week," said Miss Cake.

"May I express my sympathy for you," said Peter Gentle rapidly.

"She said that you owed her something, and she asked if you'd pay me," Miss Cake recited.

Peter Gentle met her eyes without expression.

"I haven't seen the woman for twenty years," he said curtly.

MISS CAKE looked down at his long hands and down at her own long hands, and was silent.

"What did your mother claim that I owed her?" Peter Gentle demanded.

"She named no sum," said Miss Cake. "She said you'd remember."

"Well, well," said he, impatiently. "This is a strange way to present a debt. Did she expect me to honor such a vague . . ."

"She expected nothing," Miss Cake said quickly. "She just said she hoped you'd remember."

Peter Gentle moved the things about on his desk—the ivory calendar holder, the glass weight, his spectacles.

"Do—do you know what she meant?" he demanded, jerkily.

"She told me nothing," said May Cake.

"But surely you have some idea. . . ."

"She told me nothing," May Cake repeated.

"Look here—what do you expect?" he cried out angrily.

"I hoped—" said Miss Cake. "I'm without money," she added. "I used the last for her funeral—and I still owe some on that."

"Agnes Bullen's funeral," said Gentle, and looked down at his hands. After a moment he said: "Her hair was yellow."

"Gray for years, now," she said.

His look returned to her.

"Was there anything between you?" he asked. "I mean—did you and she mean anything to each other?"

"Very much," she said. "I loved her."

"Well, you know," said Gentle, then, "that if I allow this claim—pay you money, it will be an implication—against her. Do you want to admit that?"

She looked at his hands.

"I've thought of that for three days," she said. "But I hadn't anything to eat—and I thought *maybe* it wasn't. . . ."

She stood up, her immobility going from her. Her voice suddenly came from her throat, from her chest.

"I'd had nothing to do—no work for weeks," she said. "She was sick—she needed things that I couldn't get for her. She died of need—nothing else. She died of need. She used to lie and look at me and know I was hungry, too. I tried for work—I got a little money by begging. She used to look at me and want to say something. The night she died she cried out: 'What'll you do? What'll you do now?'—and I couldn't comfort her because I didn't know what to say to that. She cried—so weak she couldn't sob. Then she called out, quite loud: 'I've nothing to leave you but what you think of me, and that won't feed you now. Go to Peter Gentle and tell him I want what he owes me. Tell him that. *That* you can eat!'"

Miss Cake stood trembling, and said no more.

Peter Gentle looked at her, and looked. He met her eyes, staring through him as she waited. She saw his eyes rest on her hands, her long hands, as hers had rested on his. Oh, and how was he remembering her mother now, whose hair was once yellow. . . . So she cried out very loud:

"My mother was good!"

"Of course," said Peter Gentle, "of course." Now he rose and stood resting his long hands on his desk. "What on earth are you talking about?" he demanded gruffly. "I—I beat her out of some money on a property deal. That was all."

Miss Cake took a step towards him.

"On your honor?"

"On my honor."

He met her eyes, reached for his check book, wrote slowly and carefully, rose to hand her the check.

"It was a thousand dollars," he said deliberately. "You wouldn't care for the details. I should have paid her for the property long ago."

With the check in her hands, she still stared at him—and he so immobile, so incapable of folly or compassion or laughter.

With her broken thanks she moved away. He followed her.

"YOU'RE alone now," he said. "Will you remember this? To walk straight, as your mother did. She was a good woman."

Miss Cake lifted her plain face. It had flushed beautifully.

"I know that—I know that!" she cried.

She hardly heard him close the door behind her. In the obscurity of the hall, the silence was as sharp and challenging as that which falls after a clamor of words. No noise from the street. Even if a man were laughing behind a closed door, this would have seemed, in that house, hardly possible.

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In Sweden or Spokane Mobiloil stands up

JUST an advertising claim? No! An abstract quality? No! A matter of words? No!

It is a matter of world *proof!*

The rugged ability of Mobiloil to stand up has been proved in the burning heat of the Sudan. It has been proved in the zero cold of Scandinavia.

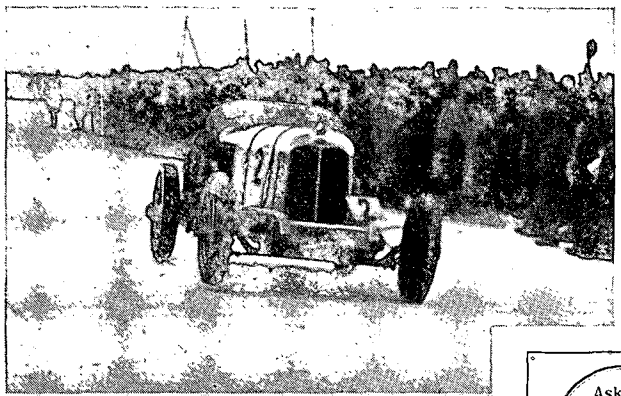
Because its use and distribution are world-wide, Mobiloil is the *only* oil that *has* to be made so tough, so sturdy, that it will stand up under every driving condition in the world.

On jungle roads, on famous European boulevards, on the roads in our own country, Mobiloil proves daily its remarkable ability to stand up against heat, against wear, against speed.

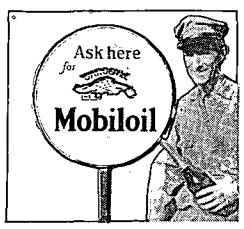
Be thrifty! Take advantage of the world-proven power of Mobiloil to stand up. Make sure of longer life for your car by seeing your Mobiloil dealer today. If you prefer the convenience of a 5-gallon can of Mobiloil for home garage use, your Mobiloil dealer can supply you.

• • •

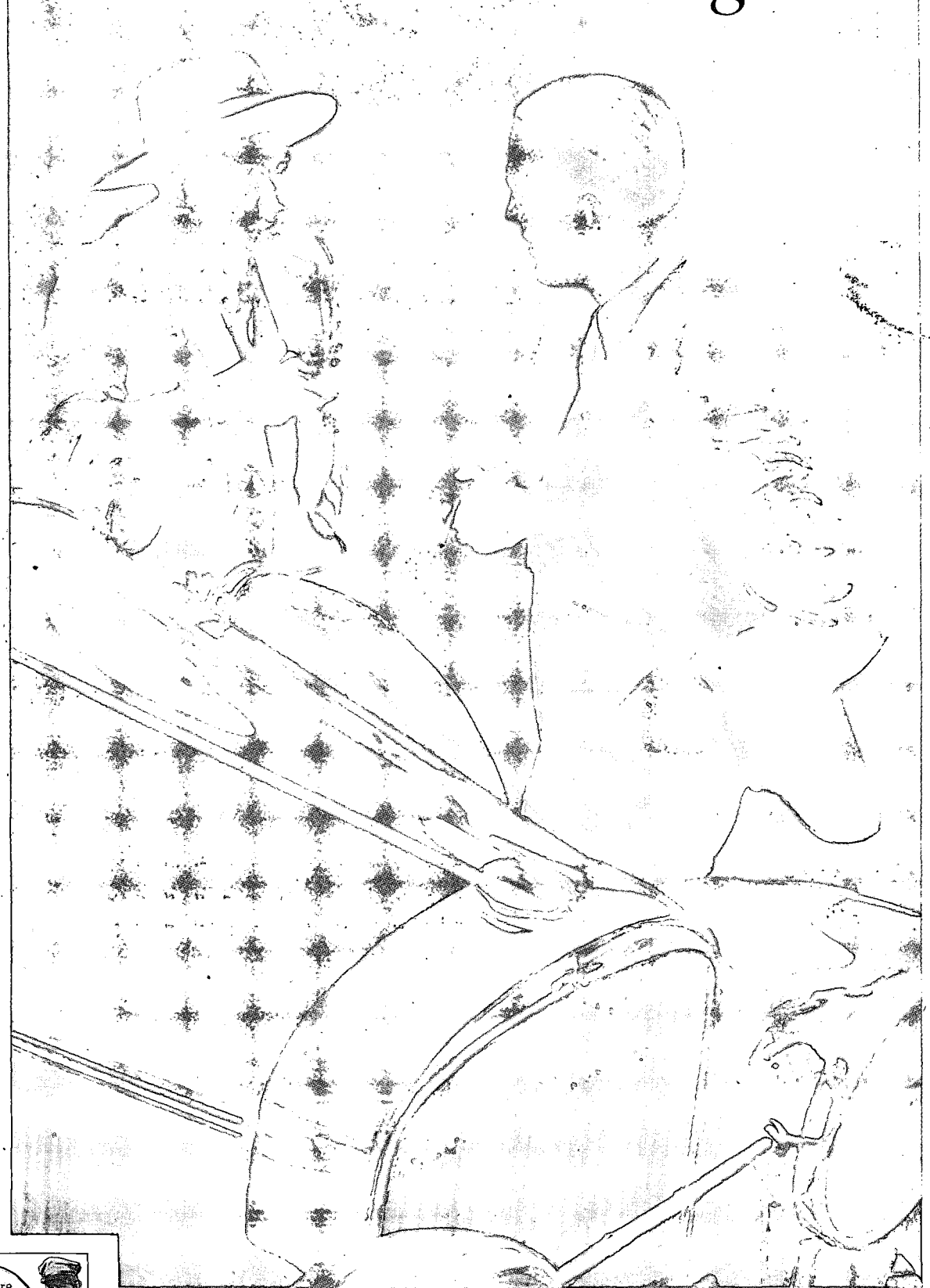
We invite you to listen to the Mobiloil Concert, broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8:30, Eastern Standard Time, from WEAF and 31 associated N. B. C. stations.



Racing over snow and ice! In the Swedish Grand Prix, Mobiloil-lubricated cars took the first four places.



"Mobiloil är uthålligt!"



"Mobiloil är uthålligt!" That's the way the Swedish motorist conveys to the American motorist his enthusiasm for Mobiloil's ability to stand up. This rugged stamina of Mobiloil has made it and kept it the world's leading oil.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

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Pigskin Preview

The 1931 football stage is set, the curtain is up and the play has started. Now just before you sit back to enjoy the show, take a look at the cast and pick out the potential stars

By Grantland Rice

International Newsreel

P. & A.

Wide World

Keystone

Keystone

Acme

International

Part of the new season's crop of stars: Left to right are McEver, Tennessee; Crickard, Harvard; Hewitt, Columbia; Viviano, Cornell; Mohler, Southern California; Booth, Yale, and Schwartz, Notre Dame

IN NAMING football's probable stars as a new season swings into action, it is just as well to remember that early October is a long, long way from December in a game that has as many sudden turns and twists as football. However, 1931 has enough high-class talent to fill the headlines for the next two months from coast to coast. If these prospects all play up to early autumn promise it will be even tougher than usual to pick the few who belong above the mass.

It would be impossible to name all the prospective candidates for stardom, but there are quite enough already known to make up a formidable list, even this early in the opening act. Starting with the backs we have Mohler and Pinckert of Southern California; Moffatt of Stanford; Brovelli of St. Mary's; Hufford of Washington; Schwartz of Notre Dame; Koy of Texas; Weller, Haskell Indians; Manders, Minnesota; White, Purdue; Hinchman, Ohio State; Rentner and Russell, Northwestern; Stagg, Chicago; Newman, Michigan; Viviano, Cornell; Booth, Yale; Hewitt, Columbia; Crickard and Wood, Harvard; Stecker, Army; Cain, Alabama; McEver, Tennessee; Dickens and Roberts, Georgia; Leonard, Vanderbilt; Kelly, Kentucky; Warren, Oklahoma; Schaake and Smith, Kansas; Branch of North Carolina and at least ten others who ought to carry football a long way before the season ends.

Last fall in the East I saw two big, powerful, hard-running sophomore backs who will be heard from more than once this season. One is Viviano of Cornell. The other is Crickard of Harvard. They each weigh around 185 pounds and are about as easy to haul down as a young moose.

What impressed me about Viviano was not only his ability to carry the ball and keep driving forward, but also his fine, hard blocking. Viviano will give his opponents all the trouble they are looking for this season and Crickard won't be far behind him.

Then there is Schwartz of Notre Dame. He was a great football player last fall, a shifty, elusive ball carrier. He should be one of the season's sensations again and his rivals will have to strike off a dizzy pace to beat him out as one of the three best backs of 1931. The same is true of Ralph Hewitt of Columbia, who was set back by injuries a good part of last season but who, for all that, is one of the best.

Tennessee has another entry of this type who will bear more than casual inspection. He is Gene McEver, one of the best halfbacks the South has ever developed, laid off last season with a bad knee that refused to mend. If he is in shape this 185-pound star will be close to the front of the parade.

Two of the most interesting backfield studies this season will be Mohler of Southern California and Booth of Yale. Mohler is the brilliant sophomore of 1930, picked by many as one of the most elusive ball carriers since Mahan and Grange were getting loose. He is extremely fast and always dangerous.

Booth, the Unknown Quantity

Albie Booth, Yale's 145-pound captain, took a drop in 1930 and now it remains to be seen what type of plays Stevens, Walsh and Friedman can give him this fall that will shake him loose. Booth is more of a halfback than a quarterback, but lacking weight and power he must be given his chance to find open country before his value starts to count. Booth can time a broken-field run as well as any man in football. He has a baffling change of pace without any unusual speed. Last fall Yale couldn't shake him loose. It remains to be seen what the Yale attack can do for him this year.

The West Coast will have at least four strong entries, above the average, in Moffatt of Stanford, Brovelli of St. Mary's, Pinckert and Mohler of Southern California. And several opponents will know something more about Rentner and Russell of Northwestern before the last game is played.

What about the forward wall? The battle for leadership along the flanks may not be as keen as it was last year, but in the final summary you will find Dalrymple of Tulane, "Catfish" Smith of Georgia, Riblett of Pennsylvania, Hewitt of Michigan and King of the Army. To say nothing of Notre Dame's ends who are always good. Dalrymple, picked on Collier's All-America team for 1930, will need a big year to stave off the rush of Riblett, Smith and King, among others in the upper sweep.

The battle among the tackles will be much keener. Here you have such stars as Glen Edwards of Washington State, Rhea of Nebraska, Riley and Marvil of Northwestern, Price of the Army, Boswell of Texas Christian, Ehrhorn of Stanford and Culver of Notre Dame. Godfrey of Alabama is one of the best line stars in the country, with Sington missing.

The guards, as important as they are, never get much cheering. But you will hear something from Mattox of Georgia; Vaught, Texas Christian; Munn, Minnesota; Horwitz, Chicago; Zeller, Indiana.

With Ben Ticknor, Hein and Siano missing this fall, Yarr of Notre Dame and Morrison of Michigan will be two of the outstanding centers. Miller of Purdue is also on this list.

There will be a great chance this season to compare sectional talent from the long list of intersectional games. Texas comes to Harvard. Vanderbilt tackles Ohio State. Yale goes to Chicago for the first western trip the Blue has ever taken. Notre Dame again faces a hard campaign from Southern California to West Point. But no team has a harder season ahead than Georgia faces where such stars as Downs, Dickens, Roberts, Smith, Mattox and others will be put to the limit to hold up.

Georgia's schedule includes Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Yale, North Carolina, Vanderbilt, Florida, New York University, Tulane, Alabama Polytechnic, Georgia Tech and Southern California, at least eight hard games out of ten starts. Notre Dame and Yale are two others who face rugged opposition with little chance to rest.

This new season doesn't lose any time swinging into action. On the second Saturday of October Yale has one of her hardest games against a veteran Georgia team, and on the same day Notre Dame will be thrown against a powerful Northwestern team. On that same day Ohio State and Vanderbilt, two of the strongest teams from the Conference and the South, meet at Columbus. Jimmy Crowley, one of the Four Horsemen, brings a fine Michigan State team to tackle the Army in another contest that will keep early October full of fur and feathers.

The Fight for Carideo's Crown

One of the hardest jobs will be to locate a successor to Frank Carideo of Notre Dame. Such quarterbacks as Carideo don't happen along every season. From the quarterback roster there will be Mohler of Southern California, Hewitt of Columbia, Downs of Georgia, White of Purdue and Wood of Harvard who will have something to say about the final allotment of laurel sprigs. Stagg of Chicago and Hinchman of Ohio State are two others to be considered with Newman of Michigan, one of the season's leading passers.

Selecting the leading teams is never easy but here is a guess for this year:

Far West—Southern California favored.

Mid-West—Notre Dame. In the Conference, Northwestern, Michigan, Ohio State, Purdue and Wisconsin not far apart; all strong.

South—Alabama, Vanderbilt and Georgia in the lead.

East—Army sure to be strong; Cornell and Fordham up among the leaders. Dartmouth, Harvard and Yale up to par.

Is football interest waning? Well, already there are eighty thousand applicants for the twenty thousand seats for the Harvard-Army game at West Point, and the demand for Army-Notre Dame and Yale-Harvard tickets has opened with a rush. Later on from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand applications will be turned down.

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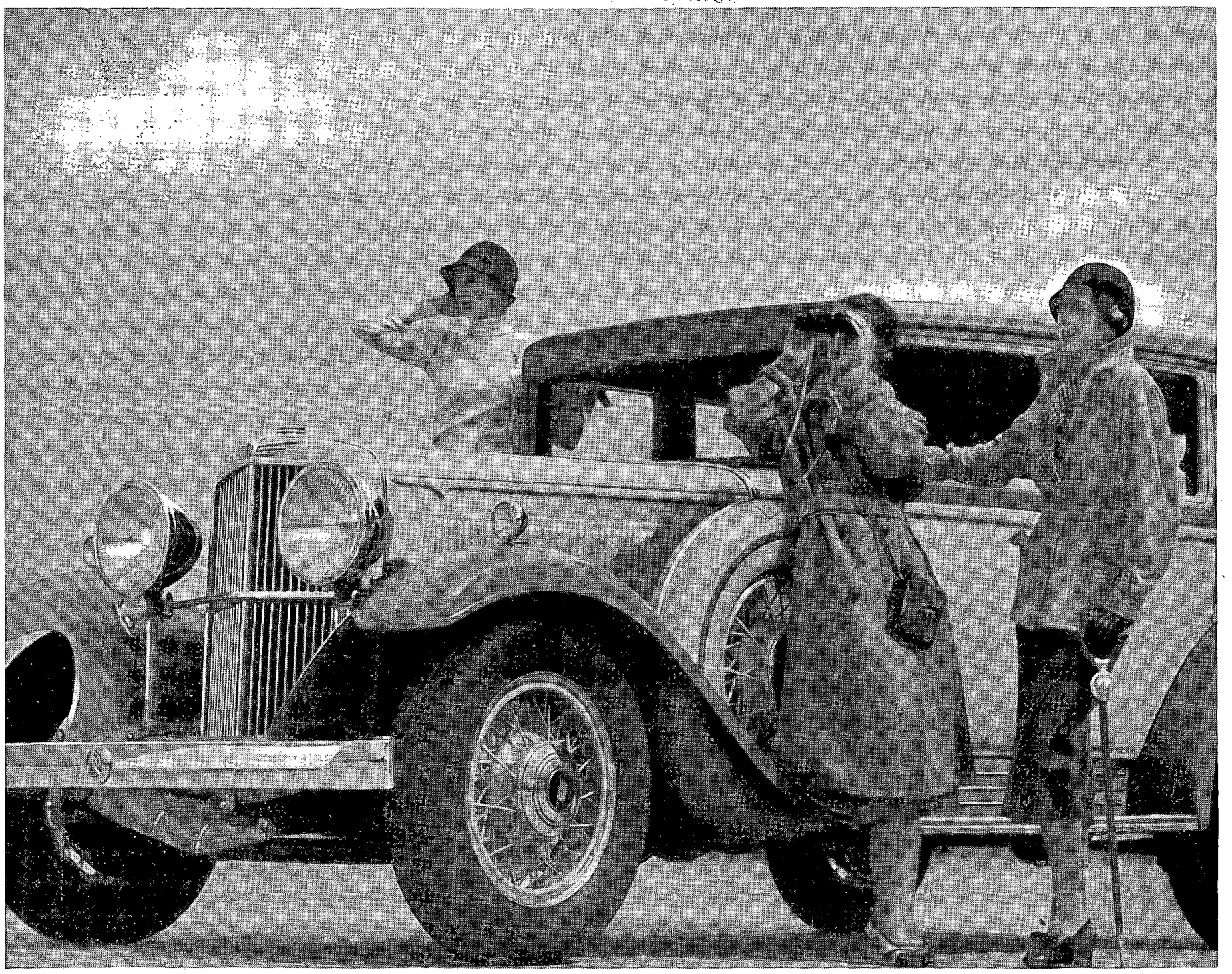

Already SECOND LARGEST BUILDER OF EIGHTS!

Latest available registration figures reveal that since the introduction of the new Nash in June, Nash Eight sales have increased until only one builder of Eights remains between Nash and first place! Nash today is the one car with *all* the newest, finest features of modern motoring. Sound-proofed body and chassis! Synchro-Shift transmission! Silent Second! Synchro-Shift free wheeling (optional)! Twin Ignition! Automatic chassis lubrication! *Drive it!*

PRICES
$795
TO
$2025
f.o.b. factory

NEW SOUND-PROOFED BODY AND CHASSIS NASH

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Are You Listening?

Continued from page 10

How about the Bite and Sip?

Aw, take me to Tony's. I need a pick-up. Boy, if you had to sit in this reception-room all day and talk to all the people that find their way into a radio station. . . . Going down!

Maybe you think I've got a cinch.

Cinch? Why, beautiful, you have the most cinchiest cinch in the whole radio racket. Announcing. Leading a jazz band. Opening fan mail from palpitating females all hot and bothered by those mating calls you call crooning.

Here we are. . . . 'Lo, Tony . . . that little table near the bar? . . .

. . . tomorrow, at this same time, Little Red Riding-hood and her Wolf will come to you in another program of song and story. Remember you too can have beautiful white teeth. . . .

Owoooh. . . . Owoooh. . . . Owoooh.

Your announcer is George Dawson. . . .

THAT guy thinks he can announce. If he'd listen to me. . . .

There's a lot of squirrels in our cage who think they're the nuts. . . .

Yeah?

But it's like that in every racket. I was in a newspaper office before Laura got me into this job. They were all editors to hear them tell it. They gave me the air. That's how I got into radio. Joke.

Terrible.

Say, you don't listen to our continuities if you think that's terrible. Of all the punk writers—it was pure genius to get them under one roof. And if you ask me, Bill Grimes is the kingfish.

Laura likes him, doesn't she?

Likes him? She's mad about him. They've been crazy about each other for years. But what good does it do them?

Why doesn't Bill get a divorce and marry Laura if he's so crazy about her?

Aren't you clever to figure that out! I suppose they never thought of it! Well, I'll tell you. Bill can't have his freedom until he's able to pay for it. That's the kind of a baby Mrs. Bill is, and all she wants is twice as much as Bill will ever be able to make. So meanwhile she sits tight year after year and asks the poor devil what he's going to do about it.

What do you mean, year after year?

Just that. Ten years. It started before I came to New York. That's—let's see—that's five, no, six years. It seems like that many centuries.

Don't tell me you're not crazy about New York!

Crazy about New York? I don't know. I used to be. I remember when I first came here from Middletown, I went completely nuts the first year or two. Did you ever see a hen that had been hit on the head? That's the way I ran around. Still running, but now it's just habit, I guess. Can't stop. Don't want to run, but can't bear to sit either.

I don't see how you girls stand it, Sally. I swear I don't.

Buddy, when you're a girl you learn to stand almost everything. That's what being a girl means. That's your diploma. 'Specially in this town.

Why don't you go back to Squeedunk if you don't like New York?

You can't go back to Squeedunk. That's what New York does to you. You can't stand New York and you can't stand any other place. Sometimes you get so fed up living in a one-room apartment opening on a court full of loud speakers that you want to die. So you begin to think of how lovely and quiet the old home town is and you go back there—and one day of it is enough. So you rush back to New York—and one night of that is too much.

Do you go out every night, Sally?

Of course I go out every night. Do you think I could sit in that cell all night—every night, after sitting in a radio station all day? A girl's got to have some fun out of life. Besides, Bill's up there with Laura almost every evening—what am I supposed to do—hang out the window? Oh, you don't know what privacy is until you live two in a room. Say, you wouldn't be big and buy me a brandy, would you? I've got a long afternoon.

GEE whiz, I've got to be getting back. Two brandies, Mike. Listen, isn't that the Ching Li Chow Restaurant on now? Listen.

. . . Yes, you, you're driving me crazy,

What did I do?

To you? . . .

Sure, that's what the Chinks call shoopee. Can't you just close your eyes and see all those girls dancing together? Noon in a Chinese restaurant . . . that's New York for you. Thousands of lonely girls dancing together. And all over the country thousands of girls sitting around home in the small towns tuning in that stuff and saying, "Boy, don't they have fun in New York! Wish I could be there!"

6. Station WBLA: Continuity Department: Bill Grimes.

. . . Buddy Law speaking, and bringing you a program of popular dance tunes for a brief afternoon interlude. Are you listening? You've heard the old story about four out of five have it? In a generous mood I raise the ante and say . . .

Ninety-nine out of a hundred wanna be loved.

Why don't you?

Ninety-nine out of a hundred wanna be kissed . . .

Shut the door, will you? I can't stand that Buddy Law's bedroom voice.

Yes, Mr. Grimes.

WHAT was I talking about? Oh, yes, old man Hutzpah. Why on earth does he want to go on the air with a married-life sketch? Don't married people have enough trouble of their own without sitting and listening to more of it over the radio?

They're certainly popular, Mr. Grimes. Now take Joe and Vi. . . .

You take 'em. You can take all the others too. That's what I told old man Hutzpah. I gave him a much better idea for his New Art Plumbing Fixtures, but he wouldn't listen.

What was it?

I said, "Look here, what does a bathroom suggest right away? To me it suggests a bathroom tenor. Almost every man likes to hear himself sing in a bathtub. All right. Put him on the air. Fellow singing in a bathtub. Ties up your entertainment with your product. Perfect."

What did he say to that?

He said that might have appeal for the men, but women wouldn't like it. "Women don't like to hear men singing in bathrooms. And what about the young folks," says old man Hutzpah. "If the young folks aren't interested, they'll tune in on something else and then the old folks can't listen. And where are my bathtubs then?" So of course that gave Larry the opening he was waiting for.

He didn't try to sell Hutzpah Great Lovers for bathtubs, did he?

He certainly did. He's cracked on the subject. "Give them more love on the radio. Love is what people cry for. Love. Love."

Isn't that a panic? And he never looks at a girl. All he loves is figures and charts about love.

That's true.

You know what the girls call him around the office?

No.

Big Lover.

Perfect. Just the same, he's clever with his charts and things. He pulled one trick chart out of his hat in conference today and proved conclusively to old man Hutzpah that a tenor had more listening-in appeal than a dramatic sketch. "Crooning statistics show," . . . says he, and that's where I leaned out the window to laugh. That Larry Barnes can dig up statistics to prove it was Rudy Vallée who freed the slaves.

Oh, I forgot to tell you, Laura stopped in a little while ago while you were in Mister Carson's office.

Did she leave a message?

Said for you to get in touch with her in Studio D after three. She's rehearsing in the Healthy Dog Biscuit sketch.

I thought that was in E.

Nicholas Murray Butler's in E.

All right. I'll drop in. I've got to cut those Biscuit lines down to eleven and a half minutes, anyway, to make time for the dogs. Are they on for the opening signature or do they open and close?

Both.

Suits me. The more they yap the less lines I have to write. Come on, let's get to work on a bathtub idea. Where's your book, Miss Spencer?

YOU know, Mr. Grimes, I don't see anything the matter with your bathtub tenor idea.

Me either. And we've got a musical signature ready-made with a million dollars' worth of publicity.

Sure. Singing in the Bathtub.

It's a natural. And still old Hutzpah can't see it. Business men drive me crazy. Just because they know how to make bathtubs or dog biscuits they think they know how to make entertainment. You oughta hear Hutzpan and Carson argue as to which would sell more bathtubs—Toscanini or Paul Whiteman. Which isn't getting us anywhere. What the devil can I cook up for that account? It's got to have

(Continued on page 32)

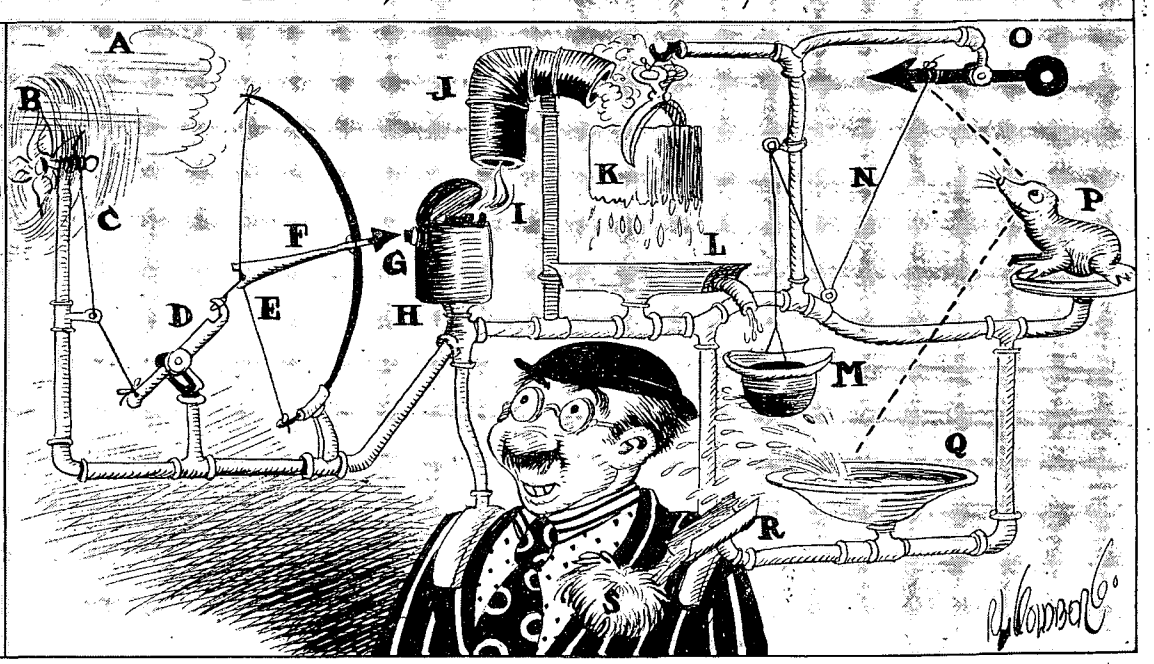
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS STROLLS BETWEEN TWO SETS OF GANGSTERS HAVING A MACHINE-GUN BATTLE AND IS STRUCK BY AN IDEA FOR KEEPING A BUTTON-HOLE FLOWER FRESH.

BREEZE (A) REVOLVES PINWHEEL (B) AND WINDS CORD (C) WHICH PULLS TRIGGER (D), RELEASING STRING (E) AND SHOOTING ARROW (F) AGAINST BUTTON (G) OF CIGAR-LIGHTER (H). HEAT FROM FLAME (I), RISING THROUGH FLUE (J), CAUSES ICE (K) TO MELT INTO PAN (L) AND DRIP INTO SMALL DERBY HAT (M). EXTRA WEIGHT PULLS CORD (N) WHICH MOVES ARROW (O), DIRECTING ATTENTION OF BABY SEAL (P) TO BASIN OF WATER (Q). SEAL DIVES IN, SPLASHING WATER INTO TROUGH (R). IT RUNS ON FLOWER (S) KEEPING IT FRESH.

IF THERE IS NO BREEZE TO START THE PINWHEEL, SNEAK UP BEHIND A BRIDE AND STEAL A FRESH FLOWER.



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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A *Secret* OF UNFAILING ACCURACY LOCKED IN THESE MARVELOUS MACHINES

Now the newest Elgin! The smallest truly American-made watch ever produced. This tiny, dainty creation is remarkably accurate and dependable. Comes with 15-jewel movement, 14k solid-gold case and silk cord attachment. . . . $60

These machines of remarkable construction are responsible for Elgin accuracy. They improve upon human skill a thousand-fold in perfecting the tiny parts of each Elgin watch.

How precision inventions perfected by Elgin eliminate human error in watchmaking.

THE timekeeping accuracy of any watch depends greatly upon the accuracy of certain minute parts. A tiny pinion the breadth of a human hair—if not perfectly precise—may be the cause of your watch gaining or losing time.

The way these parts are made is vitally important. Many watch manufacturers still use the old hand-tooling methods of centuries past. But human hands falter, and errors creep in. True microscopic accuracy has never been attained this way.

Machines far more precise

To make its tiniest parts unfailingly accurate, Elgin has developed marvelous precision machines. The wonders of these inventions are widely known—yet their secrets are carefully kept concealed. They give to every Elgin watch the superior accuracy for which Elgin is internationally famed.

A whole year to make an Elgin

But marvelous as these inventions are, they perform only a fraction of the work in making an Elgin. The careful fitting of part to part is done by master craftsmen, skilled in the art of watchmaking. *It takes a whole year—and sometimes fourteen months—to complete a single Elgin watch.* Thus American machinery genius, and skilled American workmen give you this timepiece of marvelous perfection.

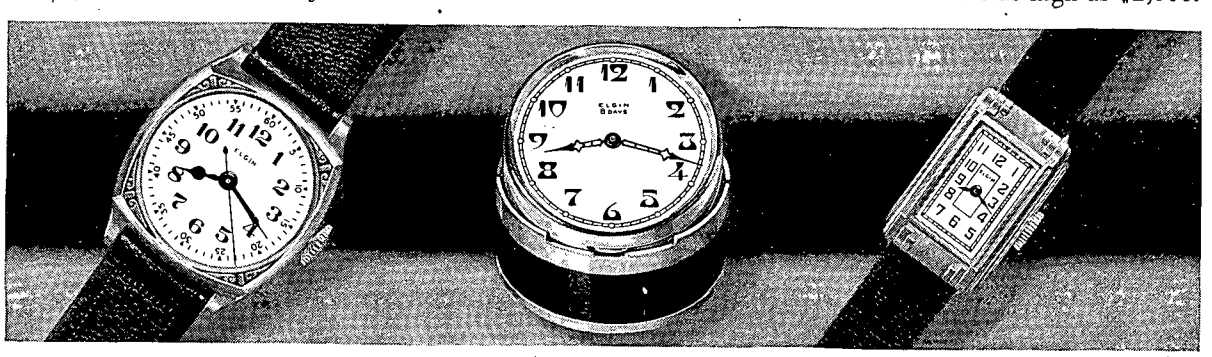
New Christmas models

Your Elgin jeweler has just received a sparkling array of new Christmas models. Visit him, seek his advice, and buy with confidence. The fact that he is an authorized Elgin jeweler doubly assures you of honest dealing, fair policy, and merchandise priced in strict accordance with its intrinsic worth.

Elgin watches range from $16.25 to $500. There are also diamond-ornamented models as high as $2,000.

ELGIN

time from the stars



New "sweep second" watch for men, remarkably accurate. Reliable 7-jewel movement, fitted in 14k white gold-filled case. $27.50

New Elgin collapsible clock for the traveler, trimmed in black enamel. Eight-day movement. Luminous dot dial and hands. $27.50

A new note of smartness in this beautiful Elgin for the lady. Rectangular 7-jewel movement, fitted with 10k gold-filled case. $25

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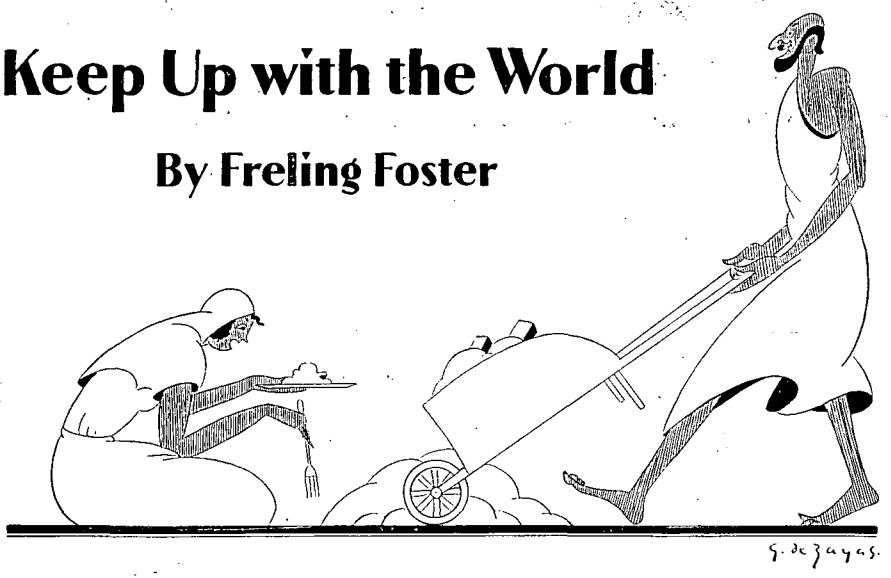
Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster



The eating of earth by human beings still is practiced today in many countries, especially in India and Persia.

In Peru, a man is permitted to live with his prospective bride for several months before their marriage so he may learn her qualities. Both the Church and State have tried to abolish this custom for 400 years—but without success.

The record for the largest number of performances given by a show on Broadway now is held by a flea circus which has been running continuously seven days a week since Thanksgiving Day, 1925.

Patents are granted by the United States Patent Office on Tuesdays only. —*By R. M. Callaghan, Cleveland, Ohio.*

About 35 per cent of the money which is expended annually by American tourists is spent in Canada.

About 75 per cent of all divorced persons remarry.

Four per cent of all the physicians in the United States today are women.

Banking laws generally place specific duties and responsibilities on bank directors, and their failure to attend meetings or their ignorance of transactions does not excuse them from liability, which sometimes means restitution to depositors.

Romantic Roumania recently passed a law which forbids its army officers to marry unless the prospective bride possesses a sizable dowry.

More than 1,000 songs are copyrighted every day in this ambitious country.—*By A. L. Fierst, New York City.*

The action of throat muscles in speaking, which has been recorded by a new apparatus, has led its scientific inventor to believe that no spoken sound has ever been uttered twice in identically the same way since the beginning of time.

At the Märkisches Museum in Berlin, phonographs have replaced the guides in various galleries and talking records are run at intervals describing the contents of the exhibit.

In India, you can buy a complete and conclusive "framed" murder charge against an enemy, including the motive, eye-witnesses and corpse.

Few Russians have ever heard a sound motion picture as there are only 11 "wired" theaters throughout that vast country at the present time.

Today 8 times as many Americans as Europeans are going to college, per 1,000 population.

All states now permit the use of coal-tar dyes in the manufacturing of food products.

One third of the world's mail revenue comes to the postal system of the United States.—*By F. D. Lindsey, Maryville, Mo.*

Some of the finest roses grown in America are fed on a fertilizer made of animal blood.

New German scientific developments include: A gas which will "stall" enemy airplane, tank and motor-car engines; a process which extracts edible albumin from coal, and potatoes which resist frost.

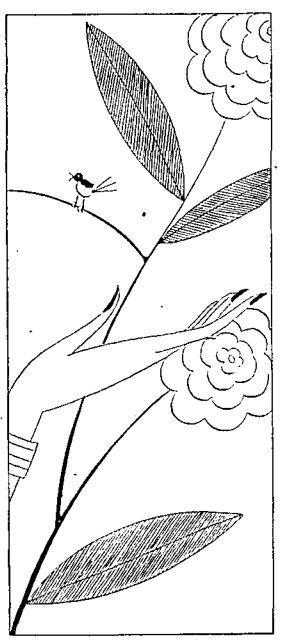
Mitsukoshi, a 200-year-old department store in Tokyo, Japan, can accommodate more than 200,000 customers daily.

There are more than 100,000 persons living today in caves and subterranean dwellings in North Africa.

Criminologists estimate that there are at least 135,000 unarrested murderers in the United States today.

The smallest known feathered creature is the Helene humming bird, which is only one inch long. It is found on the Isle of Pines in the West Indies.—*By L. M. Clarke, Astoria, Oregon.*

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



Are You Listening?

Continued from page 30

human appeal. It mustn't cost too much. And it must be better than Amos 'n' Andy. That's all they want. And I've got to have one sketch ready tomorrow for casting and audition. Get out that idea file.

It's empty, Mr. Grimes.

7. Station WBLA: Audition Studio: Laura, Bill and Buddy.

Woof! Woof! Woof! Woof!

Not so close to the mike.

Woof! Woof! Woof!

How's that, Bill?

Wait until I go into the control and listen. It wasn't good on the air last week. Didn't have a real dog quality.

Say, I've been doing dogs for years. If they don't like my effect, let them get a real dog.

Can't depend on a real dog. When he's supposed to bark, he'll be wagging his tail. And you know what a great sound effect that would be.

GRIMES is signaling to you. He wants to hear you bark again.

Woof! Woof! Woof! Woof!

Maybe if you held your hand a little over your mouth and barked sideways!

Woof! Woof! Woof!

That's better. How did it sound in there, Bill?

I think you've got it. Come on—start in. We're going to time it now.

Thought you were going to cut it.

Don't worry, Buddy. I'm not going to cut any of *your* precious announcements. If I cut it, it will be some of the sketch, but I don't know how much to cut until I time it. Come on, we've got to be out of here by half past. I'd like to have a studio once for one real rehearsal. Ready? Go!

Woof! Woof! Woof!

Music. That's it. Bring it up. A little more, Buddy. Come on—announcement.

Once more the deep-throated bark of the Healthy Biscuit Dogs comes to you—

All right, Buddy. Pass it. We know you know it. Why you always have to get so amorous when you announce slays me. You can put romance even into a dog-biscuit announcement. Come on, Laura, dialogue. Give me a faster fade on that music, Buddy.

I can struggle no longer, Heinrich. We should never have tried to reach the glacier before nightfall. Go on without me. And leave me here to die.

Give me that wind, will you? It's blowing on this mountain. I want to hear it blow.

I was blowing.

Well, blow harder. That isn't Flatbush. We're up in the Alps, and there's a terrible storm and these two people are lost and dying in the blizzard. Let me hear it. Once more. Now watch my signal. When I put my hand up—give me some wind, and keep it going under the dialogue.

All right. All right. Don't get so sore about it.

I'll get sorer than that. Let's go. We've got to be out of here at half past. Come on, Laura. Take it from "go on without me."

. . . Go on without me and leave me here to die.

Wooooooo . . . Wooooo . . . Wooooo.

No, no, Hulda. I will never desert you. Rather I will lie down here with you and the eternal snow will cover us with a soft mantle of everlasting peace.

But, Heinrich, you have so much to live for. Think of your career. As for me, what does it matter? I shall never sing in La Scala again.

Wooooo . . . Wooooo . . . Woooooooo.

Maybe there is hope, Hulda. Maybe somewhere someone can restore that golden voice.

No, Heinrich. Dr. Kreutzberger of Vienna cried as he told me, "Mamselle, never again will you enchant us with your Louise and Manon. . . ."

Hulda! Hulda!

So leave me on the mountain, Heinrich. Save yourself. You will build many great buildings, great opera houses in which, alas, I shall never sing.

Wooooo . . . Wooooo . . . Woooooooo.

What does my career mean without you, Hulda?

Below this driving storm the valley is green, Heinrich . . . far below us happy people are warm in their huts, eating cheese and drinking wine, as their children laugh and play around them.

And we struggle and die up here in the bitter blast. I won't, Hulda! I won't! Help! HELP!

Heinrich, where are you going? Heinrich! The avalanche! Look out, Heinrich! Come back here. Come back here. Oh, my God! Oh, my God, he's dead!

Hold it. Wait a minute. Where's the avalanche?

I gave you an avalanche.

You mean dropping those bricks in that tub?

Well, that's as near as I can get to an avalanche.

Listen, do I have to change this to a rainstorm? Why don't you ever listen to some of the other stations for a change? You'd get some ideas. They had an avalanche over at JZ the other night on the Zipper Underwear hour that *was* an avalanche.

How did they do it?

How do I know how they did it? That's your job. I'm not the effects department. You figure out an avalanche for the performance tonight—and let's go on. Where were you, Laura?

Oh, my God! . . . Oh, my God, he's dead!

THAT'S your cue, Buddy, for the music. Start very soft, and, Laura, you come into the chorus, Lover, Come Back to Me—now sing very softly at first.

But I'm supposed to be freezing to death, Bill.

That's all right, Laura. This is radio.

Yes, I know, Bill, but where does this orchestra come from on top of the Alps?

I put it there. I brought it up in a truck. What do you care? Now stand by for the St. Bernard dogs. They're coming to the rescue as you finish the chorus. A long way off at first and then coming closer, at a gallop. Have you got your Bernard effect?

(Continued on page 34)

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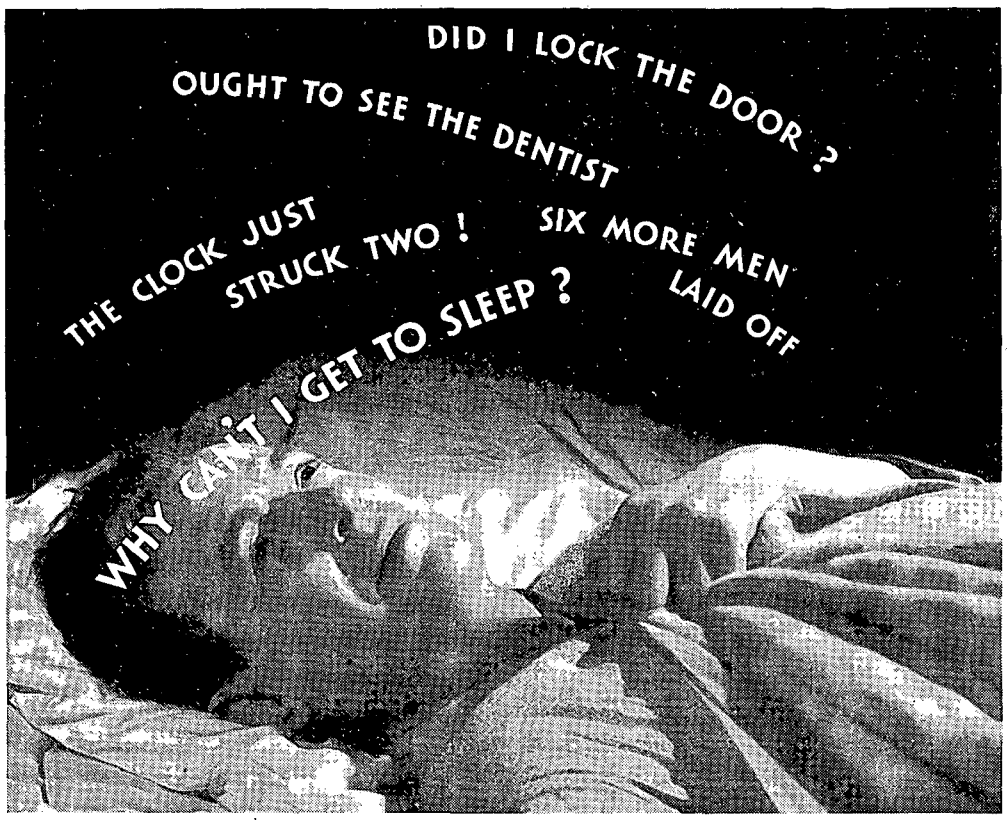
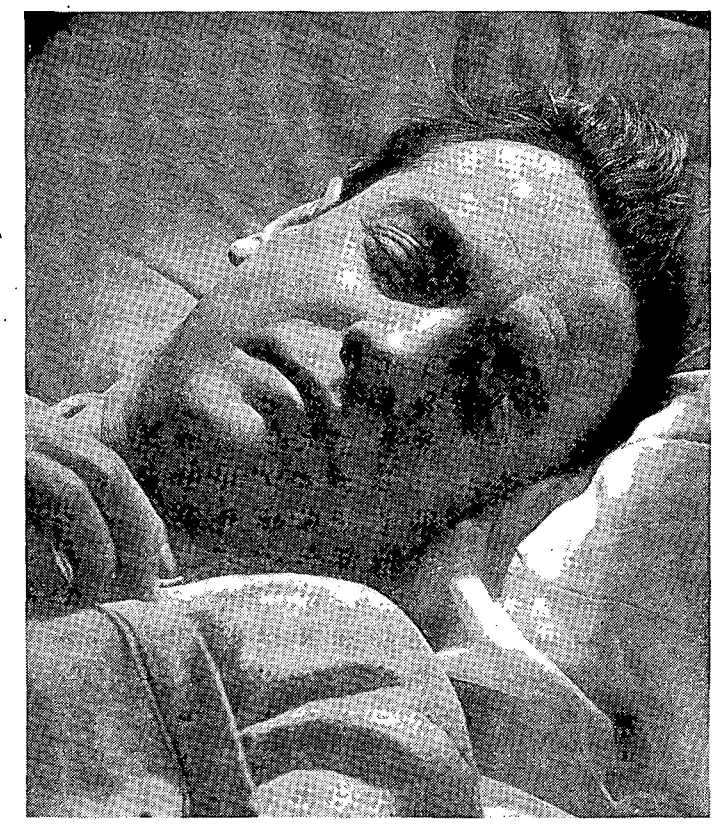
SLEEP TONIGHT

This Instant, Drugless Way

ARE YOU DOING THIS . . . . . OR THIS?





Stop Lying Awake Night After Night—Get Natural Sleep as Soon as You Go to Bed

No More Bed-Tossing . . . *New Energy Tomorrow*

THOSE dreadful hours of tossing about before sleep comes. How they wreck your nerves. Sap your strength. Place you under a serious handicap, socially—commercially!

Why suffer them any longer?

20,000 doctors will tell you that you needn't. Will tell you there is now an entirely *drugless* way to instant sleep.

You take it just before bedtime. You sleep all night like a child. You wake up next morning brimming with new strength and energy. For this new way does more than induce quick sleep. It *rebuilds* your body *while* you sleep.

Millions are using it these days. Millions, on medical advice, are adopting it. In fairness to yourself, your nerves, your health—try it.

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine—a pure food-drink that you take with warm milk. In the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. They found it does 3 things no other food in the world will do.

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a *natural* process.

Second, it aids digestion, since it contains in high proportion a remarkable food property known as diastase. This is a natural food substance with the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs.

Third, it rebuilds worn-out nerve and body cells. In addition to other valuable food elements, Ovaltine contains in concentrated form a natural vital property called "lecithin," which is the important part of nerve and brain tissue. And these special food properties rebuild nerve, brain and body tissues as you sleep.

Try It Tonight

Just try Ovaltine tonight. You'll be amazed how quickly you fall asleep. See how different you feel tomorrow. A few weeks' use of Ovaltine will make an amazing difference. Your whole appearance will show the result of this restful sleep and new vitality.

Due to its high content of diastase—Ovaltine relieves digestive distress and in this way combats one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

For, through stimulating and aiding digestive processes, Ovaltine tends to draw blood away from the head. And reduces the congestion that is present in brain capillaries when a person lies awake thinking and worrying instead of sleeping.

Thus the mind is not disposed to unusual activity. On the contrary, a state of mental calm is induced. And normal sleep follows quickly.

Start tonight! 'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink just before you go to bed. You'll sleep more soundly, probably, than you have in weeks.

But don't judge Ovaltine merely by what is claimed for it. Even disregard, if you wish, the fact that it is endorsed by 20,000 doctors . . . Try it and *see for yourself.* You'll be delighted with the sound refreshing sleep you get and the redoubled energy that's yours next day.

(Note) Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also widely recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children, nursing mothers, convalescents and the aged.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY
(If unable to obtain locally)

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. C-33, S
180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.
Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(Print name and address clearly)
Address.....
City.....*State*.....
(One package to a person) 844A

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

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NOW EVERY MAN CAN SMOKE A PIPE

NEW

Drinkless KAYWOODIE

mellows your smoke... no other pipe does it

Completely different from any other pipe, past or present. New, exclusive alloy now cools your smoke, removes harsh "bite." And amplifies the true tobacco flavor. *This great discovery does to your pipe-smoke what the modern refrigerator does to your food.* Years of work in our own laboratory and tests by a great University made it possible. Beware of imitations, all genuine pipes stamped "Drinkless." Above, No. 04, Smooth $3.50. Thorn $4.

And for cigarette smokers: *New* Tobacco Yello holder

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Are You Listening?

Continued from page 32

Arf! Arf! ARF! ARF! ARF! A R F! A R F! A R F!

8. In-a-dor Apartment: Laura and Sally and Bill.

Who are you going out with tonight, Sally?

Mr. Whoosiz.

No, but really?

Who wants to know?

I wish you wouldn't go out with George.

What's the matter with George? There goes that stocking.

The way you jerk them on! Can't you ever learn how to put on stockings?

Stop picking on me, Laura.

I'm not picking on you. I know you're going to try to borrow mine now.

Say, if I had all the stockings you owe me.

That's right. Throw everything around. I haven't enough to do without picking up after you.

Stop nagging.

I'm not nagging. But I don't feel like picking up after you every evening. I'm tired when I get home from work.

MAYBE you think I'm not tired. Maybe you think it's just a lark to sit out there all day listening to those nuts who want to give bird imitations and teach hens how to lay. Good Lord, can't we have a little air in this place?

Can't you open the window? Are you crippled?

Can't you do anything for me? I'm late as it is.

Who are you going to see?

Mr. Whoosiz, I told you. Say, I don't butt into your affairs.

You're going out with George.

Well, what if I am?

You know he's married.

I suppose Bill isn't married!

That's different.

Sure. Anything you want to do is different. Anything I want to do is wrong. I wish I could afford to live by myself.

So do I.

I've got to open the window and get some air.

Well, put something on you. Don't go to the window like that.

Can't stand anything on me. I can't find anything around here anyway. If there's anything hotter than hell, it's New York on a summer night. Ohh! That's better!

Why don't you listen, Andy?

Is you gonna shut up? De mo' you talk, Amos, de worse off I is.

I wish I was out in the country.

I wish you were too. Maybe I could have this apartment to myself once in a while, and get a chance to breathe. Listen to those radios. Thousands of them.

Ain't it some way dat I kin keep outa dat mess? I feels rebarrassed.

You got a spot on that.

I know it. I can't be sending it to the cleaners all the time.

I don't see why you can't drink without spilling most of it on your dress.

It's just water. Maybe there's a little Scotch in it. But it's cut.

Any time there isn't Scotch in it with George! I wish he wouldn't let you drink so much.

Did you ever try to listen to him talk politics for a whole evening? If I didn't I'd go crazy.

Well, why do you go out with him then?

Because I can't stand to stay in here!

Amos, take dis letteh on de typewriteh. I'll dedate it.

All right; I'll do de bes' I kin.

Staht out de lette h—Mr. John Smith.

Shut that window, Sally, will you? I'm going crazy.

All right. There it is. It's shut. Now does that make you happier? I suppose you think because the window's shut you won't hear it any more?

I know. I know. It comes through the walls. It comes through the ceiling. How I wish I could get out to the country.

You think you'd get away from it out in the country? Why, even the cows know when it's seven o'clock. Heavens! Seven-ten, and I was to meet him at seven.

Please don't drink so much tonight, Sally. You're killing yourself.

Who cares?

Wait a minute heah. How yo' spell Massachusetts, Amos?

Dat's easy. M-a-s— I tell yo' whut yo' do. Change dat to Ohio—O-h-i-o. I'se regusted.

If Pete calls tell him I'll give him a ring in the morning. S'long.

Wait a minute, Sally. There's something I want to tell you.

Well, come on. Make it snappy.

I got a letter from Ma this evening.

Well, that's all right. I'll read it tonight when I come home.

But listen, it's about Honey.

I can't wait. I haven't got time.

She's coming to New York.

Who?

The kid sister.

This is a heck of a time for her to visit New York.

She's not coming to visit—she's coming to stay.

Stop your kidding.

Answer the phone, will you? It's probably for you.

Hello. Yes, George. Yes. Right away. I'm sorry, but I got home so late. I was just going out the door. Sure—in two ticks. 'Bye.

Wait a minute. I want to talk to you.

Can't wait. Got to go. It'll have to keep. S'long. Oh, hello, Bill. Come on in. I was just going out. 'Bye.

BILL, I've told you a dozen times to ring before you come up. Look at this place.

Oh, that's all right, Laura.

Wait until I put up the bed. I was lying down for a few minutes after I came from work.

I'll push it up for you.

And move the table back in front of it.

Why don't you open the window and let some air into the place? It's stifling.

Open it if you think you can stand it.

Sure I can stand it.

Oh, what fun it is to ride
In Uncle Willie's sleigh!
Jingle bells. Jingle bells.
Jingle all the . . .
Hello, kiddies. Ho! Ho! Ho!
Hello, Uncle Willie. . . .

That big stiff has made a killing out of that hooey.

(*Continued on page 39*)

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

Popular faces are *shaved with* Barbasol

*"BARBASOL *had me 'roped' the first time I used it. No trick to get the kind of shave you want with it—a clean, quick, smooth one."*
—TOM MIX

The entire country is hailing with delight the news that Tom Mix has signed up with Universal to return to the screen in talking pictures. Once again we will thrill to his amazing horsemanship and his hair-raising stunts.

** Barbasol testimonials are not paid for*

WHY "put your face on the spot" every time you want to shave? There's a better way than the old-fashioned torture method of rubbing harsh soap into a tender skin.

Use Barbasol, the *modern* shave. Takes the curse out of shaving—leaves your face feeling like a million. Because it's a cream, not a soap.

No need to work your face into a lather just to soften a tough beard. Barbasol will do it. Softens the hairs while it holds them erect for a clean cut close to the skin. Gives the razor proper resistance. You'll see the difference the first time your razor goes zooming through the foliage without any stops for pulling and scraping—and makes the toughest whiskers take the count quick and clean, without a murmur.

Barbasol's so easy. So quick. So smooth. Bury your old shaving brush and bid goodbye to lathering and rubbing in. Just smooth on cool, soft Barbasol and give yourself the shave of a lifetime. Wiry beard—tender skin? Those are two reasons Barbasol's the fastest-selling shaving cream in America!

Now use Barbasol right. Follow these directions and you'll follow the crowd

1. Wet your face and leave it wet... 2. Spread on Barbasol. Rubbing is not necessary... 3. Wet a good blade and—SHAVE.

That's all you have to do to get the finest shave in the world. It's simple, easy, quick. Try it today. Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, also large jar 75¢, will quickly make YOU a Barbasol Believer, too.

FREE A refillable Tefra Toothbrush, value 75¢, with your first name or initial on handle. Finest quality. Mail entire empty Barbasol carton (35¢ or 65¢ size, or jar) with your name and address. We will mail toothbrush absolutely free. The Barbasol Company, Department 52, Indianapolis, Ind.

RADIO NOTICE

Listen to "Singin' Sam"—Songs you can't forget—the happiest entertainment on the air. Tune IN, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening at 8:15, Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Network: Stations WABC, WMAQ, WCAU, WXYZ, KMOX, WHK, WJAS, WNAC, WCAO, WKBW, WISN, KMBC, WCCO, WKRC, WFBM, WMAL, WEAN, WSPD, KOIL, WADC, WFBL, WDRC, WOKO.

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Do you realize that PHILC

Just as the picture at the left represents the *distorted* tone and blurred reception of *un*balanced radio, the "station strip" shows the gaps, cross-talk and overlapping of stations, found on ordinary sets. Above, you see the *undistorted* tone, plus distance and selectivity of every Philco—true, clear, vivid, —each station, separate and distinct, without overlapping or cross-talk.

•PHILCO•

WORLD'S LARGEST RADIO MANUFACTURER

THE MOST SPECTACULAR BROADCAST OF ALL TIME, OCTOBER 12th, 8:15 to 10 P. M. E. S. T.

Not from the chill of a studio background, but direct from the stage of the Academy of Music, swept with storms of applause from a glittering concert audience, Leopold Stokowski and his Philadelphia Orchestra, under Philco sponsorship, will present a series of seven two-hour broadcasts over the entire network of the Columbia Broadcasting System. From the early masters down through the centuries to our sophisticated moderns they will give you the whole glamorous sweep of the music of the ages. And you will be a part of it — just as if you were present in person. Tune in with your family and friends.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUTOMATIC VOLUME CONTROL

at least doubles the number of programs you can enjoy?

NOW PHILCO INCLUDES IT IN SETS PRICED AS LOW AS $69.50 COMPLETE WITH NINE TUBES

WITH Philco Automatic Volume Control you can enjoy almost any radio program you want, regardless of whether it is on a nearby or distant station.

Not primarily for the *distance fan,* the real purpose of Automatic Volume Control is to multiply the number of programs which the *average* radio user can enjoy.

If you live in the city with numerous nearby locals, still the particular program or type of music you want may be on an out-of-town station. With Automatic Volume Control, you simply tune it in and enjoy it just as clearly, with the same constant volume as a nearby program.

If you live in the country with no nearby broadcasting, your choice of enjoyable radio programs may be multiplied five to ten times by Automatic Volume Control. When you reach out, as you must, for the programs you want, Philco Automatic Volume Control holds their volume constant, in practically unfading performance.

If you like to try for distance, then Automatic Volume Control is a necessity, if only for the purpose of preventing fading at the time the call letters are announced.

When, as in the past, Automatic Volume Control cost around $200 there may have been good reason for many to do without it.

But now that it costs so little can anyone really be satisfied without it?

No matter where you live—no matter what program you want to hear—Automatic Volume Control, in nine cases out of ten, counteracts fading so that you not only *get,* but *hold* and *enjoy* that particular program.

Automatic Volume Control also prevents the nerve shock of "blasting" from strong locals while tuning. And it is easier to operate—no constant jumping up to adjust the manual volume control. You will be amazed to find that you can tune in dozens of local and distant stations without even touching the manual volume control knob.

Remember, Philco's Automatic Volume Control is exclusive to Philco. There is no other like it. It gives full scope and brilliancy to the selectivity of Superheterodyne—to the power of Screen Grid—to Philco Tone-Control—to the glorious tone and realism of Balanced-Unit construction.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate these Philco 9- and 11-Tube Balanced Superheterodynes, with Automatic Volume Control. Because Philco is the world's largest radio manufacturer, the prices are as low, or lower, than radios of fewer tubes, and without Automatic Volume Control. Automatic Volume Control is also included in Philco-Transitone which gives you performance in your motor car like Philco in the home. Price $99.80, installed—$10 extra if car has no aerial. Philco, Philadelphia, Pa. Philco Products, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

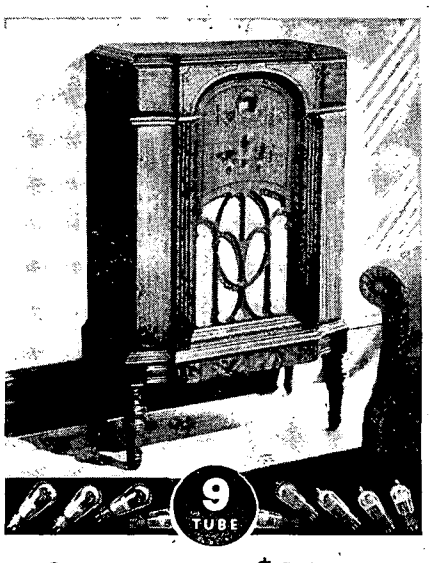
Prices slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West

MODELS WITHOUT AUTOMATIC VOLUME CONTROL	
FIVE-TUBE T.R.F. BABY GRAND	$36.50
FIVE-TUBE T.R.F. LOWBOY	49.95
SEVEN-TUBE SUPERHETERODYNE BABY GRAND	49.95
SEVEN-TUBE SUPERHETERODYNE HIGHBOY	65.75
SEVEN-TUBE SUPERHETERODYNE RADIO PHONOGRAPH	110.00

All complete with Philco Balanced Tubes, including new Pentode Power Tube—genuine Electro-Dynamic Speaker and genuine Mahogany or Walnut Cabinets.

9-TUBE BABY GRAND, $69.50

Complete with tubes. Indisputably greatest of all small radios, with real big-set performance—Automatic Volume Control—4-Point Tone-Control—New Electro-Dynamic Speaker—Illuminated Station Recording Dial—Long Distance Switch—New Pentode Power Tube. In American Black Walnut. Instrument Panel, matched Butt Walnut and Arch of "V"-matched Oriental wood. Hand-rubbed finish. Cabinet only 18 in. high.

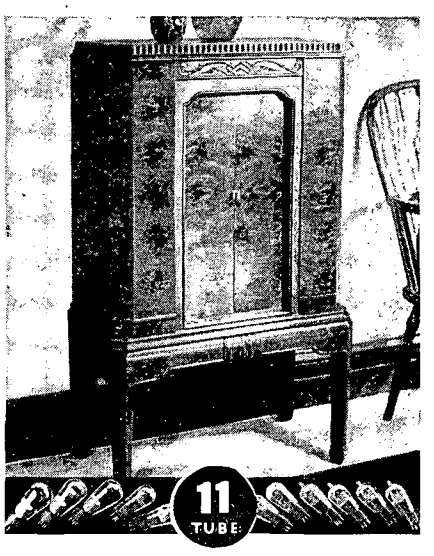


9-TUBE LOWBOY, $89.75

Complete with tubes. Gracefully executed in American Black Walnut and "V"-matched Oriental wood, hand-rubbed finish. Decorations in pin stripe American Walnut and quilted Maple. Automatic Volume Control—4-Point Tone-Control—Oversize Electro-Dynamic Speaker—Illuminated Station Recording Dial—New Pentode Power Tube—Long Distance Switch. *Also in a* HIGHBOY, *at $109.75, complete with 9 tubes.*

11-TUBE LOWBOY, $149.50

Complete with tubes. Designed by Norman Bel-Geddes, premier designer, and executed in American Black Walnut and matched Butt Walnut, hand-rubbed finish. Instrument panel in figured Black Walnut. Automatic Volume Control—4-Point Tone-Control—Oversize Electro-Dynamic Speaker—Illuminated Station Recording Dial, with Glowing Arrow Indicator—Two Power Tubes—Push-Pull—Long Distance Switch.



11-TUBE HIGHBOY, $169.50

Complete with tubes. This cabinet is by Norman Bel-Geddes, in pin stripe American Walnut and matched Butt Walnut. Sliding doors. Hand-rubbed. Automatic Volume Control—4-Point Tone-Control—Oversize Electro-Dynamic Speaker—Illuminated Station Recording Dial—Two Power Tubes—Push-Pull—Long Distance Switch. *Also All-Electric* RADIO PHONOGRAPH *with automatic record changer, at $295, complete with 11 tubes.*

© 1931, Philco

Philco Balanced Tubes Better the Performance of Any Radio

IT TAKES A BALANCED SUPERHETERODYNE TO FULLY MEET PRESENT-DAY CROWDED BROADCASTING CONDITIONS

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAX

GOOD FOR CHEWING

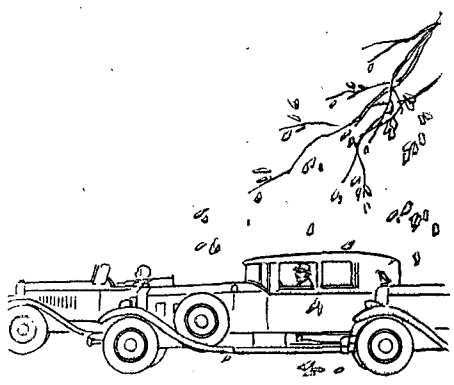
BUT NOT FOR MOTOR OIL

Remember how hard it was to chew wax gum—the flavored paraffin chewing gum of your youth? Wax in motor oil is like that on chill fall days. It hardens with cold. It becomes a stiff non-lubricating mass through which dry engine parts must chew their way. It slows up circulation of lubricating oil.

KEEP WAX OUT OF YOUR MOTOR

That is why you should use The New Waxfree Havoline now—and all winter long. It cannot clog your motor, because it is entirely free from wax. It lubricates instantly, preventing ruinous "dry starting"—even in sub-zero weather. And it holds its rich protective oiliness at highest motor temperatures because it is 100%-distilled and free from volatile impurities.

Drain and refill—*today*—with the grade recommended for your car. Whatever the weather, *waxfree means carefree.*



INDIAN REFINING COMPANY

General Offices and Refinery: Lawrenceville, Illinois

Sales Offices: Indianapolis, Indiana

USE ONLY *The New*

35c A QUART

Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada

WAXFREE HAVOLINE

MOTOR OIL

© 1931, Indian Refining Co.

If you want the finest quality *regular* oil, use *Blended Havoline*—25c a Quart

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are You Listening?

Continued from page 34

It's pretty terrible, Bill.

But the kids love it.

I'd be willing to bet they don't even listen to it.

Say, do you know how the sales of skinless sausages have gone up since they took over Uncle Willie?

Now, kiddies, Uncle Willie is going to tell you a sleepy-time beddy-bye story about little Sadie Grasshopper and little Oswald Chipmunk.

Oh, goody, goody, Uncle Willie. Goody! Goody!

9. Middletown: Honey O'Neal and Mother.

Oh, Honey, there's Uncle Willie. I just love Uncle Willie. He's so kind.

Well, I think he's a stupid fool, Ma.

Now, Honey, is that any way to talk? You don't seem to have any sentiment in you at all.

But that's drivel, Ma. Real kids aren't like that.

A lot you know about children. You're hardly more than a child yourself.

At eighteen—that's rich.

You're only seventeen.

I'll be eighteen in September. And I'll be out of this tank town too, thank God.

NOW, Honey, how many times have I told you not to take the name of the Lord in vain? You'll never have any luck, and Middletown isn't a tank town, either. It's your home.

Not for long.

It will always be your home, Honey.

Not *my* home. Once I get to New York you'll need a telescope to see me. And a good one.

I don't want you to go to New York, Honey. Your place is here with your mother.

We're not going all over that again, Ma. I've made up my mind to go and that's all there is to it. After all, it isn't as though I didn't know anybody there. I'm going to be with Laura and Sally.

That part of it is all right. But what can you do in a big city like New York?

What can I do in a place like this? There's a thousand jobs in New York to one in this town.

I don't know what's getting into you girls these days. I don't see why you can't settle down and marry a nice man right here in your home town. Now, there's Walter—

Marry! I've got plenty of time to marry. I can see myself settling down here and raising a lot of little brats to listen to Uncle Willie talk about Sadie Grasshopper and Oswald Chipmunk. Listen to it. Doesn't that sound like a stuffy little living-room and a lot of messy kids all over the floor? Not for me. I'm going to New York and have a career.

. . . and then, little kiddies, what do you think? Sadie Grasshopper jumped right off Oswald Chipmunk's back into a great big oogie woogie mud pudlums. . . .

And that for you!

Don't turn that off, Honey. I want to hear the rest of it.

10. In-a-dor Apartment: Laura and Bill.

There aren't enough girls in this town looking for jobs but she has to come prancing down to New York.

Can't you stop her?

You haven't met the kid sister, Bill. Once she gets an idea into her head—stop her! Especially when she thinks New York has really been waiting all these years to launch her on her career.

Doing what?

That's it. What? She can't do anything really. At least I had a musical education and Sally could pound a typewriter—but Honey can't even keep her seams straight.

Where is she going to live—not here—the three of you in this one room?

That's the program. Inspiring, isn't it? But what else can we do? A seventeen-year-old kid can't live by herself in this town. Sally and I can't afford to pay any more rent. So she'll have to live with us.

But haven't you written and told her what conditions are—thousands of girls walking the streets willing to work at almost anything—starving?

Sure. But she doesn't believe it. I didn't believe it. Sally didn't believe it. New York is crowded with girls who are starving and still don't believe it. There's no use in trying to tell Honey anything. Spoiled baby—that's what she is. I guess I did a lot myself to spoil her. You know, oldest sister, and all that.

But what is she going to do?

I don't know, Bill. I don't know. When it comes to that, what are we going to do now?

What do you mean?

But can't you see, Bill, I won't be able to see you in this apartment any more with Honey living here?

I never thought of that. What are we going to do?

Can't you think of something else to say than "what are we going to do?" Why don't you *do* something?

For Heaven's sake, are we going to start quarreling again? Come on, let's walk over to the station. You'll just about get there in time to go on for your dog-biscuit sketch.

Oh, Lord, I'm so tired of dog-biscuit sketches and Sweet Mystery of Life and all the rest of it. If we could just get away from it. Go anywhere. Any place—we could be together. Together and happy. We must. We've got to.

I know, Laura. I've tried everything. But her answer is always the same. "You can have your freedom when you're making enough to guarantee me a good alimony, and not before."

But how can she just sit there in your home, year after year, not caring for you, and laughing at us? It isn't human, Bill.

11. Middletown: Honey and Mother.

10:30 P. M. *Mor-i-son Watch Time.*

Woof! Woof! Woof!

Once more the deep-throated bark of the Healthy Biscuit Dogs comes to you with the cheerful good news that at last there is a real biscuit for every real dog. Tonight, the Healthy Dog Biscuit Company of Rahway, New Jersey, presents another diminutive drama of passion and terror purged with deep pity and throbbing with the foreboding doom of the great unknown. . . .

Owooooooh . . . Wooooo . . . Wooooooo.

I can struggle no longer, Heinrich. We should never have tried to reach the glacier before nightfall. Go on without me and leave me here to die.

That's Laura, Honey.

I know it's Laura. Another one of those bunk plays.

(*Continued on page 40*)

Whiskers Aweigh!

Cool Shaves for All Hands!

THE 2 INGRAM BARBERS • TERRY TUBE OR JERRY JAR

AVAST there! If you'd like to lay a shaving course free of rocks, shoals and perils of the skin, go down to the drug-chandler's and lay in some Ingram's Shaving Cream for your lucky bag!

If you'll try Ingram's just once you'll know a new and breezy kind of shaving! Ingram's is as cool as a north-west breeze, a totally different kind of shaving cream that leaves your face ship-shape and refreshed. For Ingram's is

cool! Cool!! COOL!!!

Ingram's is packed in jars. And it's packed in tubes. Whether you pick the economy of the jar or the convenience of the tube, you can be sure you'll get the same cool, close shave from each!

Say what you will about other shaving creams—say what they will about themselves—you'll discover an absolutely new sort of shave when the first fresh dab of Ingram's lathers your cheek!

For Ingram's is different. It's cool because coolness is part and parcel of its secret, exclusive formula. It's smooth because it holds three special ingredients, three elements that tone your skin before, during and after the shave. For Ingram's acts as a shaving cream, a lotion and a skin tonic in one!

There's no other shaving preparation so marvelously cool as Ingram's. You've never bought another cream that so absolutely frees you from those mean little annoyances that sometimes turn shaving into a burden.

Ask your druggist for Ingram's tube or Ingram's jar, whichever you prefer. Or, just fill out the coupon below and mail it in. Then we'll send you ten cool shaves—FREE! Clip the one-way ticket away from burns, nicks and smarts! We want you to try Ingram's—because you'll like it if you do!

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream
IN TUBES OR JARS!

10 COOL SHAVES—FREE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. C-1012
110 Washington St.,
New York, N. Y.

I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRUE FRIENDS

True friendship is based upon confidence. Prest-O-Lite batteries have made millions of friends because people know they can be depended upon—always.

Their low price will surprise you.

Prest-O-Lite

Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery Sales Corporation
(Associated with The Electric Auto-Lite Company)
Oakland, Cal. INDIANAPOLIS, IND. Toronto, Canada

(Continued from page 39)

Don't tune it out. I want to hear it. I want music.

Honey, listen. Isn't that wind? They must be where it's very windy.

Wooooo . . . Wooooo . . . Woooooooo. . . . eternal snow will cover us with a mantle of everlasting peace. . . .

Oh, they're lost in a snowstorm. Isn't that real? Just like being there. It positively makes a person shiver.

You shiver easy.

HONEY, that's beautiful. Listen . . . isn't that sad? She used to be a singer and now she can't sing any more. . . . Laura always wanted to be a great singer. My, how that girl used to practice! Drove the neighbors crazy. And then nothing would do but she had to go to New York. No holding her. Same with Sally. Now you, my little baby.

Oh, for crying out loud, Mother.

What did she say? He builds opera houses?

Wooooo . . . Wooooo . . . Woooooooo.

Listen to that storm. How in the world do they do it? Now, isn't that lovely? Did you hear what he said? His career means nothing without her. That's love.

Below this driving storm the valley is green, Heinrich. Far below us happy people are warm in their huts, eating cheese and drinking wine as their children laugh and play around them. . . .

Isn't that a lovely picture? Why you can just see that green valley and all the children playing. Still I can't say I approve of the wine drinking. I'm surprised they should have anything like that on the radio.

We'd be better off in this country if we drank more wine and less gin.

Listen . . . he's going for help. He's not the kind to just lie down and die. No, sir, you can tell by his voice. She's calling him back. There must be some danger. The what? . . . What did she say?

Avalanche, Ma.

Oh, he'll get killed. Listen to that avalanche. Why, the whole mountain is falling down on him. He's gone. He's killed. Listen to her cry. Oh, isn't that sad? There, Laura's singing. Isn't that sweet? Lover, Come Back to Me. You see, she's crying for her lover and begging him to come back to her. I don't know what I'd do without the radio.

Now, can I tune in a good band?

Wait, let's hear Laura sing.

Say, we've sat around here enough nights listening to Laura sing. What a way to spend an evening!

Your sister Laura has a beautiful voice.

Yes? Well, why doesn't she do something with it besides singing on the radio?

She did try to be a concert singer. She worked and worked hard. That's more than I can say for you.

Yeah. Well, you watch my smoke when I get to New York.

Arf! Arf! Arf! ARF! ARF! ARF!

What are you going to do?

That's all right. I'll do something. I'll show them. Listen to that band.

I wanted to hear Laura. Why did you change it, Honey?

Honey, aren't you coming to bed? Are you going to sit up all night listening to that radio? I can't sleep with all that music. . . . Why, Honey, I'm shocked! What do you mean by dancing around here with almost nothing on!

BOY, what a band! That's the El Doro Roof. Just to think that next week this time I'll be dancing up there looking down on all the lights. Go on back to bed, Ma. I'm all right.

I can't sleep, Honey, for thinking about you going away and leaving me. My baby. All I've got left.

Now, don't start that crying again.

. . . concluding this program of dance music which came to you from the roof of the El Doro Hotel in New York City.

That's where this baby is going. New York! New York!

. . . Buddy Law announcing and wishing you good night. . . . Station WBLA, New York. It is exactly thirty seconds after midnight, Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Good night. All's well! Are you listening?

(To be continued next week)

"Ooh! How original!" *Bo Brown*

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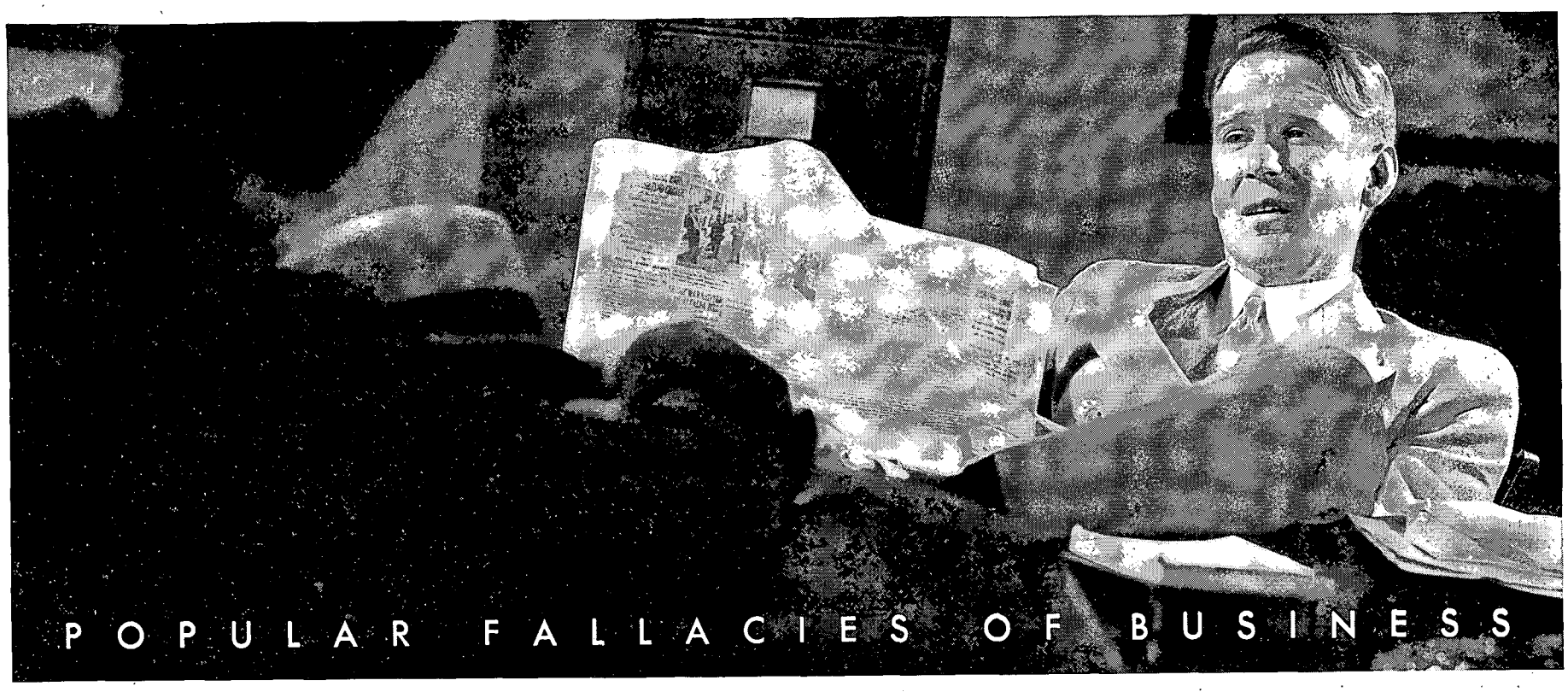
"We're waiting for GENERAL BUSINESS to PICK UP"



AMONG the thousand reasons given for our present business inactivity, is one that grows out of a great popular fallacy.

Aren't too many of us watching and waiting for "general business" to pick up when "general business" as an entity is only a myth? "General business" is not made up of the corporations of the country, of the big boys on the stock exchange. "General business" is made up of the 450,000 corporations, big and little, and of the five millions of us who are engaged as partnerships, firms and one-man shops. We constitute the real business structure of the United States.

Now, if each one of us, no matter what our job, would forget the easy golden years of 1928 and 1929, and start in to build up our own individual business, wouldn't the country feel the stimulus immediately? Isn't it the honest truth that few of us today are exerting ourselves to the utmost? Some are, and their business is even better than in 1930 and 1929. But aren't most of us still at cruising speed when what we need is full steam ahead?

Suppose the business of the country *is* off 20 per cent! How many an individual has accepted a 20 per cent increase in quota with enthusiasm and gone out and brought that quota back! Now if you, and we, and every one of the five millions of us would stop nursing a fallacy, would stop looking for a magician to pull a rabbit out of a hat, and start tomorrow morning to build up his individual business, a brick at a time, why then, "general business" would soon show his head. Before long he'd come galloping down Main Street, dispensing business everywhere to everyone.

It's a fallacy to think we must *wait* for business to come back; the sensible, constructive, American thing to do is *bring* it back.

For twenty years *Nation's Business* has combated fallacy. In our October number we approach the task with new zeal. Editorially, and through advertisements like this, we shall expose to the light of fact and analysis the important fallacies that hamper business progress today. You'll want to follow this series of advertisements, and you'll want particularly to read our October number, just out. You'll find a new tonic in it — a new direction to a constructive service which only *Nation's Business* renders. You may purchase the October issue for 25 cents at your news-stand—or we'll send *Nation's Business* to you regularly for three years for only $7.50.

WHAT POPULAR FALLACY MISREPRESENTS *YOUR* BUSINESS

This advertisement, the second of a series on the popular fallacies of business, is designed to serve business by creating a better understanding of its problems. As a new feature of its twenty-year-old fight against erroneous thinking, *Nation's Business* publishes each month a "Gallery of Popular Fallacies."

Every industry, every business, has its popular misunderstandings—real estate, advertising, medicine, architecture, construction. Write me personally of yours. They will be discussed currently in *Nation's Business* and, through courtesy of the National Broadcasting Company, over a nation-wide radio hook-up.

MERLE THORPE, *Editor*

★

A militant publication like Nation's Business is an excellent medium for advertisers.

NATION'S BUSINESS

300,000 CIRCULATION • ON NEWS-STANDS 25 CENTS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE UNITED STATES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Quit Work at 55

THIS page tells you how you can provide a life of leisure for yourself by following a simple financial program called the Retirement Income Plan.

You don't have to be wealthy to follow this plan. All you have to do is to make a payment of a few dollars a month—the exact amount depending on your age.

Your retirement income begins at any age you say—55, 60, or 65. It can be any amount you wish—$100 a month, $200, $300, or more.

This life income is as sure and as safe as a government pension. It is unconditionally guaranteed to you by the Phoenix Mutual Company, an 80-year-old company with more than 600 million dollars of insurance in force.

Once you have provided an income for yourself under the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan, you may rely on that income completely and implicitly. Nothing can stop it. Nothing can delay it. Nothing can take that income from you.

There are other benefits which may be included in this plan. A guaranteed income for your wife, in case anything happens to you. Money to send your children to college. Money for emergencies. Money to leave your home free of debt. Money for other needs.

Retirement Income Plan

Here is what a $200 a month Retirement Income Plan will do for you:

It guarantees when you are 55
A Monthly Income for life of $200, which assures a return of $20,000, and perhaps more, depending on how long you live. Or if you prefer, a Cash Settlement of $30,200.

It guarantees upon death from any cause before age 55
A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $20,000. Or a Monthly Income for life.

It guarantees upon death from accidental means before age 55
A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $40,000. Or a Monthly Income for life.

It guarantees in event of permanent total disability before age 55
A Monthly Income to live on. Plans for retirement at other ages are also available.

Send for the facts

Perhaps the greatest advantage of the plan is this: The minute your first payment is made, your biggest money worries begin to disappear. Even if you were totally and permanently disabled the next day, you would not need to worry about finances. Shortly thereafter, you would be paid a regular monthly income to live on. Your payments would be made by us out of a special reserve fund provided for that purpose.

For completeness, for safety, for absolute freedom from money worries, there is nothing that can equal the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan.

Think of it—the thrill of it! The rock-bound security of it! A guaranteed income you cannot outlive. What a load off your mind. What a weight off your shoulders. The sudden lifting of your biggest financial worries gives you a new lease on life—a new outlook—a new freedom you never experienced before.

An interesting 24-page booklet explains how this plan works—how it can be adapted to your needs. Send for your copy today. No cost. No obligation.

PHOENIX MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office: Hartford, Conn. First Policy Issued 1851

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., 634 Elm St., Hartford, Conn.
Please send booklet giving me full information about your new Retirement Income Plan

Name_____ Date of Birth_____

Business Address_____

Home Address_____

Copyright 1931, P. M. L. I. Co.

The Man from Sing Sing

Continued from page 21

He rose to his feet and led her into the little apartment, half lounge, half smoking-room. Upon the round table were various notes, memoranda of telephone calls and an orange-colored envelope. He looked at it with fixed, staring eyes.

"Open it," he directed. "Hurry, please—hurry!"

He was swaying upon his feet, supporting himself with one hand by the mantelpiece. She tore open the flap of the envelope and read:

NEW YORK
REGRET INFORM YOU 1790 DIED HEART FAILURE FOLLOWING PNEUMONIA THIS AFTERNOON WALKER

"A YOUNG lady, if you will permit me to say so, sir," Gascoigne pronounced, "of simply amazing ability. We are very fortunate indeed to secure her services—especially just now when we are so hard pressed. I couldn't hire another clerk worth having for love or money. And that list she gave us is the original one handed to Pulwitter by Van Pleydell himself."

Argels, looking tired and worn, but on the whole very little the worse for his night of terror, leaned back in his office chair.

"How are markets closing?"

"More excited than ever," the manager confessed. "Nearly everything's up a point or two. Nevertheless—"

"Well, out with it, Gascoigne."

"I took the liberty of following your suggestion, sir. I bought a small car, was driven home and had my dinner. The fresh air was most enjoyable. I was back at ten o'clock, and I spent the night here."

"What the devil did you do that for?" Argels demanded. "I thought you looked a little peaked."

"I wanted to work things out my own way, sir," Gascoigne acknowledged. "I daresay you've done it yourself. I went on a scheme Mr. Whiteley, the accountant, showed me."

"Well, what conclusion did you come to?" Argels inquired, without any considerable show of interest.

"The amount of money you've made, sir, during the last six months, is staggering," Gascoigne confided. "At the same time, there are various considerations of which I think we should never lose sight. We are always at the mercy of markets, especially the American market, and we are very heavy debtors to the bankers, who generally lose their heads when a bad time comes. In actual figures, sir," he went on, drawing a carefully folded-up sheet of paper from his pocket, "I make things something like this: Including today's purchase, and counting all the shares you have underwritten in our various companies, I take it that we possess something like seven million pounds' worth of shares."

"Seven million pounds," Argels repeated lingeringly.

"Then there's the other side, sir. If the money were called up, as in some cases it certainly will be, we shall owe a million and a half unpaid calls on shares. Our 'bear' account in Bennetts and Christophers is a very large one, and shows, roughly speaking, a hundred thousand pounds' loss. We owe money to five banks, and to four firms of stockbrokers—approximately four millions."

Argels nodded.

"I should think your figures are about right," he admitted. "Two and a half millions to the good, eh?"

"Just about that, sir."

"Is there any indication of a break?" Argels asked.

"Not the slightest, sir. That's why I'd like to suggest once more that it would be a good plan to go through our list of stocks and quietly dispose of a couple of million pounds' worth while we are sure of a good profit."

"That's practically what you were proposing the other day," Argels observed, stroking his mustache. "Supposing we did it. What the devil should we do with the money?"

"Pay off the bank liabilities, sir."

Argels smiled in superior fashion.

"You're an excellent managing man, Gascoigne," he said tolerantly, "but you'd never make a financier. Your suggestion is that we should pay off bank loans, upon which we are charged only five and a half per cent, with money on which we are making at least fifteen. That's about what it comes to."

Gascoigne, although still anxious, remained silent. His employer was a hard man to argue with. The buzzer sounded.

"A police inspector from Scotland Yard to see you, sir," a clerk announced.

"Show him up," Argels directed. "Better tell Miss Withers to come, too. He's called about the burglary, Gascoigne," he explained, turning to his companion. "Nothing stolen except a few private papers."

"Glad it was no worse, sir. I'll come up and see you later, if I may."

Detective Sergeant Bury, in plain clothes, and Violet made a simultaneous appearance. The latter seated herself in front of her typewriter. The sergeant accepted the easy-chair. He was a bulky man, with somewhat high complexion but shrewd and intelligent features. He proved himself to be possessed of an unusual directness of speech.

"No news, I am sorry to say, sir," he announced. "The fingerprints lead us nowhere, nor is there any clue at all worth speaking of. We've had a small committee meeting on the affair and we've come to a unanimous opinion."

"WELL, let's hear what it is," Argels invited.

"The burglary at your flat last night is what we call a 'private' job. We place these affairs almost on the same footing as practical jokes. The burglars, whoever they may have been, weren't out for ordinary loot at all. They evidently came for one specific purpose—to steal those papers you were speaking of. They seem to have got away with those, and they left behind everything which would be technically felonious. For instance, I think you said that you had no money there. We found seven hundred pounds in bank notes thrown to one side."

"Just money for household expenses," Argels observed. "We don't call that money nowadays."

"I quite understand, sir," the sergeant continued, a little dryly. "There were also sheaves of bearer bonds which were easily negotiable on the Continent."

"I'd forgotten the bonds," Argels acknowledged, "but there were only a few thousand pounds' worth. You are quite right in your diagnosis of the case, though. Those devils weren't after money at all. They were after two letters, an agreement and a corporation contract. They got them. But listen, Sergeant," he went on, drumming with his finger tips upon the table and with

(Continued on page 44)

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ATWATER KENT RADIO

"Better results could not be *possible* whatever the price!"

(ANOTHER UNSOLICITED, SPONTANEOUS TESTIMONIAL)

THE best advertisement of *anything* is the satisfaction of those who own it. Every day's mail brings Atwater Kent such letters as this:

> **"I have recently purchased my second Atwater Kent and better results could not be possible on any radio, whatever the price. Long distance stations come over just as clearly as locals."**
> ***—From Mrs. G. D., New York.***

Money could not buy the world-wide loyalty of Atwater Kent owners. You can't tell *them* what a radio ought to be. They *know*. And they tell others. So their number has grown to more than three million—the largest radio family in the world.

Now try the new, 1932 Atwater Kent. Try all the up-to-the-minute features—one by one. Test the tone—test the lovely naturalness of the Golden Voice.

See *how* "long distance stations come over as clearly as locals" without background noises.

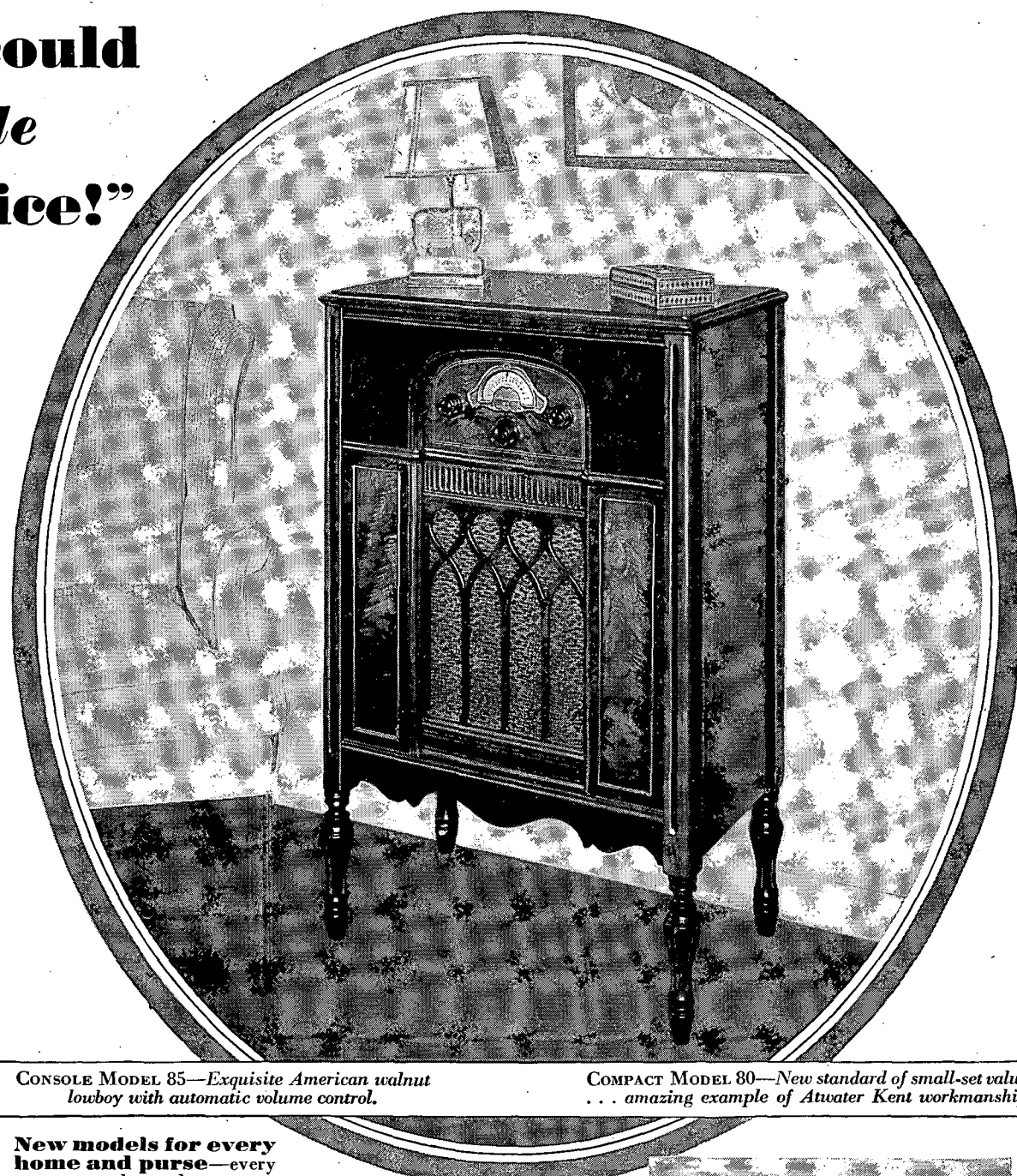
Note that every model—Console or Compact—is a magnificent super-heterodyne, with 10-kilocycle selectivity, preventing confusion of stations.

See what "free dialing" means, with the famous velvet-action Quick-Vision Dial.

You can't help liking the cabinet design. Famous decorators call this "the kind of radio one likes to live with."

Low prices—yes. But price without VALUE is a trap—a trap for dollars you cannot afford to waste. Atwater Kent builds for VALUE—for lasting satisfaction in your home. You will be *happy* with the new Atwater Kent.

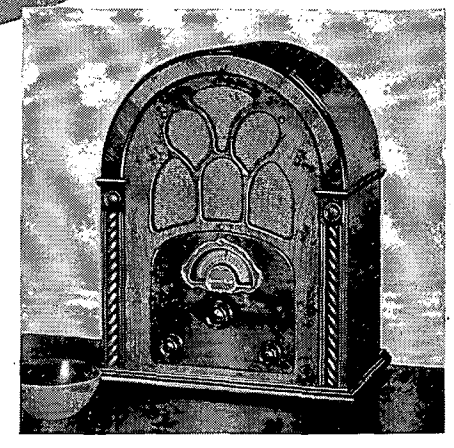
ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4700 Wissahickon Ave. *A. Atwater Kent, Pres.* Philadelphia, Pa.



CONSOLE MODEL 85—*Exquisite American walnut lowboy with automatic volume control.*

COMPACT MODEL 80—*New standard of small-set values . . . amazing example of Atwater Kent workmanship.*

New models for every home and purse—every one a super-heterodyne—tone control and static reducer . . . AUTOMATIC VOLUME CONTROL, optional, to counteract "fading" . . . variable-mu and pentode tubes . . . screen-grid . . . 10-kilocycle selectivity . . . adjuster for any length of antenna . . . Quick-Vision dial . . . velvet-action station selector—the smoothest, easiest control in the world . . . volume control and on-and-off switch combined . . . Golden Voiced electro-dynamic speaker . . . special Atwater Kent single-spot circuit, eliminating interference . . . weight-saving armored chassis . . . cabinets of grace, beauty and good taste—a further refinement of the characteristic Atwater Kent design, approved by famous interior decorators as the kind of radio one likes to live with.



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with the **GOLDEN VOICE**

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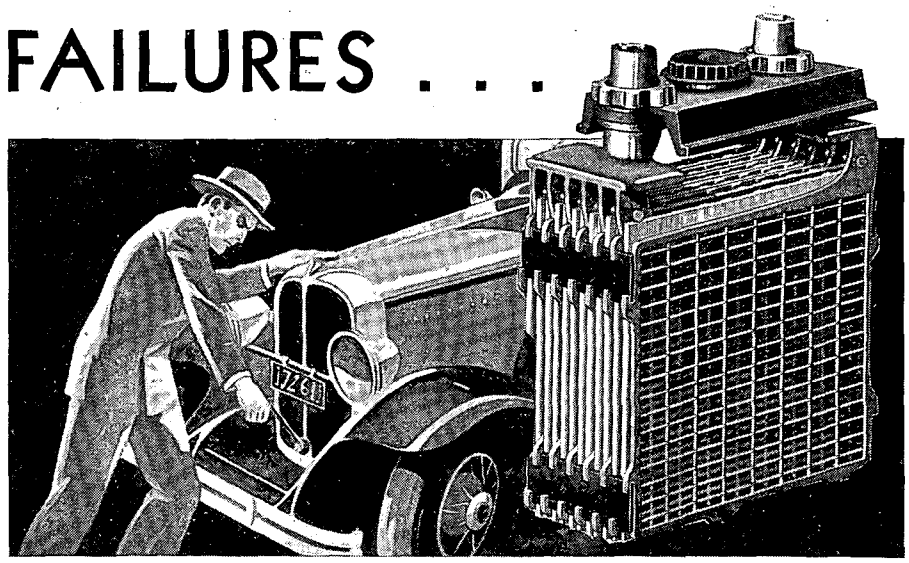
STOPS THE CAUSE OF OVER 75% OF BATTERY FAILURES . . .



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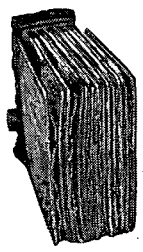
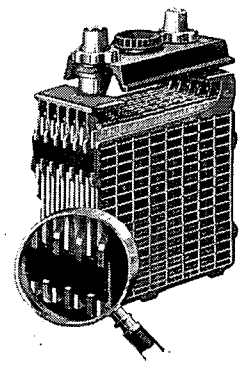
If you could watch what goes on in your battery as your car bounces over the roads, you would appreciate the importance of having the plates in your battery LOCKED firmly in place. They rub and grind and chafe—wear the plates—tear the separators—then warp, touch—and your battery dies. That is why all batteries are built with a sediment space in the bottom of the box—to collect the material that rubs off. Wear and tear shortens the life of anything. Stop the rub—the chafe—the wear and tear—and your battery will live long and give perfect service.



The Old Way

The PLATE LOCK in Vesta-Consolidated Batteries holds the plates so they CANNOT CHAFE. Any of the thousands of VESTA or CONSOLIDATED DEALERS will show you the inside of an old type battery and a PLATE LOCK Battery. See this OUTSTANDING improvement, and you'll want this battery protection.



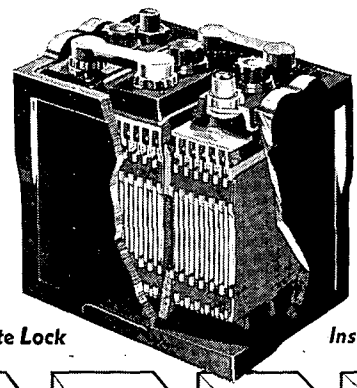
The Vesta-Consolidated Way

VESTA CONSOLIDATED CORPORATION

Factories: Chicago Buffalo Los Angeles Sydney, Australia

To Dealers:

If you wish to share in the tremendous sales success enjoyed by Vesta Consolidated Dealers—WRITE



This is the Plate Lock

New Low Prices

Vesta Consolidated PLATE-LOCK Batteries (13 plate) $9.95. Other types Vesta Consolidated Batteries without Plate-Lock (13 plate) $6.45

Insures long life and service

VESTA CONSOLIDATED BATTERIES

QUALITY SINCE 1897

The Man from Sing Sing

Continued from page 42

a queer smile upon his face, "I'll tell you something funny. The man in whose interests the whole affair was planned, who wanted those papers for a certain purpose, and who must have had friends on this side working for him, that man—"

"Don't you think you are talking too much, Mr. Argels?" a quiet voice by his side interrupted.

He broke off and looked at Violet. During the pause he felt himself stiffen.

"Quite right," he admitted. "A great shock to my nerves, this has been, Sergeant. I'm not myself today at all—couldn't manage to get up till an hour or so ago. I'll be quiet after this, Violet, but I must finish what I was going to say. The man in whose interests the burglary was planned, who wanted those letters and that agreement like hell, died yesterday. All the time they were at work, there was a cable announcing his death staring at them from my table. Ha—ha—ha!"

THE laugh was forced, although underneath it was some ugly element of mirth. It came to a sudden end. The sergeant was shocked, and looked it.

"Under the circumstances you have disclosed, sir," he said, after a brief pause, "it seems to me that you yourself, if you chose, could tell us in which direction to look for the burglars."

"I could tell you in which direction," Argels acknowledged craftily, "but I shan't. I don't want to get myself into any further trouble."

"If you're feeling that way about it, sir," the sergeant announced, "I think it very doubtful whether we shall ever succeed in making an arrest. An affair of this sort, cleverly managed, apparently emanating from people of your own position in life, and the results of which are not of negotiable value, is almost impossible of solution and, when it is solved, except for the technical assault, it doesn't amount to anything."

"I am quite satisfied," Argels replied. "I can buy a new safe; they can't bring that man to life again."

Violet glanced meaningly toward the sergeant, who understood and rose to his feet. Argels had apparently forgotten them both, and was sitting drumming upon the desk with his fingers.

"I wish you good day, sir," Detective Sergeant Bury said, in his most official manner. "If anything further transpires, you shall hear from me."

He took his leave, unnoticed.

A clerk appeared with a pile of letters to be signed and a mass of transfers. Argels was once more the man of business. He chose to sign the transfers first. At the third he paused. He stared with transfixed eyes at the long sheet of blue paper. Then he slowly lifted his head and looked across at Violet.

"Weren't Eagles upon the first list you gave me of shares that Andrew Pulwitter was buying?" he asked.

"I think so," she admitted.

He opened a drawer and drew out a slip of paper. There it was, without a doubt—Eagles to buy and Christophers and Bennetts to sell.

"I don't understand this," he muttered. "This is the transfer of seven hundred and eighty-seven Eagles at seven pounds fifteen. I am the buyer, of course. Do you know who the vendor is?"

She shook her head, momentarily perplexed.

"Does it matter?"

"Andrew Pulwitter," he confided.

There was a moment's silence. She rose to her feet, came to the table, and looked over his shoulder. It was there, plainly enough—"In consideration of—etc., etc.," Andrew Pulwitter's name sprawled over the red seal.

"I don't know anything about it," she said, a little breathlessly. "That's probably an old holding which Mr. Pulwitter had sold before he got the tip to buy them."

Argels said nothing, but the butt end of his turquoise-studded fountain pen tapped insistently against the name of the witness opposite Pulwitter's signature. She read her own name.

"Oh, I daresay I signed it," she acknowledged. "Do you suppose that I ever glanced at the transfers I had to sign in that poky little office? There were half a dozen to a dozen every day, and sometimes more."

Argels pulled down the paper to study the date; then he glanced up at the calendar. It was the twenty-second of the month. Day by day his memory made laborious passage backward. Finally he raised his head and looked at her. She was unmoved, her face set and calm, her eyes like fragments of some precious stone.

"You witnessed this transfer of Eagles," he heard some stranger saying, "the day that you told me Andrew Pulwitter was buying them. He was selling, not buying. Perhaps it was to buy and not to sell that he told you of Christophers and Bennetts."

The girl's laugh was perfectly natural. She laid her cool hand upon his burning one.

"Mr. Argels," she begged soothingly, "you must please not get yourself excited like this, or no one can do anything for you. It was Mr. Van Pleydell who advised Mr. Pulwitter to buy Eagles—the same Mr. Van Pleydell whose yesterday's list you have in your pocket. He came in to see Mr. Pulwitter late in the afternoon—very late it was. I had witnessed those transfers when I took in the morning letters somewhere about ten o'clock. I didn't know what they were; I don't remember Eagles from any other share. Why should I? I am just an expert at my work. If you want me to learn anything about stocks and shares you must teach me while I'm here.

"I don't think I have made any mistake in what I have told you about Mr. Pulwitter's business. Huddleston and Wyatt was all right, wasn't it? I shouldn't have sent Mr. Huddleston if I hadn't been working for you."

HIS eyes studied her. Such kindliness as she had never shown him was in her face now. She was leaning toward him. Her eyes were anxious for his comfort. She was neat and sweet and desirable, primly, almost puritanically dressed, yet with faint curves stirring underneath the neat elegance of her mauve linen gown. He was suddenly ashamed of himself to have doubted her.

"I am sorry," he murmured.

"Silly man!" she laughed. "My first day, too! Why, I expect to be taken into partnership before long, not to be treated like a conspirator."

"I was a fool," he confessed. "It's mad living nowadays, Violet. Sometimes the mind travels too fast."

He drew the transfers toward him, and signed one after the other in a fury of industry.

Moran Chambers, although his name for practical purposes seemed in the City of London to have become trans-

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formed to the very dissimilar one of Gordon Phayle, was seated in the small morning-room of Ambouyna Kotinzi's house in Curzon Street, partaking of a very satisfactory English breakfast. He had the air of having just arrived from the country, although his tweed suit was neat and uncrumpled, and his linen unexceptionable. He finished his coffee, pushed his plate away, and lit a cigarette.

"Nothing more, Francis," he said. "You can spend the next few minutes at the telephone. Ring up Mr. Andrew Pulwitter's house to say that I am here. Ring up the office and say that Mr. Gordon Phayle is better and will be there this morning. Also, see that I have a car here for the City in an hour's time."

FRANCIS made respectful departure. The door was almost immediately burst open. Ambouyna rushed toward him with outstretched arms.

"You wonderful man!" she exclaimed. "Only thirteen days away. Tell me everything."

He held her in his arms for a moment before he replied. Then he led her to the great settee drawn up in front of the fire.

"I am the most marvelous person in the world," he declared, looking down at her. "I not only died a fortnight ago, but the day before yesterday I was cremated."

"You were what?" she cried.

"I was cremated," he answered gayly. "Just think what that means. There is no trace of me left. I don't exist. I was properly registered as Moran Chambers. I was vouched for. I am signed for now by half a dozen respectable people, including the warden of the prison, the man who has been waiting upon me, and dear old Ned Belmore, as existing only in the shape of a handful of ashes. Poor Brunswick! He died quite happily, murmuring something about his wife and children being provided for. It was a better bargain for him than he thought." He sat down beside her.

She twined her arm through his, happily.

"You must tell me more about it," she begged. "Andrew was here on Wednesday and, for him, he was almost excited. He thinks, of course, that the cremation was wonderful. They would never dare to admit that they had been deceived."

"Andrew is quite right," Moran Chambers replied. "If the case had come up again, as it surely would have done, they might have been forced to exhume the body, under certain circumstances. Even the fear of that has gone now."

"It means that you are free, that you can live here openly?"

"As Gordon Phayle, certainly. If ever a man was wiped off the face of the earth body and soul, I should say it was Moran Chambers."

"What did they think of the documents?" she asked.

"They accepted them without a word. There would be no fresh trial—political influence was a little too strong for that—but I should have been discharged. On the whole, I have come to the conclusion that it is much better as it is. New York never meant anything to me. If anyone on this side thinks that I resemble Moran Chambers, he's welcome to. It doesn't make a cent's worth of difference."

"Oh, but I am glad that it is all over," she cried brokenly. "Oh, I am glad!"

There was a brief, intangible interval. Some sound outside disturbed them. He rose to his feet, and lit a cigarette.

"Have you seen anything of Reuben Argels lately?"

His tone changed as he asked the question. There was a quiver of hate in the quiet voice.

"Not for a week or so," she replied. "He was troublesome as usual when he came. I imagine that he will be here very soon. I wrote as you suggested, telling him that if he liked he could have some money in my next film."

"The one that's gone wrong?" he asked quickly.

She nodded.

"I shall only visit the studio once or twice more," she confided. "They are spending an awful lot of money on it, and it may just as well be Argels who loses it. Then I shall have a scene with them all, and refuse to act again. It is bad stuff anyhow, and Venturo is impossible. They will have to write it off as a loss, of course."

"You're sure that he will want to come in?" Moran Chambers queried.

"Quite sure," she answered. "He has always been furious that I would not let him back me. You should have seen his eyes when I told him that we had made nearly a million on Paolo and Francesca."

The doorbell rang and a minute or two later, Andrew, with a parcel under his arm, was ushered in. The two men exchanged the casual greetings of old friends.

"Before we talk seriously," Moran Chambers said, "let me be sure that I haven't missed a dispatch. Let me get at the figures. What about that last list I sent you, supposed to come from Van Pleydell?"

"He bought the lot," Andrew reported with a chuckle. "Another half million, I should think."

"And the young woman?"

"We moved her over to him," Andrew explained. "He took her out to dinner the night the little trouble happened at his flat, and I chanced to be there. It was a grand meeting, I can assure you. She's working for him now. We'll do better that way, I'm thinking."

"I suppose she knows what she's doing?" Moran Chambers reflected with a little frown. "I hate making use of women that way."

Andrew Pulwitter's smile was somehow reminiscent of the land of his birth.

"I've not had much experience of the sex myself," he confessed, "but I'm thinking that if there's a young woman in this world who can take care of herself, it's maybe Miss Violet Withers."

"From the little I've seen of her," Moran Chambers agreed, "I should say that you are right."

ANDREW PULWITTER commenced to fill his pipe.

"I see by the Times this morning," he remarked, "that we're ahead of the news from New York. You felt the market there, I'm thinking. You've no cause to change your mind?"

Moran Chambers put his hand on the old man's shoulder.

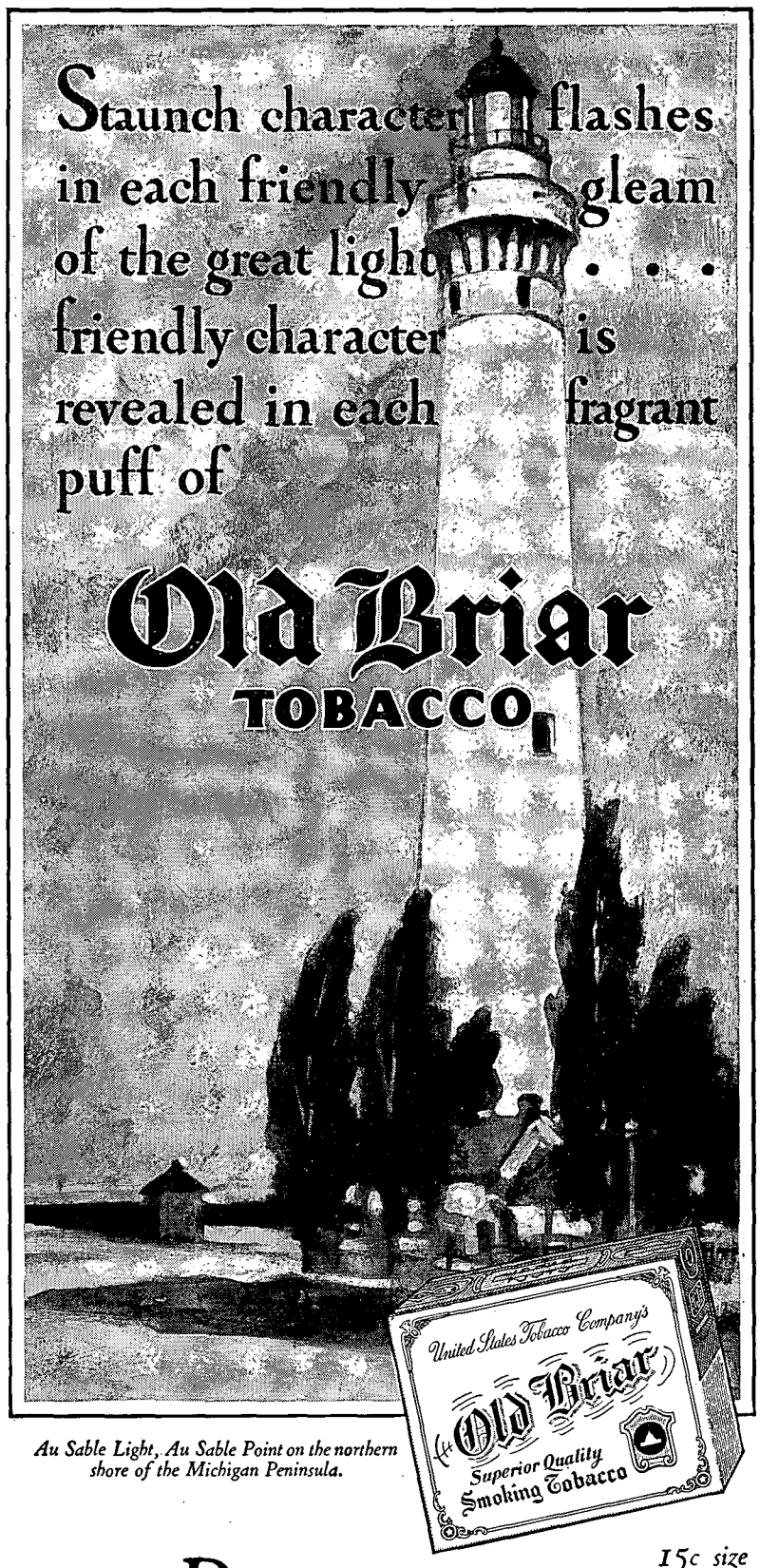
"Andrew," he said, "what do you think I am making you realize everything for? You know I've got the money instinct. I can smell a change in the markets as easily as a hunting man can smell a change of wind. I am preparing you and myself for the biggest 'bear' account that has ever been opened against the markets yet."

The Scotchman stroked his chin.

"I am an elderly person to be playing with you youngsters in a game like this," he sighed. "We'll just dip into these accounts. You'll find they're according to advices. The only important thing that Miss Withers had been able to hand over to us is there at the bottom of the sheet—Argels' overdrafts at the various banks. Man, they're enormous!"

Ambouyna, who had been writing a letter at a distant table, came over to

(Continued on page 46)



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(*Continued from page 45*)

them. Moran Chambers passed his left arm around her waist.

"Andrew," he confided, "we're going to ruin Reuben Argels."

SIR MAURICE HARTER, whose examination had been long and painstaking, gazed pensively at his patient, as the latter fastened his coat and waistcoat.

"Organically," he pronounced, "there is no change in your condition."

"Then why can't I be myself again?" Argels demanded fretfully. "When I came to you before—I will be quite frank with you—you can think me a coward if you like—I am a coward—I was living in terror of one man—that man in prison. Now he's dead, but I'm still afraid of him."

"What was this man's name, if it isn't a secret?"

Argels hesitated, but only for a moment.

"Moran Chambers," he confided.

"Very well, then," the doctor continued, looking his patient straight in the eyes. "Moran Chambers is dead. Do you hear that? Moran Chambers is dead. He can never do you any harm. Remember *that*—and you'll be a well man!"

Argels pulled out his pocketbook, as he rose, somewhat wearily, to his feet, but the physician shook his head.

"Not this time. There is really so little I can do for you. Don't take drugs, not even a sleeping draught if you can help it, and take a vacation as soon as you can. And remember—Moran Chambers is dead." . . .

Argels descended to his car and drove off to Curzon Street. Francis showed him into the little morning-room.

"Madame will be down in a few minutes, sir," he announced. "She left word that she would see you."

Argels nodded, took a chair, and picked up a newspaper. He had scarcely read half a dozen lines before he started. He looked round the room with wide-open eyes—apprehensively, as though he sensed some danger. He rolled up the newspaper tightly, and struck himself across the knee.

"Moran Chambers is dead," he repeated to himself.

He rose to his feet and walked up and down, his lips moving all the time. He turned to greet Ambouyna, when she entered, with a gesture of relief.

"Whatever is the matter with you?" she exclaimed. "Why are you walking up and down, looking in every corner of my little room as though you saw ghosts?"

"I am overworked," he confided. "My nerves are all wrong, and I cannot get well. You have heard the news?"

She sighed.

"About poor Moran?" she queried. "Yes, I heard. Mr. Pulwitter had a cable, and he rang me up."

She was dry-eyed, though pale, and he found himself wondering at her unnatural composure.

"Terrible thing," he ventured lamely.

She sank into an easy-chair.

"I am of that new school, you know," she expounded. "Dr. Kosiloff, who is of my country, he teaches me. I do not think about disagreeable things, or sad things. It is a foolish heresy to God."

"I wish your Doctor Kosiloff would teach me how to think, or rather how not to think," he sighed. "I am a fool. I have just come from my doctor's, and I know that I am a fool, and if I am not careful I shall find myself in a madhouse. I shall find myself there, knowing all the time that I am perfectly sane."

She scrutinized him, took note of his already shrunken figure, the gaunt cheeks, once over-full, his eyes, from which the boldness had departed, and in which there always lurked now some shadow of fear.

There was without a doubt a change in him. As a matter of fact, it was a change not altogether to his disadvantage. The sleekness had gone. He was like a tortured man.

"You try to do too much," she warned him. "They tell me that you have made millions—you all alone, without anyone to help or share the responsibility."

"It is true," he admitted. "I have made millions, yet it is not the responsibility of that which has made a coward of me. You know what it was. Don't deny it—you know."

He looked at her almost pugnaciously.

"My dear man," she protested, "don't be fierce with me. If it is your conscience—"

"I have no conscience," he interrupted harshly. "I lied to save Pulwitter and myself from being in the same box as Moran Chambers, but I don't regret it—I never have regretted it—never for a moment. All the same, after I had done it I knew for the first time what fear was. I was afraid of Moran Chambers alive, and I am still terrified of him dead."

"You are a crazy man," she declared. "Do talk sense for a few minutes."

"On any subject you choose. You wished to see me? I am here."

"Most punctually and gallantly," she acknowledged. "You have always complained that I have given others, who after all are older friends, the chance to be interested in my films. Very well. I have just signed a contract for a new one. If you wish you can have money in it, just as they did. I do not promise that you will make as much as Moran Chambers made in America, or as Mr. Pulwitter made on my German film, because they trebled their investment, but if you care to invest you can have the same terms."

"Thank you very much," he said. "How much money may I invest, and on what terms?"

"You must go to my lawyers who will tell you that. Mr. Pulwitter had forty thousand pounds in my last film, but there were two other partners. This one, I fear, will cost more money. You can have what you like. You know the solicitors—Pedler and Barnes, in Arundel Street, off the Strand. I hope you will make a great deal of money. If you do not, you will at least have had what you once told me was your great ambition—an interest in my work."

"If only it were a larger, a different sort of interest!" he sighed. "Do you know what my first thought was when I received the cable from New York?"

"Hush!" she begged. "You must not talk of that—not now—not here."

HE SCOWLED for a moment. Then his face cleared.

"You are right," he admitted. "I apologize. Will you dine with me one night soon?" he went on wistfully. "I have taken a dislike to my own company, and though, since I have had all that success in the City, people I never heard of keep on sending me invitations, I hate strangers. I am very lonely, Ambouyna."

She laughed at him.

"My dear man, it is impossible!" she scoffed. "They tell me—why, what on earth is the matter?"

He had leaped from his chair and was standing a few yards away, looking round the room with furtive, terrified eyes, shaking in every limb, his hands outstretched as though to keep something from him.

"Mr. Argels!" she cried. "For heaven's sake, what is the matter?"

(*To be continued next week*)

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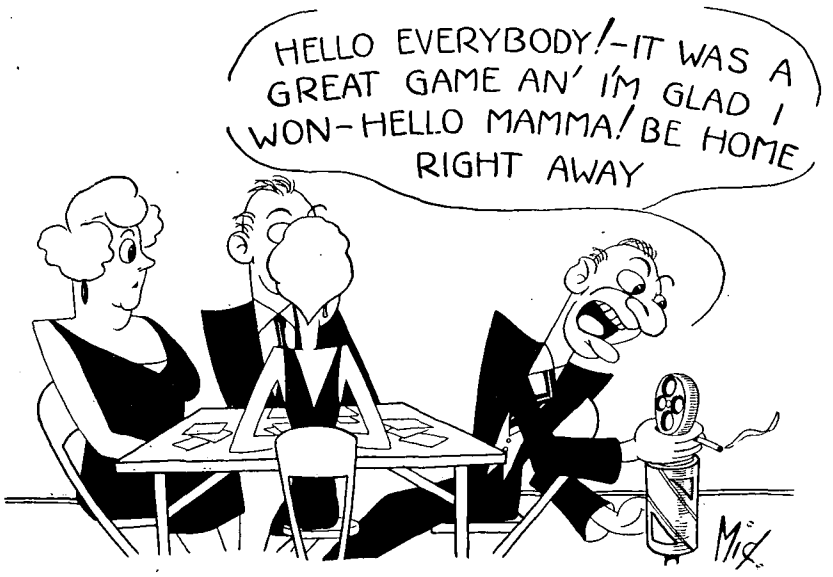


The prize-fighter wins his first game of bridge

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. 7-6-3
H. 10-9-8-7
D. Q-6-4
C. J-5-4

West
S. K-5-4
H. 3
D. A-K-J-10-9-2
C. 9-6-3

East
S. J-10-9-8
H. 4
D. 8-7-5-3
C. K-8-7-2

South (Dealer)
S. A-Q-2
H. A-K-Q-J-6-5-2
D. None
C. A-Q-10

WITH the above hand, which was given in last week's Collier's, the Auction Bridge bidding would be: South one Heart, West two Diamonds, North and East pass, South two Hearts, West three Diamonds, and after a second pass by North and East, South three Hearts, which would end the auction.

At Contract the South hand was held by a player of the "nothing ventured nothing gained" school. He felt a keen desire to bid for a slam, but of course appreciated that a six-bid from his hand, without any knowledge of the other hands, would be rash. Therefore he determined to start with an artificial two-Club bid, hoping that North would respond with two No Trumps, thus showing an Ace and King. But South's two Clubs was overcalled with three Diamonds by West, who hoped by this means to keep South from showing the two suits which West presumed that South intended to offer for North's selection. Of course North could do nothing but pass, and East was equally reticent; but South had not yet given up his slam hopes. He deduced that there were solid Diamonds on his left and therefore North could not have any Ace, but nothing that had developed in the bidding barred North from having a black King, in which case South would have an excellent chance of making his slam. So he called five Hearts; a bid which at that time was unsound because North might have a "bust" and, without assistance from North, South might take only nine tricks.

This time West passed and North conservatively declined the slam invitation.

The hand was played at five Hearts. West started with the King of Diamonds and South decided that his dummy, weak as it was, could be of material assistance to him in several ways. Dummy's Club Jack would help to make up the Club suit and insure against losing more than one trick in it; also it assured catching the adverse King and taking three Club tricks if the King reposed in the East hand. North's hand also was materially helpful because it would permit Declarer to enter it three times with trumps.

South ruffed the King of Diamonds with an honor and then led a small trump, winning in dummy. This exhausted the adverse trumps, so the hand could be developed from that point without fear of hostile ruffing. North's Jack of Clubs was led to trick 3 to clear up the location of the Club King. The King was trapped whether East covered or not; as a matter of fact he covered, vainly hoping that the Ten might be in West's hand. South won with the Ace and at once led his two remaining Clubs.

Declarer's next effort was another small trump led from closed hand and taken in dummy, and then a small Diamond led from dummy and ruffed with an honor in closed hand. For a third time dummy was put in with a trump, and then came the coup of the hand.

It was absolutely sure from the bidding and the play up to that point that West had the Diamond Ace; so instead of leading a Spade and trying the Spade finesse, dummy's Queen of Diamonds was led and South discarded the Spade Deuce (a sure loser) when East played small. This brought about the development that Declarer had been planning to produce by passing the trick up to the winning Diamond in the West hand. Now, if West leads a Diamond (or the thirteenth Club if he has it), dummy ruffs and closed hand discards the Queen of Spades; if West leads a Spade, it is up to South's Ace-Queen, insuring the same result.

Either way, Declarer makes twelve tricks—one more than his contract—but in spite of the result North exercised sound judgment in not accepting South's slam invitation.

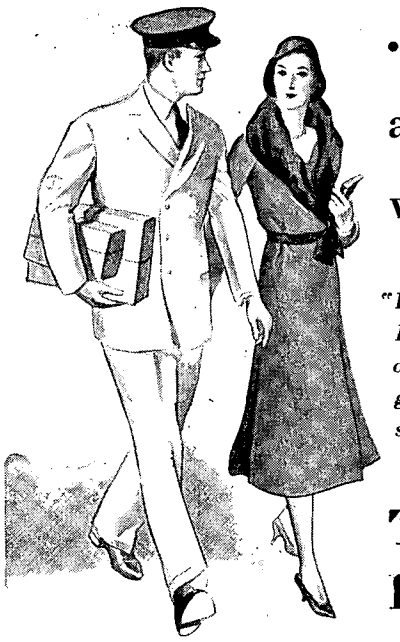
Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. Q-10-4
H. A-Q
D. J-9
C. A-9-6-5-3-2

East
S. K-J-7-2
H. K-J-6-5
D. 8-4-3
C. K-8

West
S. 9-8-6-5-3
H. 8-7-3
D. K-7-5-2
C. 7

South (Dealer)
S. A
H. 10-9-4-2
D. A-Q-10-6
C. Q-J-10-4



...If you and your Laundryman went shopping together

"Look for this Pepperell Label on all cotton goods," he would say. It means

PEPPERELL TRADE MARK FABRICS

THIS CLOTH HAS EXTRA VALUE*

LAUNDRIES get blamed for many things not their fault. They do not use strong, destructive acids. Your laundryman smiles when he sees the famous Pepperell Label on articles from your home. He knows they will wash well. The word Pepperell now marks and guarantees nearly every thrifty cotton article you can buy—including children's clothes, smart prints, fine broadcloths for shirts and underwear, sturdy jeans, and the four famous Pepperell sheets, a different grade for each purpose, and each an extra value.

● **Middy Blouse.** Sturdy Pepperell Fabric is used in this practical garment for sportswear and school. A snowy white, crisp garment, handsomely tailored by Sally Middy Company, 20 W. 33d St., New York City.

● **Boys' Wash Suit.** A mannish style for boys with a handsomely finished waist of Pepperell Fabric in guaranteed fast colors, made by Royal Novelty Company, 641 Sixth Ave., New York City.

● **Boys' Fancy Shorts.** Made like dad's of Pepperell Fabric for good fit and extra wear. Fade-proof, solid colors, stripes and figures made by I. Jablow & Co., 233 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

● **Girls' Dresses.** Fascinating juvenile models in colorful Pepperell Prints with the new dressmaker touches of more expensive frocks. Made by Jos. S. Cohen & Sons Co., Inc., 46 W. 23d St., New York City.

● **Girls' Pajamas.** Styled just like mother's in a variety of patterns of the same tub-fast Pepperell Prints, and beautifully finished by Huntington Underwear Co., 156 W. 34th St., New York City.

Pepperell "Regular". *Standard for utility uses, $1 to $1.25.*

Lady Pepperell. *Four extra threads in every inch of fabric, $1.40 to $1.75.*

Pepperell Fine Count. *Aristocrat of medium-priced sheets, $1.60 to $2.*

Pepperell Peeress. *The finest cotton sheet made, $3 to $3.50.*

These are average prices for double-bed sizes.

***FREE BOOK** tells how to get extra value when you buy cotton.*

Do you want to dress better—but spend less money? Sign the coupon below for your free copy of "Spend and Grow Rich", the new Pepperell Cotton Book. It tells how to recognize good cottons in the stores—how to test before you buy. Sign the coupon; you will be glad you did.

PEPPERELL

THE PEPPERELL TRADE MARK AND GUARANTEE ARE YOUR PROTECTION

GUARANTEE: Go into your retail store and buy any sheet or other article bearing this Pepperell mark. Take it home and examine it at once. If you are not entirely satisfied with what you have bought, send it to us with the sales slip, and we will refund you the full purchase price. Pepperell Manufacturing Company.

* PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
161 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Send your free money-saving book, "Spend and Grow Rich!"

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

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F I R S T D O W N

THE CHAMPAGNE
OF GINGER ALES

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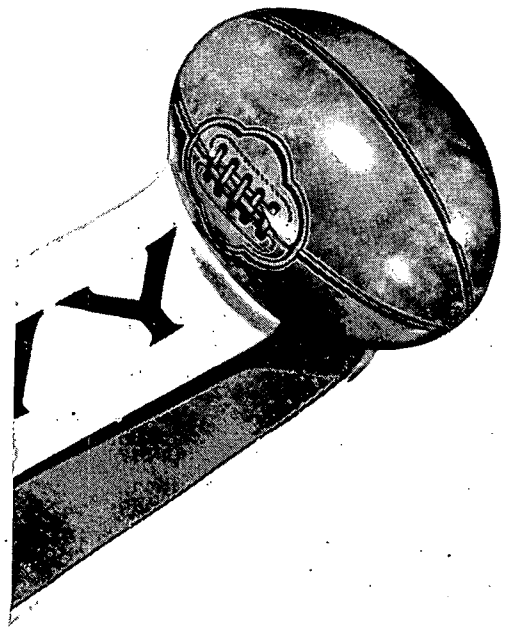
after the game



OCTOBER has a history all its own. And most of it is football. Then the old grads feel like undergrads, and all the highways on a Saturday lead to the stadiums.

And Canada Dry seems to sparkle even more gaily in tune with the nip in the weather . . . to become a little more welcome because of the stirring times.

Certainly no celebration could be without this Champagne of Ginger Ales . . . and seem complete. For it's most of all when you're having a good time . . . in moments of relaxation and gaiety . . . that you want Canada Dry.

Now priced for the thrifty

And now that the price of this fine old ginger ale is so low, it appeals to your more serious moments, too, when you stop to count your pennies. For there never was a value in ginger ales to compare with the value that Canada Dry brings you. Today The Champagne of Ginger Ales is just as much the favorite of the thrifty as it is the constant choice of connoisseurs.

Since once again you are in the swing of your home entertaining, make sure you always have an ample supply of Canada Dry. In most cities it now comes in two sizes—the new large size, of five full glasses—and the familiar twelve-ounce bottle. It also comes packed, for your convenience, in handy Hostess Packages.

CANADA DRY A NEW LARGE SIZE A NEW LOW PRICE

A FOOTBALL PARTY BUFFET

Little sandwiches shaped like footballs to satisfy an appetite made large by an afternoon in the open air . . . olives stuffed with anchovies, pimientos, almonds, and pearl onions to help work up another appetite for dinner . . . some caviar and canapés . . . and above all, cool, sparkling glasses of Canada Dry to take the huskiness out of your throat and to refresh and exhilarate you. Make the ice cubes of frozen ginger ale, too, so you won't dilute the flavor. Let your guests help themselves.

The center decoration might be a mascot, which may be readily made from absorbent cotton and wire, with black-headed pins for eyes. Individual favors might be little mascots with tiny football stickers for blankets, or miniature footballs can be used.

Ida Bailey Allen

Originated by IDA BAILEY ALLEN, *President National Radio Home Makers Club*

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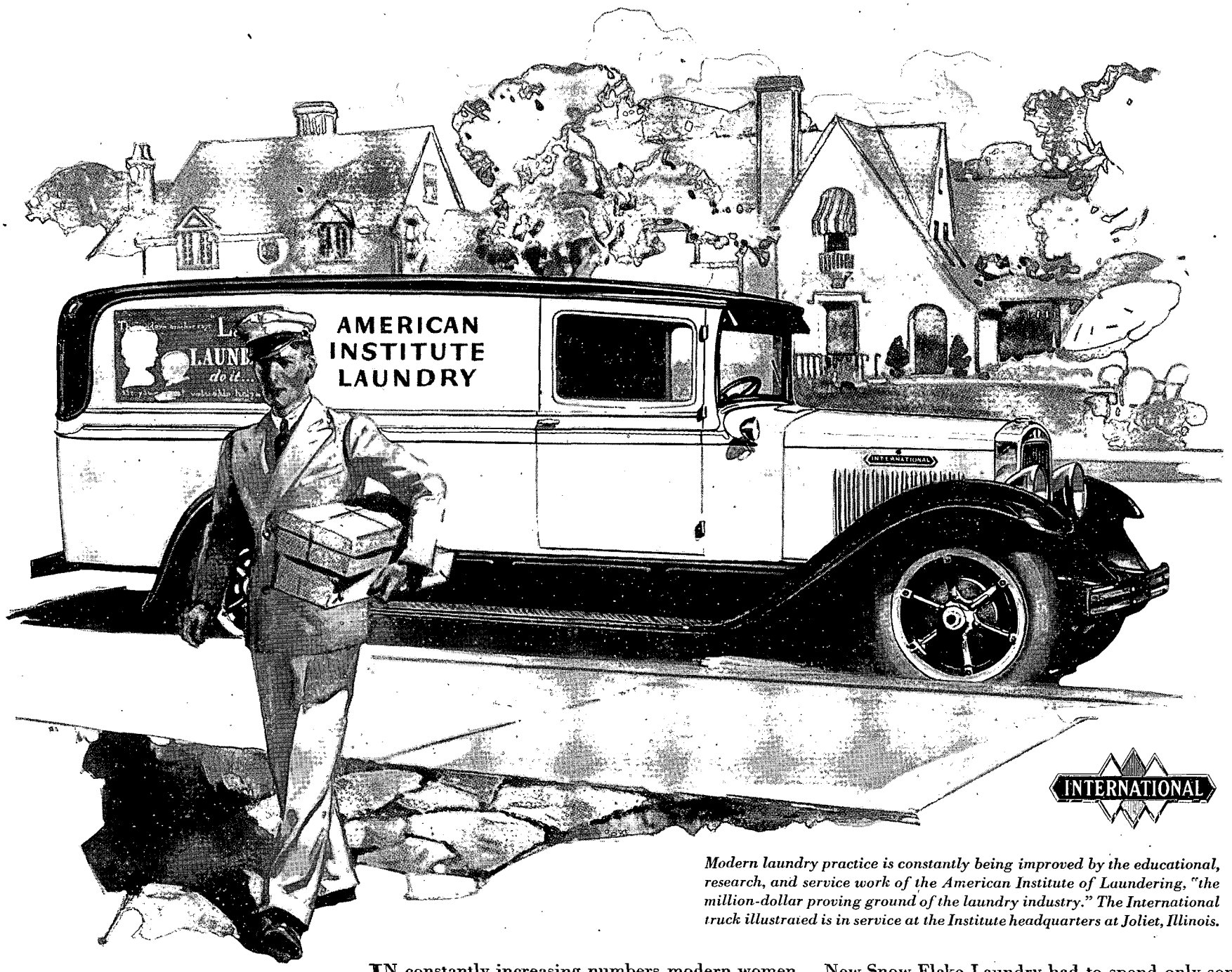
When you "Let the laundry do it"

International Trucks will be glad to serve you!



Modern laundry practice is constantly being improved by the educational, research, and service work of the American Institute of Laundering, "the million-dollar proving ground of the laundry industry." The International truck illustrated is in service at the Institute headquarters at Joliet, Illinois.

New Low Prices

See the new model A-2, a 1½-ton 4-speed International. The price of the 136-inch wheelbase chassis with standard equipment is

$675

f.o.b. factory

Ask the nearest branch or dealer for a demonstration on your own job, of this or any of the other Internationals ranging from ¾-ton to 5-ton.

IN constantly increasing numbers modern women are sending their washing to the laundry, because present-day laundry service is better than ever before. Better on two counts . . . quality of work, and dependability of delivery service.

The first job, of course, is up to the individual laundries. *And more and more the second job is being entrusted to International Trucks!*

Internationals are good looking . . . fitting representatives of a quality laundry. And they may be relied upon without reservation. In other words, they are able to attract new trade, and to keep it!

And then . . . there is the matter of upkeep cost! An average of $9.65 was enough to take care of all service requirements for a year, on each of 12 International Trucks operated by The Campbell Laundry Company of Milwaukee. Down in Memphis, the New Snow Flake Laundry had to spend only something under $12 for all maintenance work on each of 8 trucks during the sixth year of operation. New York's Consolidated Laundries use 55 Internationals; Chicago has 28 large fleets, in addition to the many trucks operated by the smaller laundries; nearly one hundred are working for Atlanta Laundries, Incorporated; and there is even a large laundry fleet of Internationals operating among the palms in Honolulu.

You don't have to be in the laundry business to profit by International operation. Whether you build roads or run a bakery, you can make good use of International appearance, performance, and economy!

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED)
606 S. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

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Custom of the Country

Continued from page 12

"Besides I have to educate Syb's innocent British brother, Mr. Tenant. And this is Mrs. Whitson, Oliver. Come along, child," and somehow she had swept him out on the floor.

Oliver danced with her halfway round the room, and neither said a word. Toni was engaged in waving a hand at various "Hellos" which followed her, and very soon they were cut in on. Oliver returned to the door and lit a cigarette. That had been very sporting, even very clever—that meeting with the Whitson woman; but he was "Sybil's innocent British brother!" was he? Something to be used as a gesture—totally unimportant, just a visiting Englishman. On the other side of the room he saw Mrs. Whitson, in a corner, with a young man whose back was toward him. They were dancing, half-time to the music, in one small circle, looking at each other. As the man swayed round, Oliver saw his face and was instantly conscious of one of those reflexes which make the law which forbids carrying weapons a wise one.

THE man had a perfect face; his well-groomed hair, his satisfied eyes, his well-pleased mouth were exactly the sort that Oliver had swung at and hit very hard with his fist one famous night when he was still up at Cambridge. There had been no particular reason for the assault except that Oliver had been just a very little drunk and his distaste for the young man's face had grown until he felt he must take some sort of definite action.

Oliver turned away sharply. So that was the sort of man she liked? That paper doll. That perfect ass! Sybil danced by him, and he put out his cigarette and after a momentary qualm cut in on her.

"You do it very well," she told him. "But why the grim look? Do you hate all this, Beano? I'm so sorry."

"Not at all," said Oliver. "I think it's all lunatic but you know, the fact is, I rather like it. Tell me, Syb, is that the famous Norman Griggs over there? Behind me?"

"Yes," said Sybil after a moment.

"What a ghastly face," said Oliver pleasantly.

"Isn't it?" agreed Sybil, heartily. "He's so handsome he makes me sick. But you must admit Toni's carrying it off marvelously."

Oliver followed her eyes. "An excellent sense of drama," he remarked.

Sybil gave a little snort of disgust; then she was cut in on, and a few moments later the music stopped. Oliver, smoking again in the doorway, watched Toni, a little island in the middle of a sea of black shoulders, white shirt fronts and masculine faces. He found it hard to believe that her gayety was assumed. He also found it hard to stay where he was; he wanted to join the group. There was something of a shock in this discovery, but after a moment he realized that it was only a scientific interest that prompted his desire to be near her. He wanted to see how she did it.

Across the floor Toni's eyes met his. Before she turned away she gave him a half-amused, half-patronizing smile, casual, dismissing, infuriating. Oliver's jaw stiffened. Breeding? The girl was a little fool, spoiled, selfish. The best thing to do was to ignore her completely from now on. . . .

Suddenly he was conscious of feeling very tired. He looked around the dance floor for Henry, but Henry was nowhere to be seen. Well, there was nothing to do but stick it. Oliver leaned against the wall.

"Do you know what you look like when you look like that?" asked a small voice at his elbow. Oliver glanced down hastily. Toni's head reached to his shoulder, but she had a very small look that stirred his emotions in various directions.

"No," he said.

"Well, you look," said Toni, "as though you had arrived at a fancy-dress ball in court costume and everyone else had come as gorillas. You look as though you were traveling third-class for the first time in your life. You look perfectly obnoxious. And," said Toni, "you've been looking that way ever since you arrived, and I hate it. But I'm sorry I was so rude to you at dinner."

"Ah?" said Oliver.

"Ah," she agreed. "Oliver, please, please, please, will you take me out and drive me round in the car for a while?"

She turned and mechanically Oliver followed her. He was conscious only that he was not nearly so tired as he had imagined. It was surprising what the prospect of a little fresh air could do.

She climbed in beside him and they went down the driveway with the gravel chattering under the tires, and out onto the main road.

"Keep along here for about a mile and then turn to the right," she said. "I'll tell you where."

They drove in silence. Oliver needed all his attention, for driving on the right-hand side was a new experience and a rather unsettling one. When she told him to turn, he glanced down at her as he slowed up. The wind was blowing the hair out straight from her face. He tore his eyes back and glued them to the road, which was a dark one and narrow. After a while she told him to slow up again and he caught a glimpse ahead of the dark waters of the Sound. Then suddenly they came out onto a hard sandy place, with dunes rising ahead of them, and Oliver saw that the moon had come up and was lighting the beach to a pale, death-like gray.

SHE looked up at the bright, black sky.

"Turn off the motor," she said. "I want to sit for a little while. You can go off and leave me if you're going to be bored."

Oliver looked at her pale profile, and settled firmly into the seat.

"Thanks," he said. "I'll stay if I shan't bother you. Have a cigarette?"

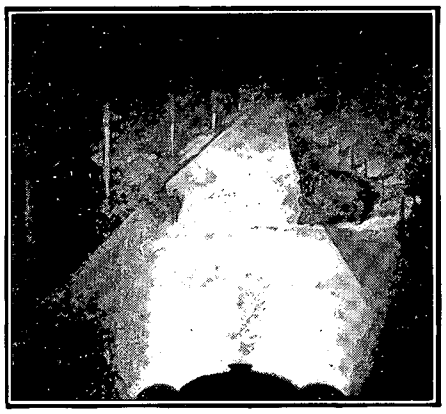
"No," said Toni. She leaned forward. "Oliver," she said, "I'm going to bawl."

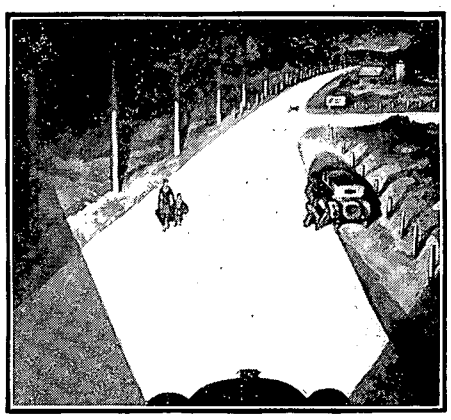
"Go ahead," said Oliver. "Here you are." He produced a large handkerchief from his pocket, which Toni took and proceeded to cry into in a wholehearted and unaffected way. The sight of her tumbled curly hair falling over the large white handkerchief with which she mopped her eyes and ineffectually blew her nose, upset Oliver as nothing else in the past twelve hours had. He put his arm around her, a little awkwardly, although he was not inexperienced. Toni put her head on his shoulder and cried quietly and thoroughly.

"I don't know why I do this," she said through a snuffle; "I can't bear the man and I never could. But it's such a horrid feeling—"

(Continued on page 52)

NEW KIND of ROADLIGHT!





TINY INVENTION NOW TURNS HEADLIGHTS INTO SEARCHLIGHTS —INSTANTLY!

At last! An invention that lights the road clear as day! Makes any headlights give at least twice the road illumination! Shoots an entirely new kind of "infused" light that banishes glare! Lights up the entire roadway, including ditches at the side! So new and uncanny that it amazes everyone. Now offered for introductory test to all who mail the 10-DAY TRIAL COUPON promptly!

Perfect-O-Lite astonishes expert and layman alike! Science at last has conquered the grief of night driving! Perfect-O-Lite even LOOKS different.

DOUBLES ROADLIGHT.. BUT ENDS DIMMING!

IT IS a well-known fact that motor car manufacturers have solved every big problem *except one*. As soon as the sun goes down at night, the highways of America break forth in a constant rushing stream of "dimming and damning." Speed is cut down one-third to one-half. Every Monday morning finds the highways littered with broken glass, wrecks, cars in the ditch, overturned, shattered against telephone posts. Every man who ever groped dizzily down the highway in traffic at night knows the horrible sensation of being half-blinded by cars on his left, unable to see the ditch on his right, his own light seeming dim and shadowy and practically worthless. Now, in a twinkling, this curse of night driving is lifted completely and *inexpensively* from the shoulders of the entire motoring world!

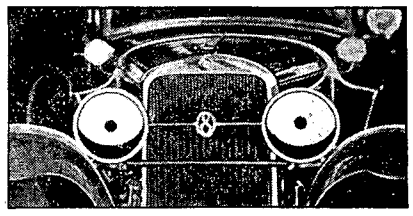
Fits Any Headlight . . . Lights Road Bright as Day

This new lighting discovery is called Perfect-O-Lite. It is not merely an improvement over old methods. Not a mere "attachment." It is a little invention that replaces the "bulbs" in your automobile headlights. No extra wiring or installation. Millions of motorists have invested from $10 to $25 or more in so-called "Spot" Lights and "Driving" Lights which at best are only makeshifts. This new lighting method costs only a tiny fraction as much yet actually DOES double road illumination. Banishes need for Glare Shields. Cuts through the other fellow's light, yet absolutely cannot glare in his eyes. Makes night driving at 40 to 50 miles an hour safe and easy. Makes ruts, animals, children, detour signs, etc., visible at least three times as far. Actually lights the road so far ahead that you could do 80 miles an hour and still see your way!

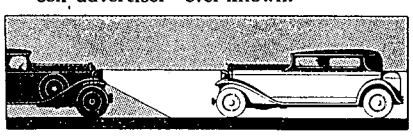
Make Your Own Test—Free

The secret of the amazing things this new light does is in the kind of "beam" or "ray" that it throws. Instead of ordinary light, this new invention pours a solid beam of double-reflected or "infused" light down the entire roadway. Shows up ditches at the side, as well as distant objects, absolutely clear, without the usual flickering "shadows." Space here limits further discussion of the facts about this discovery. Under an introductory offer you are now invited to be the judge and jury without risking one penny. The coupon brings full details of the invention, offer of a set on FREE TEST and facts about agent's money-making opportunities. Mail the coupon without obligation TODAY!

HACHMEISTER-LIND CO.
Dept. P-270 Pittsburgh, Pa.



Perfect-O-Lite even looks absolutely unique and entirely different. Every sale brings dozens more. It's the greatest "self-advertiser" ever known.



Throws all light on roadway. Shoots through fog, mist, rain and snow like magic!

AMAZING PROFITS OFFERED TO AGENTS!

This unquestionably opens up that chance for $8 to $14 your FIRST hour, $6,000 to $10,000 THIS year, with no limit WHATEVER for Distributors! Davis, Pa., reports profits of $1,400 in one week. Wallace & Tiernan, N.J., trucks just equipped. Big Texas newspaper orders for fleet. Blue and Gray Bus Line in W. Va., equips entire fleet. Other big orders flooding in. A real self-advertiser; each car equipped is seen by thousands. Start full or spare time. Use coupon for FREE TEST OFFER and get full details of Exclusive Territory, etc. Sales guaranteed. Mail coupon QUICK!

Hachmeister-Lind Co.,
Dept. P-270, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Rush details of your Free Test Offer, also send facts about agent's money-making opportunities, without obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

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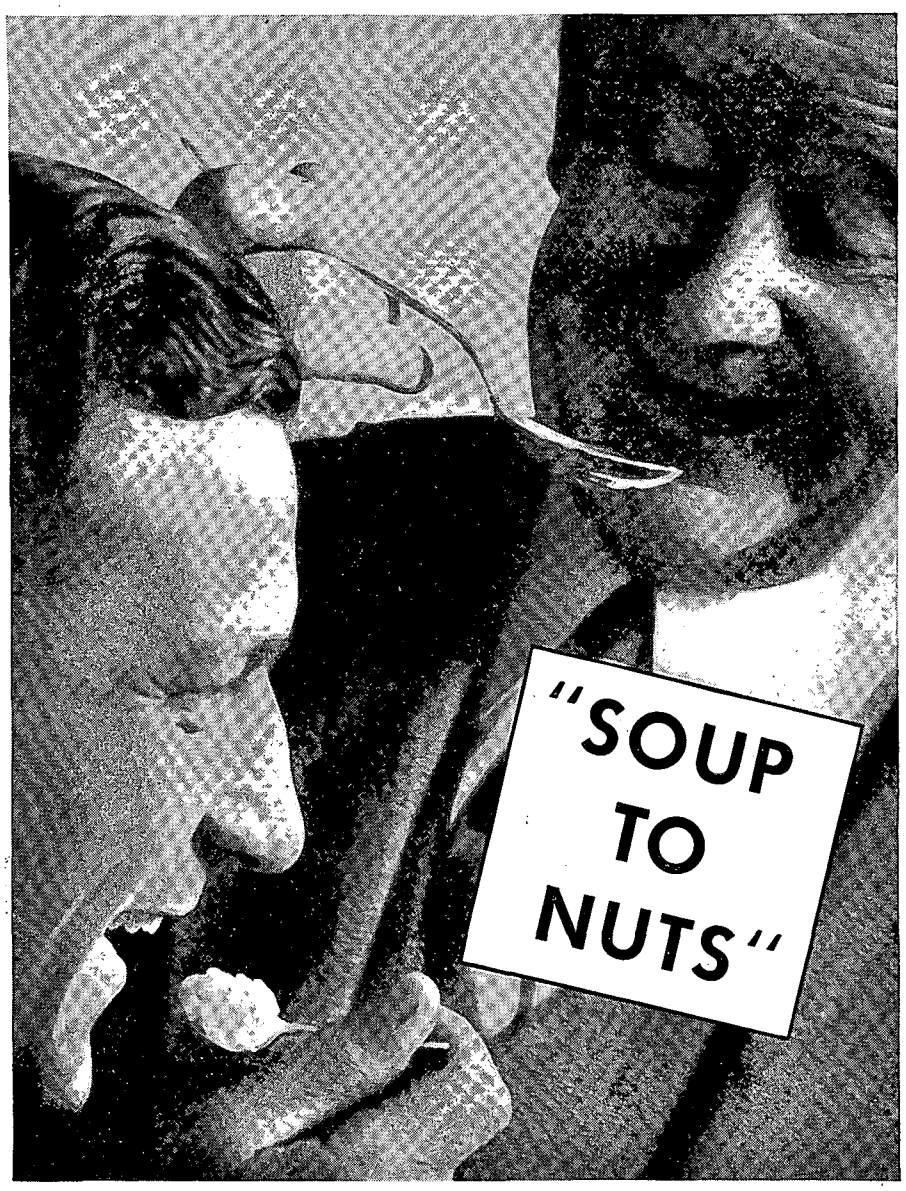


They Eat Everything Without Indigestion

BOB Smith and Harry Brown used to eat lunch together every day. Their friends poked fun at them because they had "fussy stomachs." But if they ate many of the foods they really liked best, they suffered with indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, acidity and gas.

Then Bob discovered Tums, the delightful new candy-like antacid mint that prevents and relieves indigestion. He was quick to tell Harry about the wonderful results. Now they laughingly say, "Soup to nuts—we eat everything. One day it's hamburger, the next it's mince pie. Favorite foods such as hot biscuits, cabbage, onions, coffee bring no bad after effects." They enjoy smoking a lot more, too, because there is no fear of discomfort.

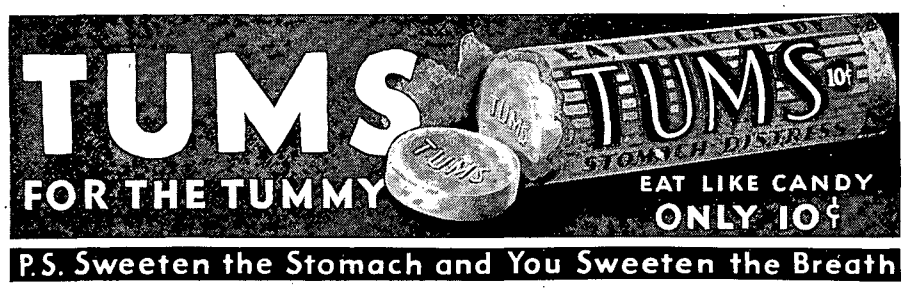
Almost everyone (about 7 out of every 10 Americans) is at times distressed by indigestion due to wrong food combinations, hurried eating, nervous strain, excessive smoking, etc. When some favorite food distresses you or some other cause brings on that burning sourness or that nauseating gassy fullness, simply eat three or four Tums after meals—often one is enough.

GET 2 ROLLS FREE

Thousands of people are buying Tums *in the convenient $1.00 box containing 12 rolls—thus getting 2 rolls free.*

You'll like Tums. These delightfully refreshing antacid mints are so much more agreeable and handy than old-fashioned disagreeable preparations. Always carry Tums in pocket or purse. Get a roll at any drug store—only 10c.

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . . NOT A LAXATIVE.



(*Continued from page 51*)

Oliver sat and smoked and watched the moonlight glinting on the little waves and wondered how he could be so heartless as to feel happy when a really delightful, if utterly misguided girl so obviously was not.

"Well," said Toni, in a stuffed-up voice, "I f-feel a little better. Quite a lot better. Thank you." Oliver watched her while she powdered her nose by moonlight and ran a tiny comb through her blown curls.

She looked up at him. "I didn't know you were like this," she said. "You looked so darned supercilious I wanted to hit you. When did you change?"

"*I* didn't change!" Oliver was startled. "You're the person who's changed. And really, *you* can't say anything about being supercilious. . . . I wanted to smack you." He paused and laughed.

"What is it?" asked Toni.

"I was planning to give you a lesson and teach you some manners, that's all."

"And this is the way you do it!" Toni laughed, too. "Oliver, will you go swimming with me early tomorrow morning? Really early, I mean?"

SHE watched him intently. "Love it," Oliver replied promptly.

"I love to go swimming early," said Toni, looking out toward Long Island, "and cook and buy clothes. But I hate to wash dishes and pay bills. That's a horrid nature, isn't it?"

"I," said Oliver, "could pay the bills. And the cook could wash the dishes."

There was a moment when it seemed as though a tremendous wave had dashed over him, leaving him breathless. What had he said?

"Well," he said, his eyes on the dashboard, "shall we go back?"

"Let's," she said, conversationally. And, as he started the motor, "What frightful cowards Englishmen are, aren't they?" She laughed.

"Do you think so?" Oliver asked coolly, backing the car. "Perhaps you prefer your namby-pamby gentleman with the tailor's-dummy face and his preference for other women?"

He turned the car carefully and started it down the dark road, but all the time the blood was singing in his ears.

My God, Oliver Tenant! he shouted at himself. What a thing to say! What a rotten, low-down thing to say! If this is what America does for you, you can go home tomorrow. . . . I will go home tomorrow, he decided.

"Yes," she said, "I do prefer Norman Griggs. I loathe him, but I prefer him to any cautious, conceited Englishman alive!"

Oliver pressed the accelerator suddenly, and the car leaped forward. Oliver only slowed when the corner was in sight, and then rushed on again. Above the wind that calm, cold little voice said:

"So afraid of looking foolish—or being taken seriously—so contemptuous of anything but themselves and their own nasty, tight little ideas— The women are all right, but the men—"

"Yes, the women are all right," Oliver said viciously. "They're simply splendid—"

"But the men—" Toni said, "the men—well, I prefer Norman Griggs!"

Oliver whirled up the graveled driveway of the club and slammed the brakes on. Toni was out of the car and halfway up the steps of the porch before he could open the door. Then he saw her stop suddenly. Above her, under the single light in the roof of the porch, two people stood out—a man and a woman.

Oliver's steps crunched on the gravel, and the woman's laugh mingled with the sound.

"My dear!" Mrs. Whitson threw back her pretty throat. "You're too late! The party's over!"

"Stopped fifteen minutes ago," smiled Norman Griggs. "Tough luck, Toni."

Oliver looked up from the foot of the steps into that pleased, perfect face. Mrs. Whitson glanced down at him archly, but Oliver saw only the perfect face and Toni's gallant smile.

"Oh, we didn't want to have the last dance," she said. "I only came back to get my jacket. . . ."

Oliver felt warmer and warmer. They would all say now—all the spiteful, catty women like Helen Whitson—that Toni Delafield hadn't been able to face the last dance. They would say she had taken her new Englishman out to console her. Oliver had no idea how he knew all these things would be said, but as the warmness increased, and his right hand began to ache a little, he was sure he was right.

"Well, Mr.—er—, how do you like America? A bit wild for you?" inquired that perfect face blandly.

"Would you mind stepping down here?" Oliver was charmingly polite.

Norman stepped down, surprise on his features, leaving Mrs. Whitson and Toni on the top step.

"Do you know," said Oliver, and the warmness had reached the back of his eyeballs, "that I think you're an utter ass? I can't think what Toni sees in you, but she must see something. As for me, your face makes me long to punch you."

Norman glanced upward hastily, and then back at Oliver.

"You've been drinking," he said. "It's this American gin. . . ."

"Not a drop," Oliver replied coldly. "I can't bear it. Nor your face."

"Now, see here—" Norman began.

"You let Toni down," Oliver said coldly. "Well, I'm going to let you down, and I want to tell you beforehand that I know it's foolish. So don't come around and tell me afterward."

"What—" said Norman, and Oliver's fist caught him in the mouth.

The most delightful thrill of accomplishment, almost voluptuous, sang up Oliver's arm and into his brain. He looked upon Norman sitting stupidly in some shrubbery and beckoned to Toni.

"Come along," he said. Toni came, looking a little white and large-eyed.

BEHIND them, as he started the car, there was a small commotion. Mrs. Whitson was chattering, and Norman was trying to talk. Oliver drove the car down the driveway again and out onto the road toward home. Toni sat beside him, silent. After a moment or two, Oliver looked down at her again. Two large tears were rolling down her face.

She was sorry for that awful Griggs. And with that the exciting sense of accomplishment seeped out of Oliver.

He turned into the side road and up the Delafield's driveway. He stopped the car and turned off the engine.

"I'm a complete fool," said Oliver, "ever to have come to this crazy country."

"Are you sorry you came?" asked Toni.

"Are you?" he asked.

"Dignified and careful to the end," said Toni. Oliver put his arm across the back of the seat.

"*Are* you?" asked Oliver. Toni looked up at him with pleading in her blue eyes.

"Oliver," she said, "I want to live in London. London is so sensible and quiet. Please, Oliver, after we—if we—couldn't we—"

"Just as you say," said Oliver, drawing her closer, "but, you know, I rather like it here."

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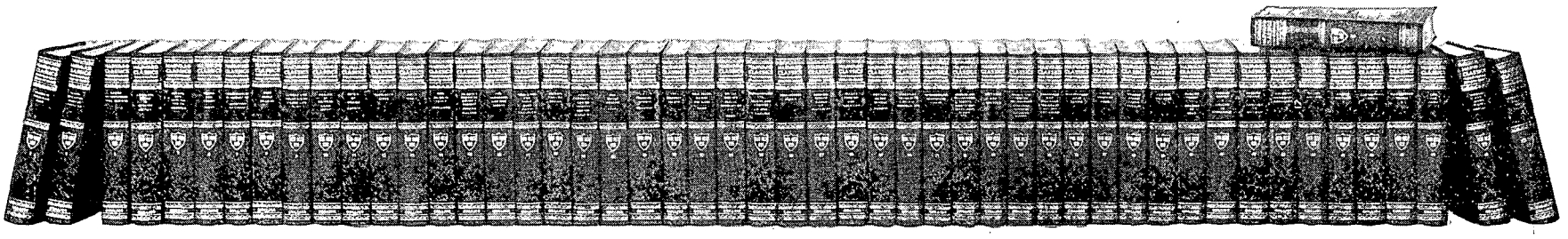
The HARVARD CLASSICS

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

The Beautiful New Home Library Edition



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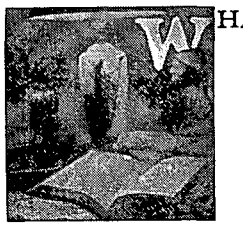

WHAT should a family's first investment be? Bonds? A home? Insurance? There is one thing even more vital than these. Their future success and happiness depend principally upon his and her mental growth. Will people feel that she is worth knowing? Will men in business be impressed with his range of information, his capacity to think clearly and talk well? Their future depends on the solution of these questions.

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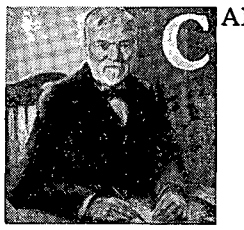

CARNEGIE knew the value of millions; but there was one thing which he valued even more. As a young man he worked for Colonel Anderson, a man of wide culture and fine tastes. Colonel Anderson took an interest in him, welcomed him to his library, guided him in his reading and choice of books.

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MANNERS alone are not the key to social success. Good manners are always an asset; but good manners alone will open no doors and lead to no delightful friendships. A well-behaved bore has no chance to keep step in the swift march of American social and business life. The time has passed when the untutored man can reach the heights of success. This is the day of the well-read man.

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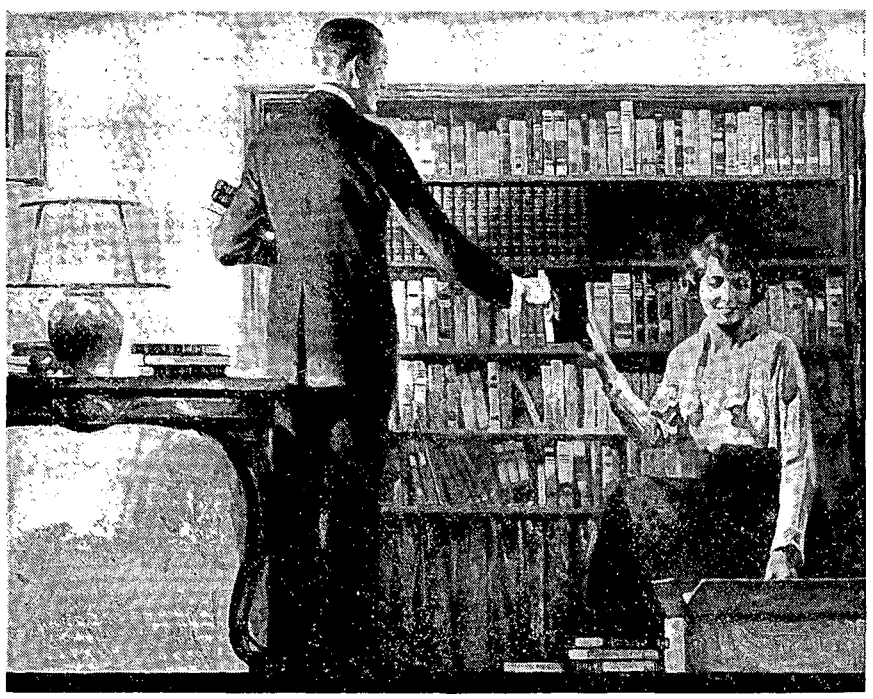

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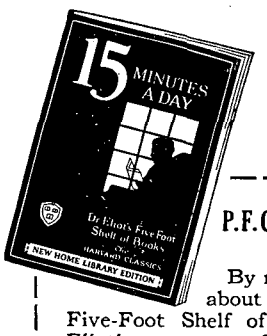

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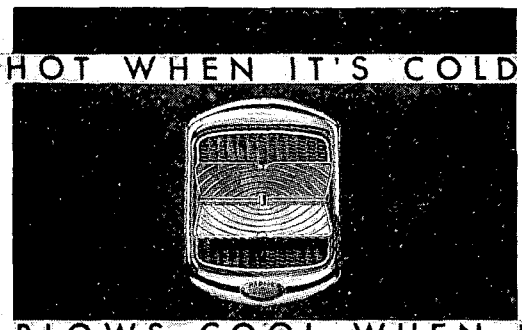
BLOWS HOT WHEN IT'S COLD



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INEXPENSIVE
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Desert Utopia

Continued from page 13

violations, of course, but not many."

The residents of the city will have no vote. They will be incarcerated, if the need arises, in a jail which will be part of one of the public buildings. They will be tried for offenses before a United States commissioner with special powers and they will, should the gruesome penalty be necessary, be hanged on a Federal gallows instead of being executed in the lethal gas chamber whereby Nevada inflicts her happily rare instances of capital punishment. There is but one exception to the supersedure of Nevada law: if a Boulderite commits a crime beyond the boundaries of the reservation he can be arrested by state authorities within its limits. He can also be served in a civil action. All in all, Boulder City is going to be a bad place for the wicked.

But Las Vegas, only twenty-five miles distant, is prepared to accommodate the population of Nevada's second city.

Sin on the Highway

The road from Boulder City to Las Vegas—more accurately, from the stretch of sand and sagebrush where the city will rise—was once a characteristic Nevada highway. It was rough and so filled with corrugations that the most reckless of sin-bound drivers could scarcely make the trip in less than an hour and a half. In preparation for the traffic to the dam, however, the government has constructed an excellent road and this will make the journey swift and safe. It will offer assurance of a satisfactory drive in, but the best of roads may be dangerous after a round of Las Vegas speakeasies.

Gambling will be forbidden within the gates of Boulder City, but early in the summer the foundation was laid for the nearest of the gambling halls which will soon line the highway. The commissioners of Clark County recently issued another gambling license for the new hall which is located about a mile from Utopia. It will, no doubt, be the first stop on the road to ruin and Mr. Cramton's police will have no power to interfere.

There will be other resorts. Five or six miles from Boulder City, only half hidden in the lush green of a small oasis, is a cooling rendezvous where beer can be obtained for thirty-five cents the growler. A few miles farther on, the skeleton of another gambling place has been rising. There are rumors that twenty of the most provocative girls from Las Vegas' Block 16 will be established at another roadhouse, and plans are under way for the necessary number of speakeasies. Not all of the preparations are thus sordid, however. One really excellent casino, The Meadows, is already operating on the outskirts of Las Vegas and is comparable to The Willows at Reno. A dance orchestra plays for the diners and the gaming rooms are pleasantly cheerful. As far as I could see, no liquor was sold.

Frank and Louis Carnero, two young Italians from Los Angeles, are the owners of The Meadows and they view with some doubt, as the leaders in their line of business should, the fly-by-night gambling joints which are springing into existence. The Carneros have already invested close to $100,000. They have a landing field for airplanes, and an addition to their hotel will soon accommodate at least one hundred guests. A swimming pool and saddle horses will be provided. They are interested in the growth of Boulder City, of course, but they also hope that some of the divorce business can be diverted from Reno.

For six long years, until 1938, work will be humming at Hoover Dam. This means an influx of laborers, engineers, sightseers, and congressmen traveling on government expense accounts to see that the appropriation of $165,000,000 is being wisely spent.

The Six Companies, moving fast in the firm intention of completing Hoover Dam ahead of schedule, have outstripped the construction of the city. They are transporting their water by tank car from Las Vegas. The one thousand men already at work are living, as best they can, in temporary quarters. No longer is the desert deserted. A spur of the Union Pacific has been built from Las Vegas and each morning there arrives a shining Pullman sleeper from Los Angeles. Yard engines puff back and forth with cars of lumber, machinery and dynamite. Trucks rumble over hastily built roads in the flickering heat and when the wind is right the sound of blasting echoes from the river.

But Boulder City itself, with paved streets and churches, with a fire department, bus terminals and a motion-picture theater, seems as improbable as a mirage. In a year, however, it will have been built; new and shining, with a faint odor of paint, in the blue-white brilliance of the desert. It will house most of the employees of the Big Six, and as many of their families as may decide to settle there. It will, if expectations are fulfilled, be slightly larger than Las Vegas; bigger than either Tonopah or Carson City, the state capital.

If it seems quite mad to build a city in the center of the desert when a temporary construction camp might serve, the dam itself is a project even more fantastic. Plans have been under way ever since 1876 to irrigate California's Imperial Valley from the Colorado's flood of water. In 1892, the river was tapped about a mile from the Mexican border, but in 1905 this resulted in a costly flood.

Two years later, President Roosevelt initiated further studies and these, after interminable delays, resulted in recommendations for a dam at Boulder Canyon, where the river forms the Arizona-Nevada boundary.

125° in the Shade

With Frank T. Crowe, general superintendent for the Six Companies, in command, both dirt and rock are beginning to fly. Today it is impossible to reach the dam site except by power launches which carry the workmen back and forth through the treacherous river currents. The first task is the construction of a railroad to transport men and materials and this is being hewn and blasted into the walls of the canyon on the Nevada side. Next, the entire river will have to be diverted from its bed through four huge tunnels bored in the cliffs. It will be four years before work on the dam itself has started.

By 1938, however, the largest dam in the world will rise 732 feet above the river bed. It will be 650 feet in thickness at the base and 45 feet at the top. It will contain enough concrete, 3,400,000 cubic yards, to build a highway from San Francisco to Chicago. The dam will form a lake 120 miles long and 70 feet deep, and from this giant will come irrigation water for 500,000 acres in Nevada, Arizona and California, water for thirsty Los Angeles, and at least 500 000 horsepower in electricity.

The searing heat of the desert, the

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remoteness of the dam site from any center of population and the length of time to be consumed in building Hoover Dam were the basic reasons for Boulder City. This is no ordinary heat which blazes down on the arid stretches through which the Colorado River has torn its canyon east of Las Vegas. At the level of the river, where most of the work will be done, workmen have already died from heat prostration and scores have collapsed.

One hundred and twenty-five degrees in the shade is not unusual. When the thermometer is at 100 or 110, the day is judged cool. Nor does the night bring much relief. The overhanging cliffs and the boulders which have crumbled off through the ages bake in the sun and store up heat with an efficiency which puts city pavements to shame. They are still warm when morning comes.

A City on Paper

During long months while the engineers of the Reclamation Bureau made their first surveys, it became obvious that living conditions at the river were unendurable. Moreover, there was no space for an adequate construction camp. The cliffs rose for a thousand feet on both the Arizona and Nevada sides. Proper sanitation would be difficult if not impossible.

Faced by these reports from its men, the Interior Department announced that Boulder City would be established. Experts discovered a site about seven miles west of the river and twenty-five miles east of Las Vegas which had the most satisfactory climate. Here was an altitude of 2,500 feet above sea level and 1,850 feet above the river. It was 470 feet higher than Las Vegas and was exposed to the few breezes that blow across the torrid desert.

Far from ideal, the temperature at this location was estimated to be from ten to twenty degrees lower than at the river. Thus, when the workmen return at the end of the day from the swelter of 125 degrees, they can relax in the cool of a mere 100. A few of the men, if they preferred, would be permitted to live in shacks on the river, but the contract with the Six Companies provided that eighty per cent must live in Boulder City.

Having decided to build it, Uncle Sam was not niggardly about the cost. His share, which includes no buildings except the public ones, will be about $2,000,000. Almost $450,000, for example, will go for a water system; it will be necessary to pump water from the Colorado up a grade of 2,000 feet and across the seven miles of prairie. Before it can be used, the water will have to be filtered and purified. Paving the streets will come to $486,000. The sewerage system will cost $150,000 and the lighting system $51,000.

Buildings in the business section of Boulder City will be paid for by the merchants who use them. The Six Companies will erect their own structures, as will private individuals who desire to build homes. Except for accommodations for government employees concerned with the dam, Uncle Sam will rent land alone. The average rental for a business lot will be about $300 a year and for a residential lot $120.

Boulder City has been planned to the last detail—a sort of laboratory Utopia. The average city grows over a long period of time, from crossroads to hamlet, to town, and then to the status of a city. Its problems are always faced too late, and then changes are expensive. At Boulder City, such municipal worries as automobile parking, fire protection, industrial and residential zoning, parks and playgrounds, have been considered before a single street was surveyed.

So thoroughly has the design been worked out that even today, although the site is distinguishable from the prairie only by a huge, empty water tank and the buildings of the Big Six, it is possible to visualize the Boulder City of 1932. Coming from Las Vegas, one will drive along Nevada Highway past residential sections. Continuing for two thirds of a mile and crossing Wyoming, Arizona and Colorado Streets, one comes to a terminus at Wilbur Park, named in honor of the Secretary of the Interior. Here there will be a swimming pool and trees; perhaps, later, some tennis courts.

Beyond the park will be located the administration building of the Bureau of Reclamation. This is the apex of a triangle of which Nevada Highway is one arm. The other is Utah Street, and the base is New Mexico Street. Colorado and Arizona Streets, farther south in the triangle, will be the main business center of Boulder City and here will be the spaces for automobile parking.

There will be a residential center toward the south and a more exclusive one, where the engineers and superintendents can build if they choose, at the northeast. The buildings of the Big Six are already going up in the southwestern corner.

When the physical layout of Boulder City has been provided, it will be necessary to consider the problem of administration. It is doubtful that this Utopia will be entirely self-supporting. Estimates show a probable annual budget of $192,000 for salaries, interest on the investment, electric nower, maintenance and repairs. There is no provision, apparently, for reduction of the debt. On the income side will be $24,000 from electric revenue, $54,000 from rentals, and $35,000 from the sale of water. With the $60,000 annual rental which the Six Companies will pay, the total receipts will be $173,000.

At that, a deficit of $20,000 a year is not large for any city, nor is it certain that this cannot be made up by taxation. The Interior Department has been noncommittal on the subject of taxation and it is, at all events, a matter in which the Boulderites will have no voice. Actually, the Secretary of the Interior will be the ruler, but he will delegate his powers to a board of commissioners.

Digging for Pay-Roll Dirt

Almost 4,000 people, their eyes on the $100,000 weekly pay roll, have pondered the wisdom of starting in business in Boulder City. Six barbers were anxious to start tonsorial parlors where the drillers and powder men, who shave on the average of once a week, could have their hair trimmed. A chiropractor and several doctors wanted to iron out the aches caused by hard labor. Every variety of tradesman, from filling-station operator to the proprietor of a ladies' specialty shop carrying lingerie and silk stockings, has declared a willingness to abandon Massachusetts or South Carolina or New York and dig for pay-roll dirt on the Nevada desert.

Having first ordered that Boulder City should be dry, Secretary Wilbur made plans for its orderly growth. This, too, is part of the task faced by the qualifications of the merchants and professional men who may, at some future date, sing jovial songs at the luncheons of the Boulder City Rotary Club. No one will be allowed in except on permit from him. To the four thousand applicants who have thus far signified their willingness to come, he has been rather bearish. The climate is vile, he has declared in a circular mailed to all of them. The Big Six will conduct a commissary which will compete with

(Continued on page 56)

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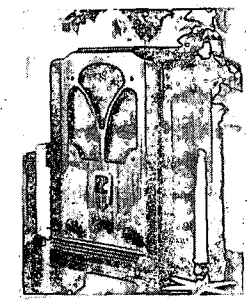

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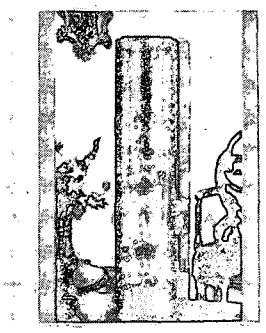

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STRIKE A NEW STYLE NOTE

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(Continued from page 55)

the town merchants. The surrounding country is uninhabited desert and cannot be considered as a possible source of trade.

The merchants and professional men who qualify in Mr. Cramton's opinion will, however, be granted permits. In general, two licenses will be issued in each classification, further to insure competition.

Uncle Sam Takes a Chance

Among the fifty applicants who appear to have passed the preliminary tests, although no final decisions have been made, are all the tradesmen required for a city of five thousand or six thousand. By the end of this year there will doubtless be drug stores and filling stations, barber shops, markets, automobile agencies, laundries, and radio supply stores. In due time a Rotary Club and a Chamber of Commerce will follow and Bigger Boulder City, the Town That Was Built in a Year, will erect on Nevada Highway a "Thank You; Come Again" sign.

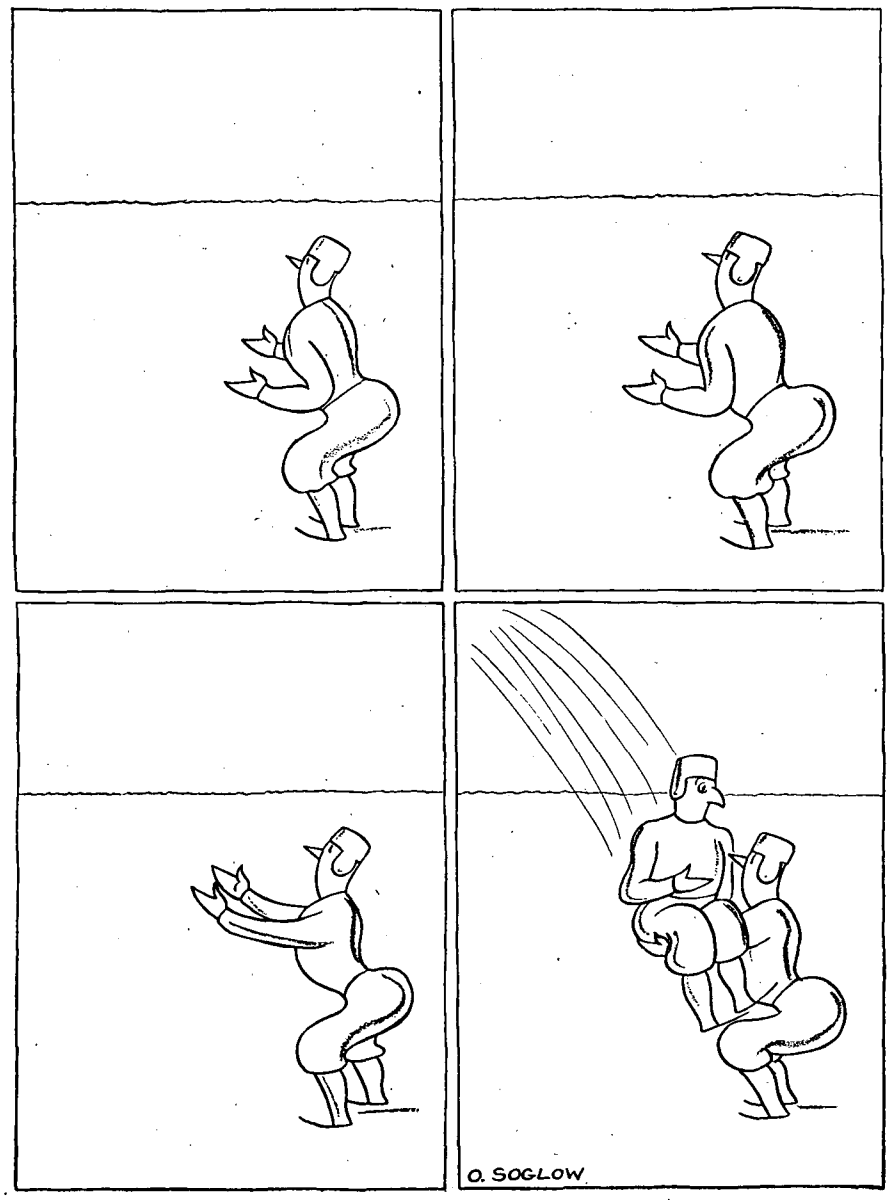
On the other hand, it may not. Uncle Sam, so sternly disapproving on the subject of gambling, is not quite innocent himself. A temporary construction camp with paved streets, electric lights and parks and costing $2,000,000 would be the height of absurdity. The employees of the Six Companies could be comfortably housed and provision made for their families at one quarter the cost. It would not be necessary to build schools and churches, to lay out swimming pools. Uncle Sam is gambling that Boulder City will continue to flourish after the dam has been completed in 1938, and the old gentleman, if the testimony of his aides on the scene means anything, is sometimes a little worried that his Utopia may vanish after the work is completed.

"Sometimes," said Cramton, "I think this job of mine is exciting and important. It's a unique assignment; building a city. Other times I think there won't be any city." As he said this, the former congressman looked depressed. Then he squared his shoulders. "My moments of discouragement don't last," he added.

Uncle Sam hopes that Boulder City will live. He assures himself that thousands of tourists will flock to Boulder City to see the greatest dam on earth. He knows that the road to be built across the top of the dam will be one of the routes by which east- and west-bound automobile traffic will cross the Colorado River. The vast lake, to stretch for 120 miles, will in time have small excursion steamers on it, and it is not improbable that summer and winter resorts will spring up along the banks. A final possibility is that some large industry, seeing the advantages of the extremely cheap power which will be available in Boulder City, will locate there.

For seven years, at all events, this will be one of Nevada's infrequent cities. Then, if all the expectations fail, the Spanish cottages will be deserted. The police force will disband. Sand will be blown about by the hot winds until Arizona and Colorado Streets have been buried, and the sagebrush and the cactus have again taken root on Nevada Highway.

The only residents of Boulder City will be the government employees who will operate the dam, and the town will join the ranks of those other, less Utopian, cities of the Nevada desert where silver and gold brought brief but energetic life. It will become another Virginia City, another Goldfield.



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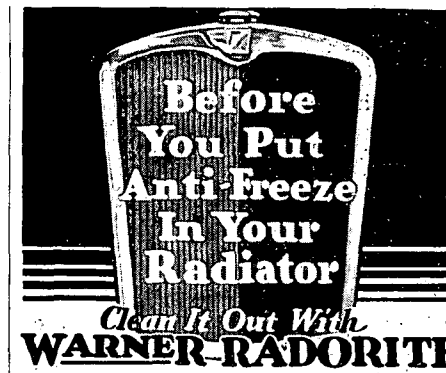

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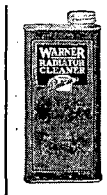

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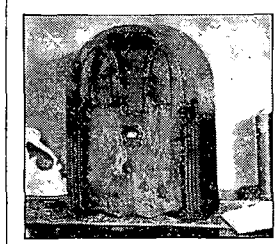

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Irish Eyes

Continued from page 19

"But he writes ye?"

"I haven't had a letter from him, honestly."

"Do you write him, Sheila?"

"No, and I haven't telephoned him. Honestly, Ma."

Mrs. Carscadden was still dissatisfied.

"Yu're wastin' yure time thinkin' about him, Sheila."

Sheila fenced.

"How do you know I'm thinking about him?"

"Wit' a nice young lady like Miss Kennedy, why wud he cast his eye about for a better?"

"Why—why, indeed?" Sheila agreed mildly, clearing her throat.

"An' you meanwhile breakin' yure hear'rt. I know why yu're actin' like you do!" Mrs. Carscadden, with an air of clinching the argument, said. She got up and carried her bowl and platter to the kitchen.

"SHEILA CARSCADDEN," Angela said instantly, when they were alone, "you had a wire this morning."

"I know it. But Ma only asked about letters."

"All right," Angela said, in displeasure, "if you want to lie."

"I didn't lie!"

"You practically did," Angela persisted.

Sheila's expression grew suddenly disarming and young.

"Listen, Angie. I was knocked completely in a heap when I got it. I—" she interrupted herself. "How'd you know it was from Frank McCann?" she demanded.

"I didn't read it, if that's what you mean," Angela answered. "But the way you've been acting since it came—" she explained eloquently.

"I know—" Sheila murmured, looking away.

"You've been talking character for weeks now," the younger sister pursued. "You've been horribly quiet—we've all seen it. You've jumped whenever anyone spoke to you, and you've gone off into sort of dreamy states—"

"I know," Sheila admitted again, still staring into space with tranced eyes.

"And I *knew* it was Frank!" Angela concluded triumphantly.

The other girl spoke slowly:

"I've known all along that it was Frank."

"And in his wire—Sheila, do you think he likes you?" Angela demanded eagerly.

"Angela, I don't know. He only says, 'Coming to see you Sunday.'"

"Tomorrow?"

"I guess so."

"Is he going to marry Miss Kennedy, Sheila?"

"I don't know."

"Ma will pass out when she hears he's coming!" Angela predicted in a silence. "She has a fit if anyone even says McCann. I think she's afraid that if anything more happens we'll get bounced out of here and have to go back."

"If ever we're kicked out of this house," Sheila said, "I'll work and I'll slave, I'll wash motor-cars if I have to, but somehow I'll get back here again! Other people have come up in the world, and why shouldn't we? These lower apartments rent for thirty-two fifty, well—what of it? That's no rent!"

"Oh, Sheila," Angela murmured, awed.

"Judge McCann didn't have a cent when he came to this country. He told me so. His mother brought him here when he was eight, and he and his brother Frank used to go out nights after wood."

"Sheila, what'll you do if Frank McCann is just coming down here to tell you he's going to be married?" the younger sister asked after a silence.

"I thought of that."

"But after all, why should he?" Angela asked sensibly.

"It's just one of the things he *would* do," Sheila mused. "Well," she added, with spirit, "he'll not see me lose my nerve!"

"But will you feel—terribly, Sheila?" Angela asked timidly, after another pause.

Sheila brought her gaze back from far spaces.

"Oh, Angela, it will be *very* hard," she answered, simply.

It was not fifteen minutes later that Angela called.

"Sheila!"

"Woo-hoo!" Sheila returned, from the depths of the house.

"Mr. McCann is here!" Angela shouted.

"Mr. McCann *what?*" (There were hairpins in Sheila's mouth.)

"Mr. McCann is here."

"Yes, he is!" Sheila said in a clearer tone. "Well, amuse him until I put on some lipstick. Dance and sing to him, dear, and give him a sweet kiss!" she added. And quite audibly she went on, "Ma, I'm mixed up with those McCann boys again!"

"God forbid!" Mrs. Carscadden's voice said fervently.

"I really am, Ma."

"There's worse things than death, if the truth were known," the older woman observed solemnly.

"Sheila!" Angela called sharply. "Mr. McCann really *is* here!"

"What!" they could hear Sheila gasp in a sharp whisper. She came to the door of the sun porch; she saw him, tall and dark and smiling. "Well, really, Angela," she said, in the last stage of horror and exasperation. "*Really!*"

"Well, what else could I do?" Angela retorted, aggrieved.

"I don't know what you'll think—I never dreamed—I wish I could remember what I said—how are you?" Sheila said, looking so lovely in her confusion and pleasure and anger that Frank gave an embarrassed laugh, and stammered on his own account as he greeted her.

"You didn't say anything, except that your sister was to dance and sing for me, which she hasn't done."

MRS. CARSCADDEN now majestically adding herself to the group, Frank addressed himself to her in tones not quite loud enough to drown out her scathing observation to Sheila to the effect that perhaps now, she, Sheila, wouldn't feel it necessary to wake the dead when anyone called her a message.

"I did say Sunday in my wire," Frank admitted, "but today was such a heavenly day, and I was free—"

"There was nothing said to me of a telegram," Mrs. Carscadden assured him. "That's the manners of today," she continued. "They'd niver tell you annything, the lot of them. My own good mother'd niver have a dispatch—an' it was few she had, thanks be to God, for ivery last wan of them had death in the fir'rst wor'rd of it—but she'd niver have one of them that the whole lot of us wouldn't run to her like a flock of bir'rds. We kep' nothin' from her, nor she from us."

"Telegrams used to mean trouble, Pop

(Continued on page 58)

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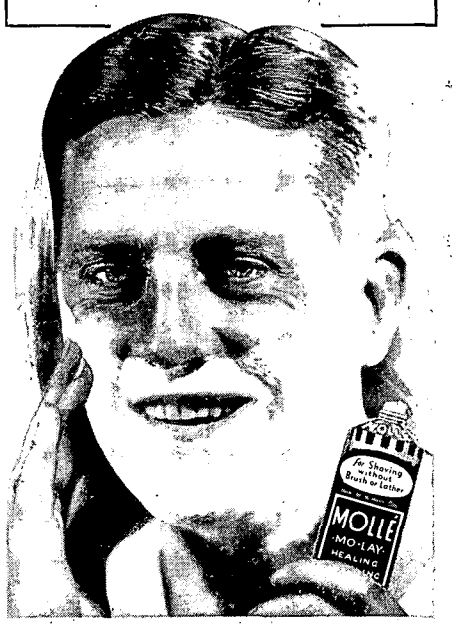

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(*Continued from page 57*)

says," Frank contributed cheerfully.

"Children mane throuble," Mrs. Carscadden instantly amended it. "That one, now," she went on, with a dark glance at Sheila, "she'd drag the whole family into it like a dog draggin' a tablecloth!"

"Mamma, you don't believe that," Sheila protested.

"It's up in flyin' machines, off in cars, onto roofs—she'll leap into annything!" pursued the mother.

"Sheila will," Frank said simply, looking at her.

"What makes it harder for my mother, Frank," Sheila said seriously, looking at him with shining blue eyes, under the fringe of bang, "is that she belonged to such an extraordinary family, herself. They lived in Ireland, the land of the martyrs. Their one thought was how they could be more saintly, and a cross word you'd never hear from Epiphany to Christmas! When they could hardly toddle they were all down on their little bare knees begging my grandmother to let them go over to church, and when a fair came along, what'd they all do but trot poor little barley-sugar pennies off to God's holy poor. Visions were an everyday thing with my Aunt Maggie—"

SEATED as she was on the arm of her mother's chair, she could not see Mrs. Carscadden's face, but Sheila sensed the danger in the air and interrupted herself to lay her own exquisite laughing face against her mother's hair, and widen her eyes at Angela and Frank.

"If you know all that," said the matron scathingly, "and if you've had yure supper, you may as well call it a day!"

"Ma, isn't that all true?"

"It's truer than a great deal you'll say before you die, me dear'r."

"Mad, Ma?" Sheila coaxed her, at the same time pressing a sharp thumb nail into the small of her mother's back with a force that would have caused a less experienced person to cry aloud. Mrs. Carscadden rose.

"Angela," she said instantly, like the good mother she was, "will ye step into the back room there wit' me, dear'r, whilst I'd pin up the little cur'rtains?"

"Let me help!" Frank offered.

"I wud, indade, Mr. McCann. But 'twill on'y take us the second of a second! An' how's yure good mamma?" Mrs. Carscadden asked politely, in retreat.

"She's fine, thank you. She was perfectly delighted," Frank said, "with Angela's letter about the new house."

"Do we *love* it!" Sheila exclaimed.

"We'll be back," her mother said, departing with Angela. Frank and Sheila were alone.

"Do you honestly like it?" Frank said then.

"Like it! We're perfectly mad about it. Having the corner, do you see—we'll always have floods of sun. The joke is," Sheila went on nervously, "that my sister Marg'ret and her husband, Louis Shea, came down last Sunday, and now *they* want to get down in this neighborhood, and Neely's wife's mother lives only three blocks away, so *she's* down with the baby all the time, and now Joe and Ceely are looking at the upper flats, in the middle of the block—"

"You're talking to keep me from talking," Frank said, as she paused for breath.

Sheila stopped; dropped abashed eyes.

"I suppose I am."

There was a silence.

"One thing I came to tell you was," Frank began, "that Bernadette sailed for Italy last night."

"Oh?"

"She and her brother have been planning it for years, and—our plans," Frank hesitated, "sort of knocked it in the head. They were delighted to go. She was laughing—honestly. I went down to the boat, and she was—I've never seen Dette so gay. She said to me, 'This is more fun than our engagement party, Frank!'"

"She didn't."

"Yes, she did. I think she felt relieved," Frank persisted.

"But it wouldn't have mattered," he said, after a silence. "It wouldn't—it couldn't—have mattered how she felt, because I—I couldn't have gone on with it."

Sheila said nothing.

"I knew it," Frank went on, "on Palm Sunday. I knew—why Bernadette and I could wait five years to get married. I knew that if you can wait at all, there's something wrong. You were smart enough to know that. I wasn't."

"I?" Sheila asked thickly.

"Yes—you told me that."

She had been sitting on an old kitchen chair with a rodded back; now Frank drew near it the box on which Angela had been sitting, and sat down and laid one hand on her own locked hands, on her knee.

"It's—that way—with me," he said.

Sheila raised thick eyelashes, with a little effort, and looked at him.

"The world's split in two for me," the man said, as she made no effort to reply, but continued to look at him steadily through the black fringe of her lashes. "They're all laughing at me at home; I don't care. I want to tell everyone I meet about you. I can't eat; I'm crazy. And it isn't only you, Sheila, it's everything. One of the fellows in the office is just married, and I was talking to him yesterday and thinking what a *miracle* it must be to go home to your wife—"

"I know—" Sheila said in the pause, gazing at him with round, fascinated eyes, like a child.

"I'm not going to rush you," Frank said. "But you have to know—you must know—that you seem to me the most miraculously—well, I've never known anyone like you! You're—I can't help it, I'm crazy about you!

"There's no rush," he went on, as Sheila still did not speak. "We needn't tell anyone for weeks. But let me come take you to shows, let me come down—you don't have to say anything to your mother until this time next month, if you don't want to!"

"Next month—" Sheila said, finding her voice. "I think it'll be four years before Ma wants to hear the name of McCann!"

HER hands were locked in Frank's big hands; now she moved her fingers. He held her for one last question.

"Sheila, tell me, are you happy?"

"Happy!" she echoed, trying to smile. Tears came into her eyes.

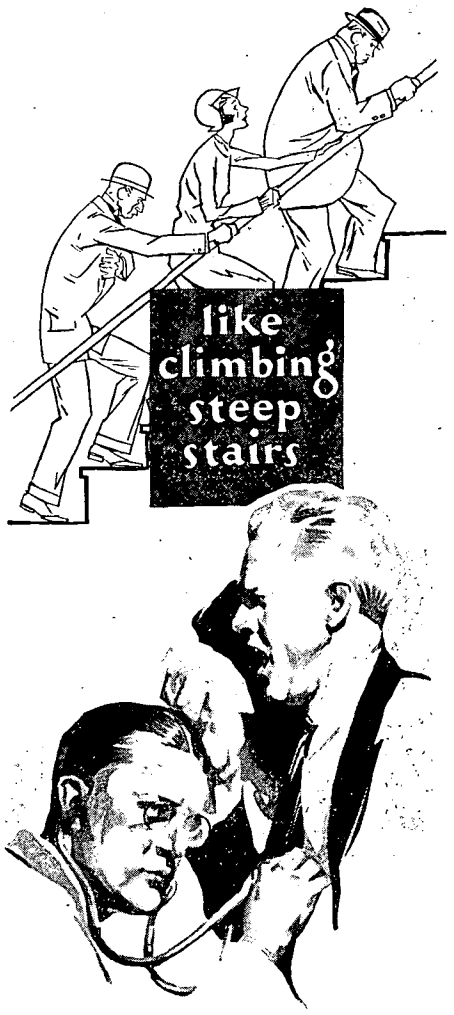
"All right, then. Now this—" Frank said, "this is what we're going to do. We'll run into town, d'you see—my car is right over there—"

"I've been looking at it."

"Well, and we'll have a party. We'll go to a department store and we'll buy all sorts of things for your mother and Angela—and you, too. Mother reminded me of reading lamps, and Von asked if you had an ice-cream freezer, and Connie—she's next to Von—she said a radio, and there's cups—and towels—everything we like we'll send home. Shall we?"

"Oh, but, Frank—!" They were standing now, and she lifted the soft tumbled crown of her glittering hair, and the blue eyes over which the coppery bang drifted in a film. "Oh, but, Frank, that'd be *too* much fun!"

Suddenly he put his arms about her and held her tightly, and she looked up in silence, trembling.



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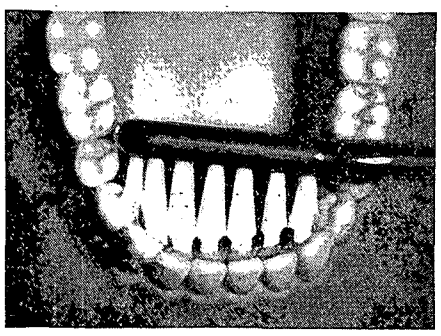

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TOOTH BRUSH

"You'll have to get used to this!" he said in a whisper.

"Sheila!" her mother called, emerging. They were apart again. "Ask Mr. McCann wud he stay for a taste of lunch, an' have some manners to ye!" said Mrs. Carscadden.

"Mrs. Carscadden, you're very good," Frank said, glancing at his wrist, "but I have some shopping to do, and Sheila has promised to help me. I thought we'd go into town for lunch."

"I'll get my hat!" Sheila said, escaping into the house.

WHEN she came out, ten minutes later, she looked her loveliest in the blue suit, with the new blue hat. The hemstitched frill that fell in crisp folds at the collar of the coat had cost thirty-nine cents, but it was plain and fresh; Sheila's shoes were shining, and if the chamois gloves she wore were still damp in the tips from recent washing, and had been snatched from the sunny back clothesline, Frank did not suspect it.

"You brought your topcoat? Good girl; we may be late," Frank approved. "I love that coat!"

"You ought to. Your mother picked it out for your sister Monica," Sheila reminded him.

"Yu're goin' off for the day? Well," said Mrs. Carscadden, bestowing upon her daughter the nearest thing she ever knew to praise, "you look clean and neat, and that's something."

"I'll say she looks clean and neat," Frank agreed.

"We're going to buy you presents, Mother!"

"I'll step over to the police station and wait for ye," Mrs. Carscadden said grimly.

"Oh, that reminds me!" Sheila exclaimed. She flashed into the house, flashed back with a little photograph held in the palm of her hand. "Look what was forwarded to me, a few days ago," she said.

They all looked at the picture of a California fruit orchard, in all the radiant flood of March bloom. A plain little farmhouse intruded upon one corner of the print; and in the center a pruning ladder had been leaned against an apple tree, and a young man in overalls stood on the ladder. Below him, deep in the spring grass, was the stout, square figure of a middle-aged woman, with one hand dropped to her side to touch the head of an eager mongrel.

The young man was facing out of the picture. He was half laughing, his shirt was open at the throat, his shirt-sleeves rolled up; he had a saw in his hands.

"Who's that?" Frank asked.

"That's a bad boy who went back to his mother and is being a good boy!" Sheila said. She slowly tore the picture into tiny scraps. "Nobody's ever going to use that against him," she said.

"And is that all we're ever going to know about him?" Frank asked, smiling down into her honest, serious blue eyes.

"That's all."

"Someone you helped?"

"I don't know. I'd like to think I did."

"Well, come on," Frank said. "I'll bring her back to you safely, Mrs. Carscadden!"

"I've no doubt ye'll try to," Sheila's mother said patiently.

"Ah, you love me, Mother!" Sheila was as radiant as the spring morning as she kissed her mother.

"The black sheep is the fav'rite, Sheila," Mrs. Carscadden said with a resigned sigh.

"And I'm your favorite child, Ma?"

"I may as well say you are," the mother said, "for it may be the last chance I'll have to spake to ye for the dear knows how long! When ye'd walk out of the house on me, God knows I'm the last to know when I'd clap eyes on ye next!"

Sheila and Frank were laughing as they ran down to the glistening, long shining bulk of the roadster. He helped her into the front seat, and Sheila settled herself there comfortably while he came about to his own seat at the wheel. She turned to wave at her mother and sister as she and Frank whirled off into the morning sunshine together.

THE END

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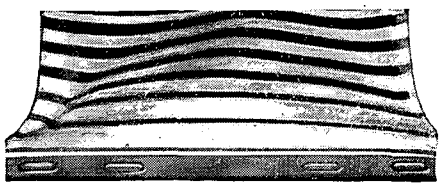

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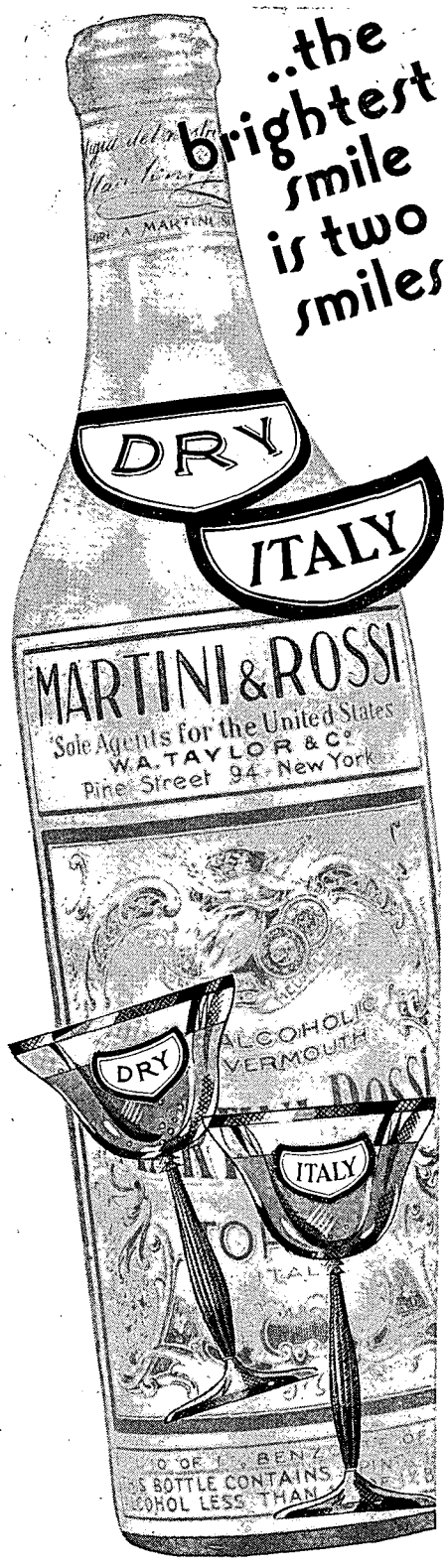

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Backstage with the Mode

Continued from page 22

hands lifted, posed at the sides on a level with the ears, and pushing toward the carpet. That lady was smartest who peered out from under her hat like Fido from under the sofa when he thinks he's going to be spanked.

Then we got the off-the-face movement. During this period, most of our hats were soft and we adjusted them with open palms.

This year's gesture is quite different—a delicate finger-and-thumb effect, one hand in front of the right or the left eye, its mate in back on a diagonal line. These hats are never put on straight from side to side or from front to rear. One eye is shaded, but not the other. One set of curls is given sun, while its twin remains in the shade. Crowns continue shallow. The field is equally divided between brimmed and brimless entrants.

As for the clothes to be worn with these new hats, let's say at once that waistlines are as they were and nothing radical has been done to skirt lengths. They vary with different houses and different degrees of formality. We are apt to see some that come right down to the mythical boot-tops. But the trick is to choose the most becoming.

Coats Have Changed

When it comes to line, daytime clothes are now said to be straight, though of course this doesn't mean the old chemise business. Clothes, in the main, show an easy fit, a graceful outlining of the body, with little flare—perceptibly less than last year. And the same is true of coats. Practically all dresses are belted. Coats may or may not be.

As prophesied, there is tremendous sleeve-interest to counterbalance the decreased importance of necklines. Necklines are newest when close to the throat, sometimes with small turnover collars, but they never get the center of the stage. For 1931-32 sleeves are starred. There is the double-puff sleeve of the "speakeasy dress"—first cousin to an evening frock—a sleeve that ends above the elbow. There is the puff sleeve of the afternoon dress—a sleeve that looks like the old leg o' mutton. There is the intricately tucked sleeve of the daytime dress, with tucks running up from the wrist to be released into soft fullness. All these and many more. But it doesn't mean that we'll be wearing fancy sleeves on our sports or semi-sports dresses. Here the line remains classic.

Coats have changed a lot more than what goes under them. They have a new broad-shouldered look that makes waistlines delightfully slim by contrast. Sometimes it's done with a dolman-effect sleeve, or one set into a yoke. Sometimes the strategy consists of a short capelet or cape of fur, part of the coat itself, or detachable and to be used first over wool dresses or suits. These new-old adjuncts to our wardrobes are really what our mothers would have called collarettes. For variety, we sometimes have what amounts to a fur jacket as part of the coat.

To return to dresses—what will be their fabrics and color? This is a wool season—all weights, for almost all occasions. Nubby and ribbed wools in all weaves are new. It's also a silk season.

Patou is responsible for a newcomer in the satin field—the brown satin dress, so useful for a rather formal frock. Velvet, too, is in everybody's eye and on everybody's back.

Silk crêpe holds its place for both day and evening—always in dull finish. Dullness, in fact, is the rule for all fabrics this year, even satins, though an occasional shiny one bursts forth for evening. Some lace appears in the evening, too, some plain chiffons and sheer crêpes and a little tulle, the last in black.

As for daytime color, we have unusual breadth of choice. Black is as good as ever, generally in combination with something else. Brown is spotlighted in every shade, but we mustn't be dipped from head to heel in it. A brown coat over a green dress, as Vionnet suggests, a brown coat over a Persian red dress—these are modes of today. All reds are on the upswing and so popular with men. Purple-blue and burgundy are a spectacular twosome, both by day and by night. Green is also to the fore—indeed many people think it the "Ford" of 1932—all shades from the brilliant billiard to the coy and retiring spinach. Orange and rust are very good, and a little purple is seen.

The evening mode begins with lots of black and lots of white. Then come the Vionnet pastels, of which a dusty shell pink is the most interesting. There is quite a little wine red, too, also purples, greens and blues of the same tone-quality.

In silhouette, the evening dress in general is fairly molded to the knee, from which it flares to stop at instep length.

Gloves in the evening are creeping down in length. The newest, a one-button, is really a daytime glove venturing out after dark. But most of them will be worn wrinkled, ending halfway between elbow and wrist. The good news in the glove field concerns the daytime—fabric gloves in shades of dark brown, dark green, beige with black added for good measure—hand-sewn, with no tricks. Here is the inexpensive glove for which we've all been waiting; it wears, washes and can hardly be told from suède.

The jewelry mode seems to be one clip after another. The rhinestone version is still with us, and so, of course, is the diamond, if we belong in the upper brackets. But the newest clips are of wood, to be used on cloth dresses, or of modernistic metals inlaid in color to match or contrast with the costume for which they're planned. And there are Schiaparelli's favorite clips that look like the brass rings we used to grab for on the merry-go-round, or equally flamboyant serpentine effects that are really the clever *couturière's* initial. Pearls are worn with everything, as usual, and are getting larger. The strands are of all lengths.

A Night in Paris

Even though clips don't clatter like bracelets, it was a clip that woke a recent American visitor to Paris from exhausted sleep after a day's delirious seeing and buying at the openings.

A light shone in her eyes, a voice proclaimed: "You got it, Morris, you got it that time. Oh, boy, they'll eat it up!"

Across the narrow court two windows blazed in the opposite wing of the hotel. Two men were gazing raptly at their handiwork. A dressmaker's dummy stood between them, draped in silk and bearing on her unfeeling chest one of the smartest of the new clips, the inspiration of the costume as well as its finishing touch. The visitor looked at her traveling clock. It was 3 A. M.

"And they say that good Americans go to Paris when they die!" she murmured.

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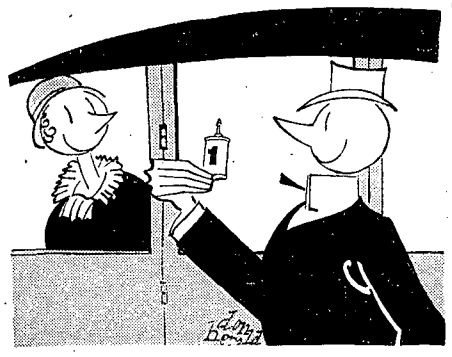

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The Indian Massacres

Continued from page 8

over the Annapolis bar, two kicks being from back of the forty-five-yard line. I asked him afterwards how he did it, and he answered gravely that he had "watched" Thorpe and Mount Pleasant.

Another asset was their amazing perseverance. The white boy usually gets discouraged unless results come quickly, but I have seen an Indian lad keep at the same thing for months, day in and day out, in order to become expert. Frank Hudson, a little Pueblo, perhaps the greatest drop-kicker who ever lived, not only worked daily during the season, but when winter came on spent every spare moment in the gymnasium. With the parallel bars as a target, he would kick away, hour after hour, day after day, until he reached a point of accuracy and consistency that enabled him to boot a goal from the fifty-yard line almost every time. And with either foot.

Kennard Comes Through

About the only case of paleface pertinacity I can recall is that of Vic Kennard, whose trained toe won for Harvard over Yale in an historic encounter. All through one summer he practiced drop-kicking day after day, and at night he spent hours letting the ball fall to the floor, studying its rebound and calculating the right distance from his foot. That fall, so Percy Haughton told me, he kicked sixty successive goals in practice from varying distances and angles. Put in against Yale in the last quarter when a field goal was needed to win, Kennard delivered.

My first year at Carlisle proved highly successful, for right at the start we gave Harvard rooters the scare of their lives. The Indians were looked on as a "pushover," but when Redwater, a big Cheyenne, picked up a fumbled punt and ran eighty yards for a touchdown, the Crimson players quit looking bored. Hudson soon followed with a goal from the thirty-five-yard line, and the Harvard captain began to bellow like a bull, clean forgetting his broad A. We went into the second half with a 10 to 0 lead, but Haughton's reserves proved too strong for us and they jammed over two touchdowns near the close of the game.

Nothing daunted, we whipped Pennsylvania 16 to 5, the first time the Indians had ever won from a "heap big" team, and just to prove to the patronizing sports writers that it wasn't a fluke, we followed it up by a 42 to 0 victory over Columbia on Thanksgiving Day at the Polo Grounds in New York. At that time Columbia was mighty strong, having defeated Yale, and in addition to a heavy line possessed Harold Weeks, the demon hurdling back. It was confidently expected that Weeks would demolish the Indians, but when the Carlisle line began to rise up and meet his face with the heels of their hands the famous dives became few and far between.

In this game the crouching start was used for the first time in football. Up to then the standard position for the offensive back was to stand with feet well apart, body leaning forward and hands resting on the knees. I figured that if sprinters could get away faster by partly supporting the weight of the body on one or both hands, it was logical to figure that backfield players could obtain the same results. The innovation was a big factor in running up the large score against Columbia, and soon won adoption by other coaches.

The most remarkable thing about the Indians was their receptiveness to new ideas. Your paleface team is usually inclined to stand-patism, but the Carlisle bunch dearly loved to spring surprises and were happiest when I came forward with something different. One year we played a Thanksgiving Day game with Brown at Providence, and featured what I called a "wing shift." A back dashed into the line and on the next play acted as center, snapping back to another player with the team all lined up on one side of the ball.

On the first attempt the play was stopped for a loss and Percy Haughton, the Harvard coach, who happened to be on the sidelines that day, turned to me and said, "Those series plays are never worth a darn. If they do work, it is only on the first trial, for they depend for success entirely on surprise." Twenty minutes later the same play was called again, and an Indian back ran 65 yards for a touchdown. "Well," muttered Haughton, "it did work that time."

That same year we perfected the "wing back," brand-new then, but now widely used. For this formation, a back moved up so as to flank the defensive tackle, thus giving us practically an eight-man line. Wanting to be sure it had a fair trial, I sprung it first in a game with West Point, for if there was one team that the Indians liked to beat more than another, that team was the Army. The formation proved brilliantly successful, for the flanking back took out the opposing tackle almost every time, and our 27 to 6 victory was largely scored on wide plays.

The cadets could do nothing with the "wing back," utterly failing to fathom it, and an All-America tackle, the boast of their line, was actually made to look absurd. He must have felt it himself, for along in the latter part of the game he took a running jump at Joe Guyon, who lay sprawled on the turf. The referee, however, happened to be looking, and the raging tackle saw the rest of the struggle from the sidelines.

Blocking with a Vengeance

Owing to the speed and daring of the Indians, I was able to work out the "body block," a new idea. Up to that time, all blocking was done with the shoulder, a method that had a good many drawbacks. In the "Indian block," as it came to be called, a man left the ground entirely, half turning as he leaped so as to hit an opponent just above the knees with his hip, and following through with a roll, thus using his entire length. The Indians took to it like ducks to water, and when they blocked a man, he *stayed* blocked.

At the close of the 1899 season, Carlisle was invited to play the University of California team in San Francisco on Christmas Day, and accepted the invitation. I do not know whether the Indians were the first Eastern team to play an intersectional game on the Pacific Coast but they were at least one of the first. Garry Cochran and Ad Kelly, former Princeton stars, coached California that year and as the team made a good record, beating Stanford 30 to 0, they were anxious to compare strength with a representative Eastern eleven.

On the long trip I had the Indians get off the train for exercise at every stop, and in one Western town an old gentleman asked me who they were and where they were going. When I told him it was the Carlisle Indian football team going to San Francisco to play

(*Continued on page 62*)

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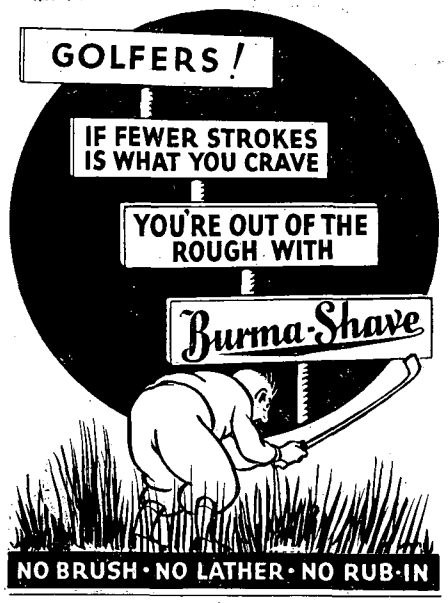

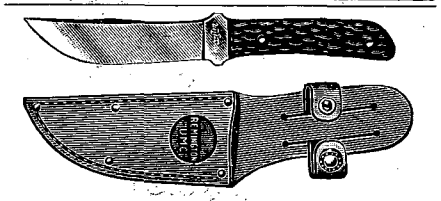

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(*Continued from page 61*)

California he stroked his whiskers and remarked, "Well, they are going a darned long ways to get the hell kicked out of them." As it happened, he proved a poor prophet, for we won by the narrow margin of 2 to 0.

The game was played upon a field of sand, and as the Indians were much lighter than California, and depended mostly on their speed, they were badly handicapped by the slow and insecure footing. Neither team could advance the ball for any large gains, and there was considerable punting in the game, but finally one of California's kicks went wrong, and they were forced to touch the ball down behind their goal line for a safety.

This was the Carlisle's first long trip, but we soon got to be a regular road team, playing most of our games away from home, and earning the title "Nomads of the Gridiron." Major Pratt, however, held that while the boys lost some time from their regular school work, the education they received from traveling and contact with college men was more than an adequate offset.

California Bows to Johnson

No more industrious sightseers ever lived, and when we visited a strange city, it was a general thing for the players to get up at daybreak so as to take in every place of interest. Back at school, the team members always stood up in class and gave accounts of what they had seen and heard, and in this manner the stay-at-homes themselves were instructed and benefited.

At the end of the 1903 season, the Indians journeyed to the Pacific Coast again for a meeting with a team of stars called the All-Californians. It was an easy victory, for we won by more than twenty points, and the game was remarkable only for the playing of Jimmie Johnson. He was in every play, running kicks back twenty to forty yards regularly, punting and passing superbly, and handling his team flawlessly. Walter Camp had chosen Jimmie for his All-America that year, and California critics were doubtful about the selection, but after watching him work they agreed that he was "the greatest quarterback ever seen on the Pacific Coast."

Here seems to be a good spot to answer the much-mooted question, "How do climatic conditions affect teams in intersectional contests?" In my opinion, not at all. Football, unlike rowing, distance-running or basketball, does not require sustained effort, but calls only for a short period of exertion between which there are opportunities for rest and recuperation.

Carlisle played good football from the first, but it was in 1907 that the Indians rounded into true championship form, downing Pennsylvania by a score of 26 to 5, Minnesota by 12 to 0, Harvard by 23 to 15 and Chicago by 18 to 4. With the exception of the unbeaten Pitt team of 1916, it was about as perfect a football machine as I ever sent on the field. Typically Indian, too, for among the first-string men were Little Old Man, Afraid of a Bear, Lubo the Wolf, Little Boy, Wauseka, Mount Pleasant and Balenti.

The boys clicked into shape early in the season, and the very first game convinced me that a big year was ahead. Our opponents came from a small college nearby, and later on it was reported to me that the Pennsylvania Dutch coach made this stirring plea to his men:

"Now poys, I vant you to show dose Indians dat you are yoost as good as dey are. Watch vat dey do to you and den you do de same ting to dem, only harder."

Despite the poor coach's oratory, Carlisle won by a huge score. Our ends that year were Gardner, a Sioux, and Exendine, an Arapahoe, and I still maintain that they have never been surpassed for sheer brilliance. Pete Hauser, who did the kicking for us, was a big Cheyenne with a powerful toe, his punts averaging sixty yards, and under instructions he always raised them sky high. Gardner and Exendine were off at the swing of his leg, and it was rarely that they failed to keep up with the ball. In the game with Chicago they made life miserable for Wallie Steffens, the fullback, invariably nailing him in his tracks, although Stagg finally assigned three men to block each end.

Few things have ever given me greater satisfaction than that Chicago victory. Stagg's team, undefeated up to then, was laying claim to the championship, and sports writers refused to concede that poor Lo had a chance. The game, in fact, was to be a field day for the great Steffens, famous for his twisting, dodging runs and educated toe, and all Illinois gathered for the spectacle. I remember that Carlisle's share of the gate was $17,000, an almost incredible sum in those days.

Steffens did kick one field goal, but that was his only pretense to glory. Gardner and Exendine were on him every time he tried to run back a kick.

In selecting his All-America that year, Walter Camp only put Exendine on the second eleven and Hauser on the third, not even mentioning Gardner, and also ignoring Mount Pleasant, the outstanding quarterback of the season. Wallie Steffens was a true sportsman as well as a very great player, for when I met him some weeks later and asked him what he thought of the All-America selections he smiled and said, "Well, I certainly would like to see the ends they think better than Gardner and Exendine. And as for Pete Hauser!"

The Carlisle eleven of 1907 was nearly perfect. Jim Thorpe, by the way, made his first appearance that year, subbing now and then for Hendricks.

Made to Order for Carlisle

The forward pass had just been permitted by the new rules and we were about the first to see its value and develop its possibilities to the limit. How the Indians did take to it! Light on their feet as professional dancers, and every one amazingly skillful with his hands, the redskins pirouetted in and out until the receiver was well down the field, and then they shot the ball like a bullet. Poor Pennsylvania, among the first to experience Carlisle's aërial attack, finally reached a point where the players ran in circles, emitting wild yawps.

The one defeat of the 1907 season was handed to us by Princeton.

Our 1911 schedule will give a fair idea of what the Indians went up against regularly. On one Saturday afternoon, for instance, we met Georgetown and won by a score of 28 to 5, although the Catholic boys had a powerful team and were top-heavy favorites in the betting. A week later we whipped the big, fast, well-coached eleven of the University of Pittsburgh by a score of 17 to 0, and on the following Saturday shut out the strong Lafayette team by 19 to 0.

Here were three hard, bruising struggles all in a row, yet on the following Saturday we traveled to Cambridge for a game with Harvard. Percy Haughton started with his second team, just about as good as the first, by the way, and late in the second half when every Carlisle man was out on his feet, sent in his regulars, all fresh and rampant.

When I hear people say that Indians can't stand the gaff, I always think

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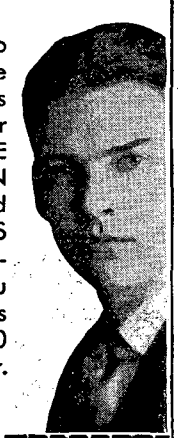

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of that finish against Harvard. Jim Thorpe, bandaged from head to foot, kicked four field goals, one from the 48-yard line, and his battered, crippled mates, in as fine an exhibition of sheer grit as I have ever seen, not only beat back the rushes of eleven fresh men, but swept them down the field, winning by a score of 18 to 15.

A week later, we met Syracuse, and with four consecutive wins to our credit, all over more powerful teams, we looked on victory as certain. Instead of that, Syracuse trounced us to the queen's taste. Not only was the field a sea of mud, but the Indians, worn out by their series of grueling encounters, played far below their form. By way of proving it, the following year we met Syracuse early in the season, and overwhelmed the big Orange team by a score of 33 to 0.

Pennsy Shatters a Dream

The jinx, however, pursued us through 1912. After smashing Syracuse, we overwhelmed Pittsburgh 45 to 8, hurried up into Canada and defeated Toronto University 49 to 0, and came back to trim Lehigh 34 to 14. Next in order came West Point, and we humbled the cadets by a score of 27 to 6, missing two touchdowns at that. A fifty-yard run by Thorpe was not allowed, and we lost another by a fumble.

Just as we were dreaming of finishing the season unbeaten, Pennsylvania walloped us by a score of 34 to 26, a defeat due entirely to carelessness. It was a game I particularly hated to lose, for Thorpe gave one of his greatest exhibitions that afternoon. Once he took the ball well back in Carlisle territory and raced eighty yards for a touchdown, as beautiful a piece of open-field running as I ever expect to see. Twice it seemed that they had pulled him down, but each time he shook them off.

The last game of the season, however, afforded some measure of compensation for the Pennsy reverse, for we trounced Brown to the tune of 32 to 0, and for the first time overcame Carlisle's bad-weather complex.

The ground was covered with snow, an icy wind blew down the field, and the Indians played wretchedly all through the first half, being lucky to hold Brown scoreless. Talking to the team between halves, a bright idea came to me, and I pointed out to the boys that it was Jim Thorpe's last game, and that they owed him a victory in return for the many he had won for them. Before I finished my little talk, I saw the young redskins tightening up, and every man took the field with grim, determined face and set jaw. Brown must have thought a cyclone had blown up, for the Indians swept forward for touchdown after touchdown with resistless fury.

Great teams, those Carlisle elevens that I coached, and what was even finer, sportsmen all. There wasn't an Indian of the lot that didn't love to win and hate to lose, but to a man they were modest in victory and resolute in defeat. They never gloated, they never whined, and no matter how bitter the contest, they played cheerfully, squarely and cleanly.

Whenever I see one of these All-America teams, I cannot help but think what an eleven could have been selected from those *real* Americans who blazed such a trail of glory across the football fields of the country from 1899 to 1914. One might go a long way before he ever found a better line-up than this:

Exendine	right end
Wauseka	right tackle
Bemus Pierce	right guard
Lone Wolf Hunt	center
Martin Wheelock	left guard
Hawley Pierce	left tackle
Ed Rogers	left end
James Johnson	quarterback
James Thorpe	right halfback
Joe Guyon	left halfback
Pete Hauser	fullback

A line averaging one hundred and ninety pounds, and every man with speed. Thorpe, Guyon and Hauser as big and strong as the line, much faster, and each of the three a deadly kicker, a terrific line-bucker and a marvel at passing and receiving. Johnson the only small man, but what a midget! And for substitutes, if substitutes were ever needed for those iron men, how about such players as Bill Gardner, Lone Star Dietz, Lubo, Afraid of a Bear, Little Boy, Seneca, Metoxen, Calac, Hudson, Mount Pleasant and Gus Welch?

Another article in this series, Heap Big Run-Most-Fast, will appear in next week's Collier's.

Pathetic plight of the week-end guest whose host has just made a hole in one and whose hostess just held thirteen spades

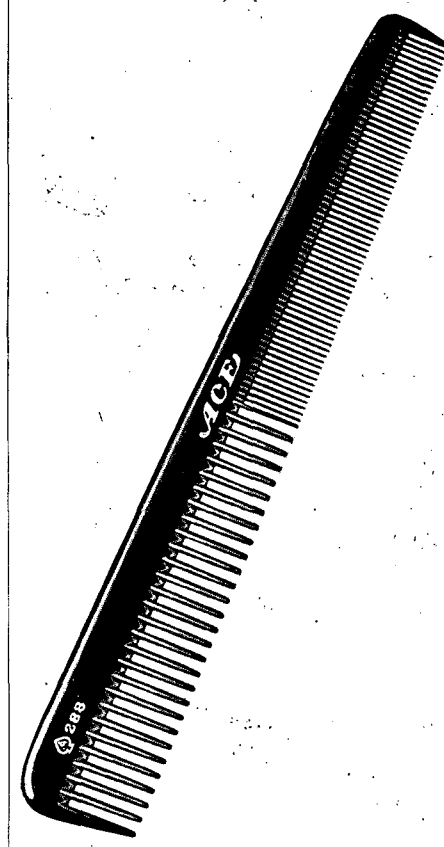
Harry Haenigsen

Men of action

tend to be fair

Men of thought

...to be dark



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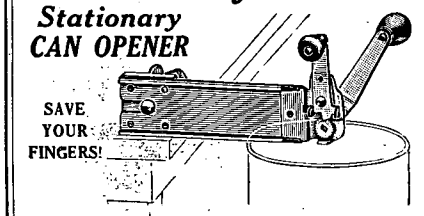

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Wild Horse Siding

Continued from page 15

from the ground and began to throw. The herd, frightened, stampeded for the right-of-way fence, then fanned out wide and shied off without attempting to go through it. The big J-Spear-E horse, however, was better stock, and he had been given a worse scare. He jumped the fence clean, landed in a heap inside it, and trotted off down the middle of the track. Waite was leaning against the fence, completely windbroken, when his wife hurried to him.

"The damned murderin' brute!" he gasped. "That horse is a man-eater! Did you see him come after me? And how am I goin' to git him run off the track, when he won't let me within a mile of him?"

"You can't do it," she told him. "Not tonight, anyway. We need supper and sleep, and there'll be plenty for us to do before we get it."

MORNING brought news of another piece of tough luck. Waite got up at seven, to find that a cattle train had gone down at five, paying its respects to him with a crisp butterfly note dropped off on the siding.

The news in it was that the J-Spear-E horse had rounded out a stately and useless career by trying to outrun the cattle train and getting run over. The mix-up had come within an ace of putting the train in the ditch. The horse, of course, had been gathered to his fathers, who probably weren't overly tickled to see him, and the train conductor was sending in an accident report which would make the new section boss look like a hopeless bum.

"I don't expect you'll need to bother startin' any garden here," Waite said to his wife. "I'll probably get pulled out of here this week."

"I'm going to start that garden anyhow," she told him, "and I don't believe they'll pull you out at all."

The calamity had at first been in their having to stay at Mile Post 83 at all. Now it was that somebody might take a notion to make them leave.

Neither she nor Waite knew it, but that was nowhere near so improbable as they thought. Not on account of the freight conductor's accident report. That merely came down through official channels to Fosnot, who sneered over it.

The real threat to Tunison's new job started when a gray-whiskered, long-haired quarter-section rancher rode down from the buttes country to work the lower canyons for stray cows, and found the carcass of the J-Spear-E horse. That was his brand. It was also, he managed to remember after some thought, his horse. Alive, the brute hadn't been worth feeding. Dead, he was worth more than all the stray cows a man could find or steal in a month.

The garden at Mile Post 83 was less than half seeded when a claim, properly backed by witnesses, went in against the Simnasho Railroad for neglectfully causing the death of one thoroughbred stallion, seven years old, dun in color, branded J-Spear-E on the left side. Said death had been due to no lack of care or precaution on the part of the owner of said stallion, but solely to the railroad company, which had neglected to keep its fences patched and its engine crews awake. The loss occasioned by said neglect was twenty-five hundred dollars.

The case went first to the claims department, which sent out a man to call on the gray-bearded rancher and talk him into settling for fifty dollars. The man came back with the fifty dollars still in his pocket and two suspender buttons missing where the rancher had taken hold of him to get him through the front gate; and the claim, with its bundle of reports and affidavits attached, went up to the legal department. The legal department sent up a report to the general manager. It recommended that the company pay the old warthog his twenty-five hundred and take its spite, if any, out of the hide of the section boss for lying down on his job.

IT WAS well into the summer when that report went in, and working on into fall when old Buckley, the general superintendent, got hold of it and ripped off a hot message about it to Fosnot. The message was simply a request for Tunison's scalp. Fosnot wrote back, diplomatically but firmly, that Tunison was too valuable a man to fire, that he had done nothing to be fired for, and that if Buckley wanted him fired, he had better run up and give the matter his personal attention.

The success of the garden had been astonishing, even to Tunison's wife. Weeds and insect pests there were none. The fence-breaking wild horses, however, caused trouble. They performed their real devilment only after dark. In the daytime they merely stood looking over at the green rows hurrying to

"Wot! Not guilty?" *Crawford Young*

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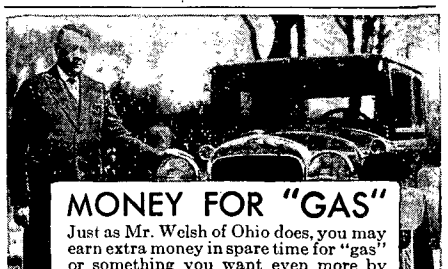

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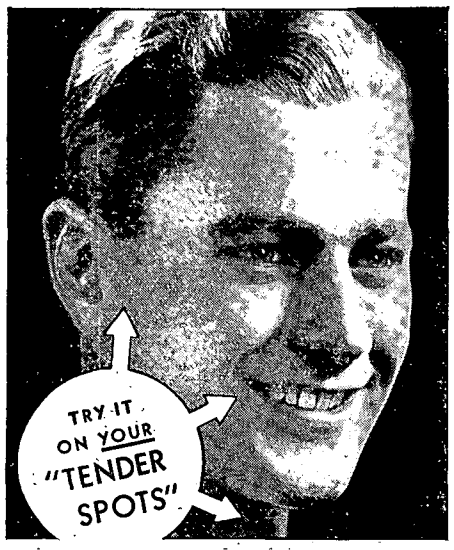

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seed before the frost. What made it more exasperating was that every gully had bunchgrass enough to have kept them grazing the rest of their lives, and they wouldn't even look at it. Whenever she looked at them, Tunison's wife felt her sportsmanship slipping.

"The pesky gluttons!" she said helplessly. "If only I could put a scare into the brutes! Waite, how would it be to put out salt for them, and mix it with something to make them sick? Would a little strychnine make them stay away from here?"

"It certainly would," said Waite. "You'll poison no horses around me. It's a shame the way they've plagued your garden, but I told you how that would be before you started it. And you've got ten times more truck canned and cellared than we'll ever eat, unless you start takin' boarders."

"I didn't put it up to eat," his wife said frankly. "I put it up to look at and gloat over. We've been through so many— Here comes the passenger. It's running late."

They stepped off the track and watched the passenger train drill past. Trains hit a good clip on the Mile Post 83 section since Tunison took it. There was a new coach on the rear end—a doggy-looking one, glittering with gold-leaf and new paint. On its back platform a burly man with gray hair stood scowling at the garden, the horses, the water system, the flowers in front of the section house, and at Tunison and his wife, with impolite fixedness.

Buckley's mind was made up for action. What was all this baloney about Mile Post 83 being so bad that nobody but Tunison would stay there? Why, the place was a premium! The garden alone was an inducement that any Tony Spinelli or Angelos Pappalopoulos would break his neck to get. Not to mention the stock farm they seemed to be operating on the side. Twenty head of horses in a bunch! No wonder the bird didn't want to quit, with a money-making cinch like that.

"He'll quit, though," Buckley told his secretary as they drummed along the line. "I'll tend to him on the way out. Make a note of it."

THE first streak of hard luck that Buckley brought to Mile Post 83 did not wait for his return. It came with a blizzard that, first thumping the temperature down to zero, loaded the high country with four days of dry, powdery, unshovelable snow. Tunison, because the sight of Buckley had made him nervous about neglecting any part of his work, went out and shoveled the switch-leads and dug ice out of the points as fast as they filled up, wallowing between sidings afoot until, at the end of the third man-killing day of it, frost nipped his feet and crippled him so he couldn't walk. It was a perfectly useless thing to have done. Switch-leads were only important when there were trains to use them. No trains were running, and none could until the snow packed so it could be handled by a rotary plow. His wife told him so as he sat by the window helpless, his feet wrapped with great bunglesome wads of bandage. He had lost the use of his feet, which he needed, to clear switch-leads that nobody needed.

"It does look like foolishness," he admitted.

But then a long way up the snow-leveled track, a train whistled. When, after a long ten minutes, it whistled again the whistle had the same loudness. It wasn't moving. It was stuck and signaling for help. And it didn't deserve help. Sensible people wouldn't wait out four days of blizzard before deciding to advertise for a little lift. They had got stuck trying to buck the train through it.

"They're whistlin' for me," said Waite uneasily. "There ain't anybody else around here they could expect to raise. I ought to go see what they need." He lifted himself to his swollen, useless feet, fell back, and swore. The pain had squeezed tears out of his eyes. "Right when there's a chance to show people I'm some use around here!"

She reached down his sheepskin mackinaw and drove her slim arms through the sleeves without answering him. What she had to do was as clear to her as if she had drilled for this emergency all her life. For the first time, Waite was clear to her, too. Hard luck had beaten the idea into him that he wasn't a good man, that the world bought his labor, not because it was a good buy, but simply because he was needy and desperate and not particular what he worked at.

"I'm going up by the garden," she told him, looping mackinaw buttons. "Waite, if I herd those wild horses down past the house, can you rope a couple? Without getting hurt?"

HE STARED at her, catching at what was in her mind, and frowned. To use the horses to break out a track to the stranded train? That might work. Only, none of the horses had ever had even a halter on, and she had never been on a horse in her life. "I can, but I won't," he said. "How about you gittin' hurt? You ain't goin' a step!"

She laughed at him. "Certainly I'm not going," she said. "You are. We'll take the drag I used to level the garden, and the old buckboard harness in the lean-to, and any two of those cayuses you can get a rope on, and some blankets to pad the drag for a seat. . . ." She blinked her eyes, to keep from envisaging what the awful rig was going to look like. And the horses might simply start off across country with it and drag him to death. Yet it was his chance. "Well, do you want to try it?" she challenged. Mighty well she knew he was aching to. "I can get the clothesline for you to rope with."

"Just a strap'll do," he said. He sounded oddly sheepish. "I won't need a rope for them horses, Jen. They—I've got 'em used to takin' things to eat out of my hand. . . ."

The worst of the job, it turned out, was inducing the wild ponies to wear the rain-stiffened old buckboard harness at all. They came to Waite's hand trustfully, but, when the first strap touched them, they reared, bucked and fought like fiends. Waite, who might have managed them, could only sit helpless on the drag and direct, while she wrestled them through the snow to a telegraph pole and snubbed them down tight. Then, half-choked and thoroughly worn out, they submitted. She was equally worn and scared. She refused to untie the snubbing straps until Waite was roped solidly on his pile of blankets, with the great bandages of his frost-bitten feet sticking up in front of him like sacks of flour. Then, with a feeling that she was launching a leaky ship in a sea that yearned to rip it to pieces, she cut the straps with a hatchet, and stood ready to watch the wreck.

But there wasn't any wreck. The ponies had worn off most of their fight, the deep snow made hard going for them, and Waite, as she had almost forgotten, was a horseman by trade. After one wild zigzagging spurt which buried him in a drift, they straightened to a nervous trot. The drag slued onto the track, straddling the rails, and plowed out of sight as proud as the ringmaster's curricle in a circus parade.

By the time he got to the stranded train, he looked almost more in need of help than the passengers he had broken trail to rescue.

(*Continued on page 66*)

CHRONOLOGY of the JONES DAIRY FARM

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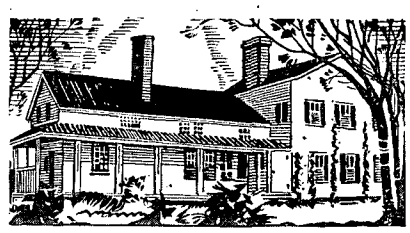


The actual events of the Jones Dairy Farm, however, date from 1834 when Milo and Sally Crane Jones move from Jonesville, Vermont, and build their Log Cabin with the aid of friendly Sacs; soon after erecting the old wing of the present Farm House.

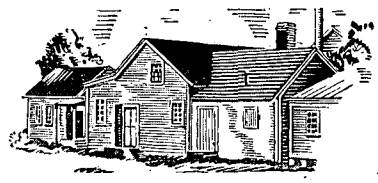
1845—As the fame of "Aunt Sally" Jones' Sausage spreads throughout the territory, "The Green Mountain House" is built in The Fort and the Jones' become purveyors of Farm Delicacies to connoisseurs of that era.

1857—Milo Jones gives a slice of his land to the C. & N. W. Ry.

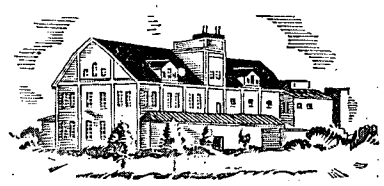
1865—Chuff-chuffing, wood burning locomotives haul Jones Farm Products to neighboring towns.

1882—Milo Jones' son, Milo Cornelius, conceives the idea of a nation wide sale of Farm Sausage made from his mother's old Vermont recipe.

1887—The old "Cheese Room" is now used for the "Quantity Production" of that day and a patient old farm horse supplies the motive power for grinding the succulent "Pork Roasts" (loins and shoulders).



1900—The business grows—additional buildings are added to "The Plant" and Jones Hickory Smoked Bacon and Hams are produced in the old Farm Smokehouse.



1907—A new brick building is erected across the fields from the old farm house to care for the growing demand.

1931—Abreast of the times, the Jones Dairy Farm, today makes use of modern refrigeration and improved transportation in the daily shipments of Jones Sausage fresh from the farm—Bringing Farm Goodness to the City Table.

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(Continued from page 65)

The passengers, however, were the ones who needed it worst. The train had bucked snow for twenty hours, with nothing for anybody to eat except the train butcher's stock of milk chocolate and salted peanuts. The locomotive had used up the last of its coal keeping up steam to whistle for help, and the train crew had mutinied against the authority of Superintendent Buckley, who, as the ranking official aboard, wanted them to get out and use their field telephone over a line that was blizzard-broken in six places, to summon a rotary snowplow that had been tied up in the Centerville yards for forty-eight hours, unable to move.

ONE would have expected, with the timeliness of Waite's arrival and the trouble and special talent it had taken to get him there, that even Buckley would have dissolved in grateful tears and offered to put Waite's name on the company stationery as a reward of his faithfulness. Buckley wasn't the dissolving type. He merely stared at the unholy-looking contraption that had fought five miles of blizzard to perform his rescue, and inquired what the hell this Buffalo Bill outfit was doing on his railroad.

"Of course you're the section boss!" he acknowledged Waite's attempted explanation. "Don't you suppose I know the men I've got working for me? This is your section gang, heh?" He indicated the dripping ponies and the harness patched out with baling-wire and rope. "Is that the best you can do for help? Don't those punks at the division office ever send you any men?"

"Nobody told me I was entitled to any men," Waite apologized. He worked the ponies around facing the way they had come. "If these people will load on," he suggested, "I'll have to make several trips to take 'em all. My wife is cookin' up a big feed. We won't have much room for 'em, but we can certainly give 'em all they want to eat! We've got more garden truck put away for the winter than you could climb over."

Of all the passengers Buckley was the only one whom that remark failed to thrill. Nobody knew what kept him from feeling hungry. His young secretary looked drawn and famished and climbed on the drag gratefully when Buckley ordered him to get going. "Are you sure we're not going to run you short of food?" he inquired uneasily, as they started. "There's about thirty of us, you know. And we're hungrier than you think."

"We could board the whole bunch of you for two months, and never know it," Waite assured him.

"I want you to remember this," Buckley said. "You're not working for that little cuff-shooter of a Fosnot, who expects you to do everything and make your own tools besides. You're working for me. Whenever you need anything to work with, you come to me, and I'll see that you get it! The idea of a section boss breaking out a railroad track with a doo-daddle like this! There's a couple of switch-leads snowed in, too."

"I aimed to clean 'em all," said Waite. "But the snow drifts back, and I got my feet frostbit."

"They're supposed to be kept clear all the time," Buckley admonished. "A train that needs a siding can't stop to find out about your feet. You've been doing very well, and you ought to keep your record good." He turned to his secretary: "Was there some note I told you to make about this man's section?"

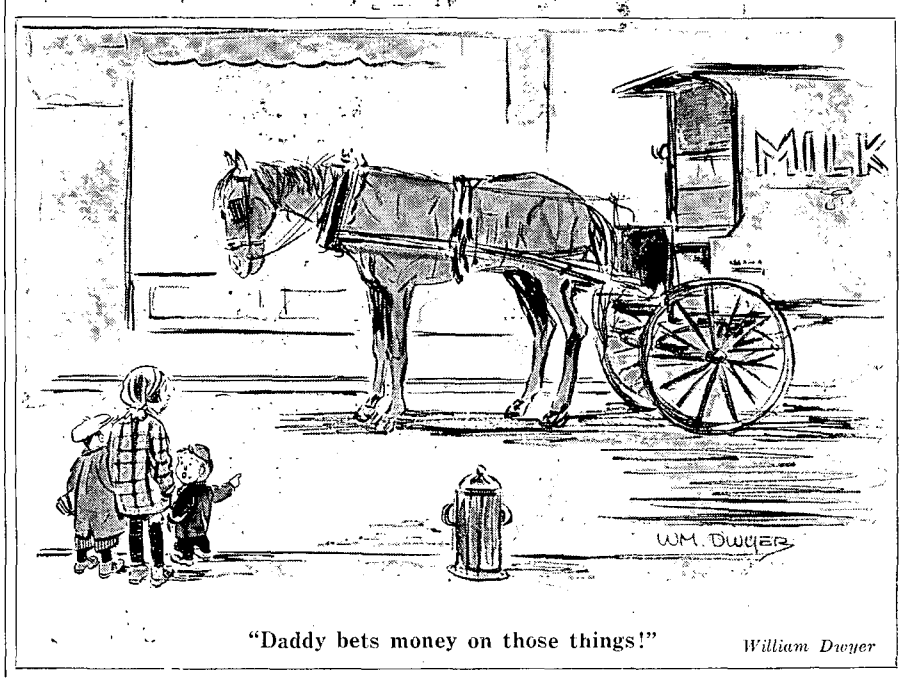
They were nearing the section house. The secretary smelled something cooking. He felt under obligations for being rescued, whether his boss did or not. "No, sir," he replied. "There was an endorsement on some old legal case out here. It's gone to the main office now."

He sat back, his good deed done. Waite never knew that the smell of his wife's canned garden truck had saved him his job and kept Buckley from getting his face slapped. He never even knew that his job had been threatened. How could it be, with the big boy himself giving orders and advice about section work, as if anybody but Waite Tunison at Mile Post 83 would be unthinkable as long as the world spun?

BUCKLEY'S admonishments were finer music to Waite than all the praise and handshaking on earth. They were a sign that he was wanted, that he belonged with his job, and that it wasn't merely draped around his neck like a pair of give-away socks at a relief-station. His job wasn't a give-away any longer. It was his by conquest. He told his wife so, laughing as he had when they were first married, when all the passengers had loaded on the rescue train, whooping well-fed farewells and promising to write.

"That garden of yours pulled us over," he said. "The reason I didn't want you to plant it was because it made the place look too good. I was afraid somebody else might take it away from me. But nobody can now. They've et too much of your cookin'. We're here to stay."

"It's a good place to be, this wild horse siding," she said. "Next year we'll have a cow and some pigs. And I won't cultivate the garden by hand any more. I won't need to, now we've got a good team of horses for it."



"Daddy bets money on those things!" *William Dwyer*

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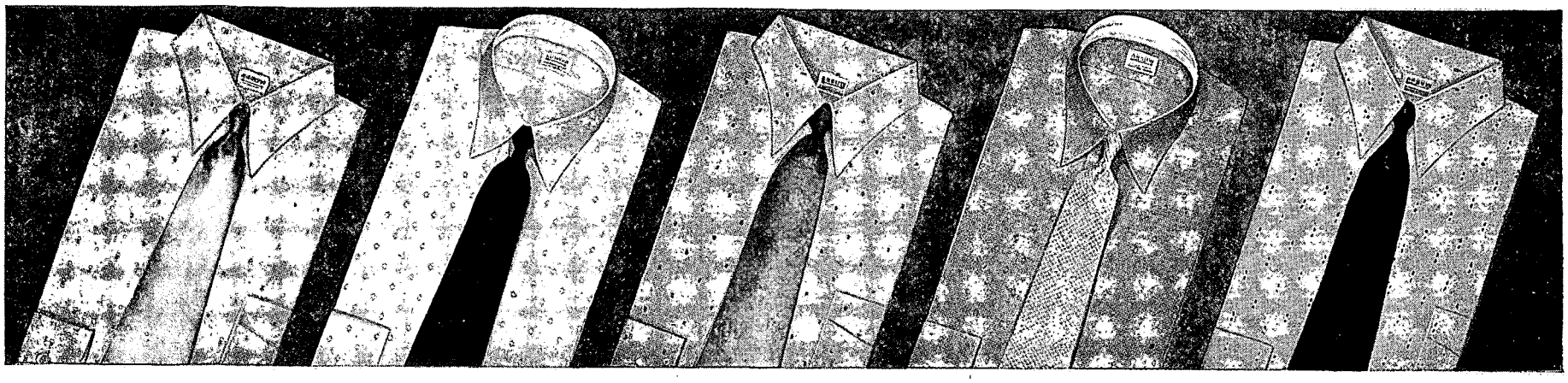
NOW YOU MAY HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FIGURED MADRAS—GUARANTEED FOR PERMANENT FIT!

You will find this fine-figured Aromadrae in two models—with *two* starched Arrow Collars of the same beautiful madras—or with a genuine soft Aromadrae collar (also of matching material) tailored on the shirt.

AROMADRAE

A beautiful new madras (Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk and guaranteed for permanent fit), with finely designed geometrical figures in smart color, widely spaced on the new, rich grounds of Aqua Blue, Verde, and Potato Tan.

AROMADRAE is the new autumn feature ARROW SHIRT. It is guaranteed for permanent fit. It is Sanforized-Shrunk by Arrow. Its perfect Arrow Collar will never strangle you, its cuffs will never creep, no matter how often the shirt is washed—its ample body will never feel too snug. Permanent fit—*guaranteed!* Aromadrae (in an assortment of nine fascinating, well-bred patterns) is a "limited edition" shirt, which you will find at the best stores—and which will yield you style and wear far beyond its modest price of $2.50



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This MAN says he did a mean thing

[but we forgive him]

NOT long ago a letter came to us from Mr. B. A. Archibald, who lives out in Los Angeles, California. He admitted to us that though he was already an Edgeworth smoker he had written to us for one of our free trial samples. But we couldn't help but forgive Mr. Archibald. And if you'll read this letter you'll see why.

"Gentlemen:

"I suppose I took a mean advantage of you when I wrote for a sample of Edgeworth.

"To me it is the only tobacco, and for twenty-five years I have been using from two to three tins a week. Many times my friends have tried to get me away from Edgeworth by letting me have a pipeful of some other brand. But though I've tried everything on the market, I find nothing that begins to approach Edgeworth.

"Of the twenty-five years I've been smoking Edgeworth, fifteen have been spent in Northern Canada, where a 15¢ tin costs from 35¢ to 40¢. But I never once quit on account of the price.

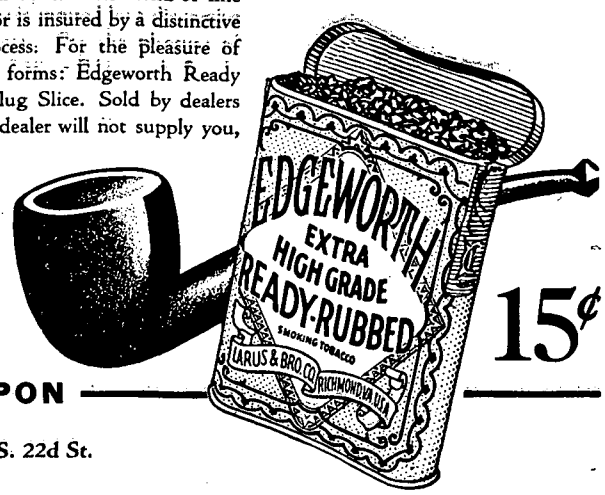
"Yours very truly,
"B. A. Archibald."

We can fully understand Mr. B. A. Archibald's loyalty to Edgeworth. A lot of men feel that way about this pipe tobacco. It's mild and slow burning. And it never bites the tongue. The secret of its flavor is in its blend, which never changes.

Won't you do us the favor of trying Edgeworth and see if you don't agree that it's a mighty fine tobacco?

You can buy Edgeworth wherever good tobacco is sold. Or send in the coupon below for a special sample packet, free. Address Larus & Bro. Co., 100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.

The secret of Edgeworth's flavor is in its blend of fine old burleys. Its natural savor is insured by a distinctive and exclusive eleventh process. For the pleasure of smokers it is put up in two forms: Edgeworth Ready Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. Sold by dealers nearly everywhere. If your dealer will not supply you, send your order to the makers, Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Virginia. Pocket Size Tin, 15¢. Half-pound Tin, 75¢. Pound Humidor Tin, $1.50. Also packed in Vacuum Tins in pound and half-pound sizes.



CLIP COUPON

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Va.

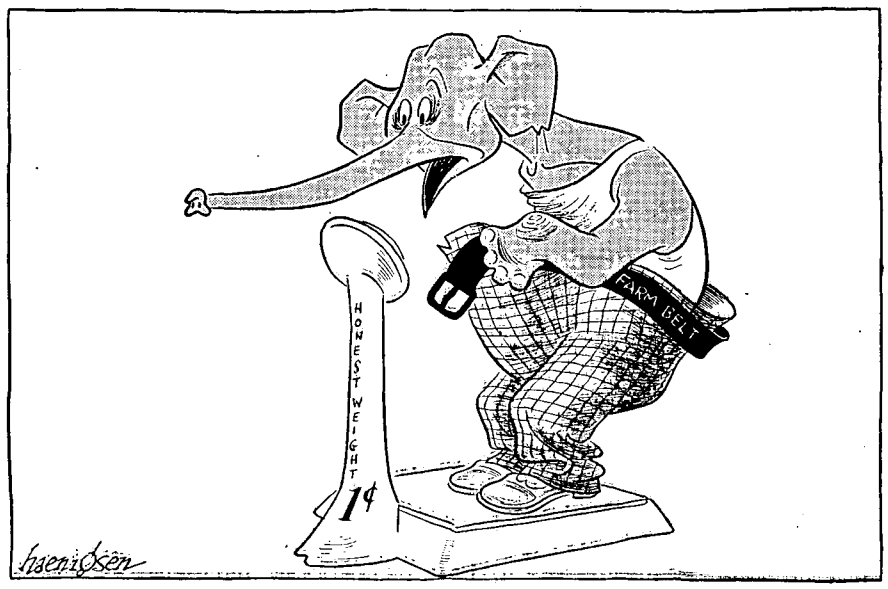
Send me the Edgeworth sample packet. I'll try the Edgeworth in a *good* pipe.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____ H-87

LISTEN TO THE DIXIE SPIRITUAL SINGERS AS THEY SING IN THE EDGEWORTH FACTORY, N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK EVERY THURSDAY EVENING



Losing where it Hurts

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

THE other day a Republican active in party affairs and well informed about political conditions and I wrote down, independently of each other, the list of states that the President might carry in the next national election. We agreed in listing the same eight states as all in which Republican prospects were good.

Of course it is early to predict 1932 results. The extent of the revolt against the Republican party may be exaggerated in reports coming in now. And Mr. Hoover's prospects may improve in the next year; they can hardly grow worse. But as it seems today the President is likely to carry only about the same number of states that Governor Smith carried in 1928, though with a slightly larger total of electoral votes, since he will probably have two or three states more populous than any which his 1928 rival carried.

If these two guesses prove to be anywhere near right, then the greatest political overturn that has ever taken place in four years has occurred since the last national election. What is the reason? Perhaps the following letter will throw some light on the conditions which are affecting the Republican party so adversely:

Trouble Among the Regulars

"We are in a most distressing condition out in this section of the United States. While we harvested an unusual crop of wheat and oats and have the best corn prospect in many years, our banks continue to tumble over, credit facilities are practically nil, farms are being foreclosed, mercantile establishments are failing on every hand and a cloud of gloom envelops the country. Many of our most substantial farmers have gone broke, and their farms are now held by the insurance companies holding the mortgages. What I have said of this community is duplicated and in many instances exceeded in every part of our state."

The writer of the letter is an important Republican official in a Middle-Western state, not a wheat state, but one of those theoretically favored regions where diversified farming is practiced.

Where, then, is the Republican party going to get its votes in 1932, provided there is not a great improvement in economic conditions between now and the next election? The Republican party depends generally upon the farmers to carry national elections.

Without upstate New York the Republicans haven't a look-in in the Empire State. It is rural Massachusetts that usually overcomes the Democratic majority of Boston. It is rural New Jersey that is Republican. It is in the rural sections of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan that the die-hard Republicans are to be found.

But the city vote is more mercurial than the country vote, and the cities this time have their own reasons for being politically disaffected. For example, persons familiar with conditions in Detroit predict that that usually Republican city will be likely in 1932 to go 300,000 Democratic. If that guess is anywhere near accurate then Michigan will have to be stricken off the list of eight states assigned to Mr. Hoover.

Enough Prohibition, Too

Also the dry vote on which the Republicans count heavily to win the next election is largely on the farms. Will the farmers be so firm for prohibition that they will forgo the satisfaction of expressing their resentment of their economic condition at the polls?

Human nature being what it is, it is a safe guess that a good many of them won't, especially with faith in prohibition somewhat shaken by the results of a ten years' test of its practicability. Most judges of politics familiar with the state predict that dry Kansas will vote for a wet Democratic candidate for President next year.

It is generally admitted that the record low prices made for wheat this year will have profound political effects in the other wheat states as well as in Kansas. But in the North and East, where diversified farming prevails, many farmers raise wheat—not a great deal of wheat but still enough to feel unhappy over the return.

Corn is a more popular crop—most farmers raise some of it. A bumper crop of corn is in sight at this writing, to bring a very low price. Low-priced corn is always promptly followed by a great production of hogs, with demoralized prices for pork.

The advice to diversify farming has borne its fruit this year in a pretty general overproduction. The crisis in wheat has been dramatic. Less attention has been attracted to the prices of other farm products. At no time in a generation has there been such general reason for dissatisfaction among farmers. Republican remedies for agricultural ills, their Farm Board and their tariff, have failed. And voters are not reasonable.

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Every Person Who Smokes Should Know This

The "Smoker's Fag" That's Slowing Millions Down in Their Work Now Found 90% Correctable, According to Science

"Smoker's Fag" rarely troubles even the heaviest smoker—if the system is "alkaline." Head stays clear, eyes bright.

It's the "acid" system that suffers the bad after-effects of tobacco that follow even moderate smoking, science has found.

How by Doing One Simple Thing, You Can Minimize the After-Effects of Tobacco to a Marked and Amazing Degree—WHAT YOU DO

Would you like to add the element of reasonable safety; freedom from smoker's fag, head dullness and depression to your smoking?

You can, according to scientists, to an almost amazing extent, in a simple way. Millions of smokers are already doing it.

THIS IS WHAT YOU DO: Simply take 2 teaspoons of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water EVERY NIGHT before bed.

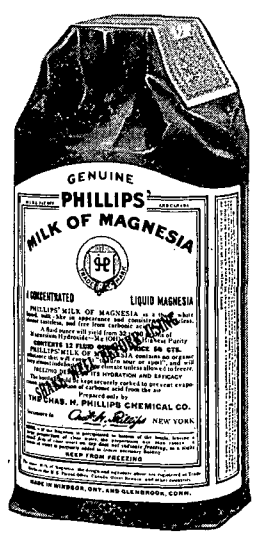
That acts to alkalinize your system. *And an alkalinized system is largely impervious to the bad effects of tobacco.* Science has found that it's the acid system that cannot tolerate tobacco.

This small, daily dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tends to neutralize those acids in your system.

Hence, those bad after-effects you feel now after heavy smoking go. Your head is clear. Your mouth sweet. You have fewer headaches. Less heaviness across the eyes, at the back of your head, across your forehead.

If you are a regular and consistent smoker—be fair to yourself and follow this method. Don't let tobacco "get" you. Fortify your system against its effects.

Get genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia at any drug store. See that you get the genuine, as endorsed by doctors. Many preparations labeled "Milk of Magnesia" are not true "Milk of Magnesia" at all.



PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

NEUTRALIZES THE ACID THAT CAUSES TOBACCO HEADACHES *and* DEPRESSION

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

The Old Ghost Walks

THOSE who complained of our lack of political leadership were premature. New leaders are arising. "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, governor of Oklahoma, is one of them. Huey Long, governor and U. S. senator-elect of Louisiana, is another. The senators whom the courtly George H. Moses of New Hampshire described as "sons of the wild jackass" are members of the same clan. New voices are being applauded by millions. Almost overnight Governor Murray has become a famous and, to those who disagree with him, a menacing figure.

History never quite repeats itself but in this country hard times bring to the surface the same variety of political discontent and the same kind of oratorical leadership. What the Greenbackers advocated in the late seventies and the Populists in the early nineties, the Western radicals are once more preaching. We shall hear much more of it during the months ahead.

The important radicalism in this country has nearly always sprung from farmers and small business men. American labor has never been radical. In fundamental principles there is very little difference between trades unions and chambers of commerce. Of course, specific disputes occur between employers and wage earners but these disputes concern details of wages and hours. Fundamental principles are seldom involved. Socialism has never taken deep root in this country.

Populism, on the other hand, is a native product of our soil. Whenever times have been difficult agricultural unrest has been felt. Bryan, the boy orator of the Platte, was its most eloquent spokesman a generation ago. "Sockless Jerry" Simpson was its clown.

The issue has always concerned money. The Greenbackers wanted unlimited paper money. The Populists wanted a vast coinage of silver—Bryan's 16-to-1 campaign. Fundamentally the farmers wanted high prices and easy credit. Their desire is understandable. Business and financial groups, East and West, believed that the Populist principles were economically unsound.

Today the old fight for silver coinage has been revived in a new form. This arouses few fears today because the problem now is essentially one for the Orient. We are troubled, not by a shortage of gold, but rather by a surplus.

So far as the agricultural West is involved, the talk is chiefly about banks and credits and large corporations. The political leaders of the farmers feel somehow that the banks and the large corporations have fared too well during hard times. Murray's popularity is largely founded on the popular belief that "Alfalfa Bill" is the champion of those opposed to the rich.

The Greenbackers polled about a million votes at their high tide of power, and the Populists collected about the same number of adherents. In the Presidential elections, however, the agricultural radicals have always been a poor third. They have been influential only in combination with regular Democrats or Republicans.

They have contributed ideas, however, which were incorporated into government. The Interstate Commerce Commission and the general regulation of the railroads were first advocated by the Greenbackers. The income tax was a Populist notion.

The farmer-radicals never got control of the government because their larger proposals did not appeal to a majority of the voters. The American voter is a hard-headed individual. He will listen to an exciting speech but he seldom votes wildly.

The tragedy of our agricultural radicalism in its various forms is that it has been generally unsound. The grievances were real but the remedies impracticable.

The present Federal Farm Board's activities in trying to control American prices of wheat and cotton, world commodities, are typical of a long history.

Everybody now knows that not even the resources of the United States were big enough to frustrate the economic laws which fix the prices in world markets.

Yet half a billion dollars was voted for that adventure because it was politically expedient if not imperative to do something to conciliate the farmers. It is a large sum to charge up to experience.

Before the new leaders fade from the picture many foolish proposals will be made in Congress and in the legislatures and many timid conservatives will wonder anxiously about the future.

The future will be good whatever we do or fail to do. It will be better and prosperity, once returned, will be more stable if the intelligence of public-spirited men and women is directed toward the removal of the manifest inequalities which now exist.

It is not beyond the capacity of statesmanship so to contrive conditions that farming becomes a profitable way of life.

More than that, it is within our capacity as a nation to arrange our industrial affairs so that unemployment and the fear of insecurity do not continue to be the anxieties of so many millions.

If an honorable effort is made to deal with these two major issues, very little will be heard from the new orators of discontent.

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He thought so then but now he is sure..

SINCE 1848

Dill's Best is America's Best

J. G. DILL COMPANY, RICHMOND, VA.

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MASSAGE – IPANA

will firm those flabby gums!

NO MORE *pink* TOOTH BRUSH

YOUR gums are logy and dull? No surprise in that! They get no exercise . . . There's a tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush? No wonder, for the food you eat and the hasty way you eat it give no stimulation at all . . .

It is small wonder, then, that with modern foods and hurried eating, your gums grow lazier and lazier and that, at last, "pink tooth brush" becomes, for you, a fact!

Talk to your dentist first of all. Probably he'll answer you just like this, for this is the summary of the best dental opinion.

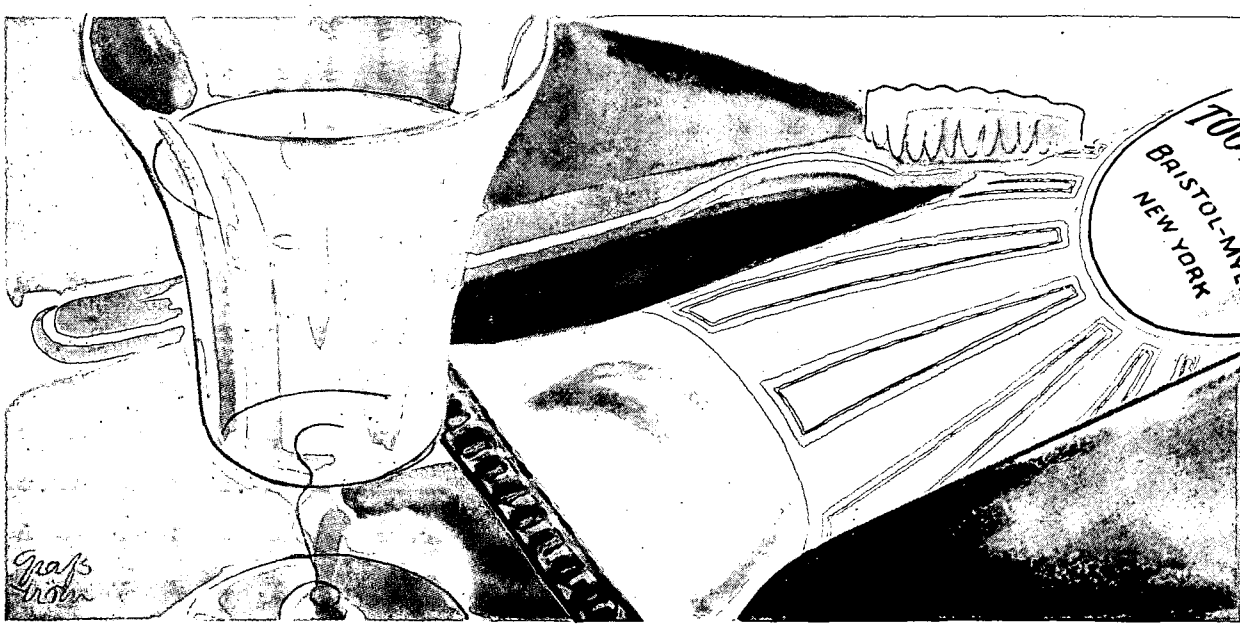
"Weak gums are the result of hasty eating and soft foods. Like all modern people of 1931, you have little choice in the matter of diet. You eat—and have eaten for years—easy-going foods that rob your gums of the exercise they need for healthy hardness. Sooner or later you'll probably discover 'pink tooth brush'! Don't get panicky about it, but don't neglect that touch of 'pink'.

"True, you can probably clear it up with massage and a good agent like Ipana. But if you ignore it, many serious troubles—such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and the happily much rarer pyorrhea—can follow in its train.

"And 'pink tooth brush'—neglected too long—can lead to a loss of lustre of the teeth, and an infection at their roots. And *that* threatens teeth which today are sound and white."

Get Ipana, clean your teeth with it in the regular way. Then, after you've done that, put a little bit of fresh Ipana on your brush and massage those lazy, inactive gums of yours. Wake them up! Give them the stimulation that modern food fails to provide. Firm their walls, increase their resistance.

Keep on, for 30 days, using Ipana and massage . . . Your teeth will be brilliantly white, your gums firm and healthy. And you'll see mighty little of "pink tooth brush" in the future.



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73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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City.....*State*.....

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